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RAMBLES IN CATHEDRAL CITIES

BY

J. H. WADE, M.A.

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS
AND A MAP

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TO

A CATHEDRAL DIGNITARY

TO WHOSE BROTHERLY KINDNESS I OWE MUCH

PREFACE

THIS book is supplementary to my little volume on *The Cathedral Cities of England and Wales*, which did not give me space to say all that I wanted to say. Though I am again writing about our cathedrals and their environment, I make no pretensions to speak *ex cathedra* on the subject. My remarks are not intended for the further information of the learned, but for the entertainment of that lenient and genial person " the gentle reader ". I have hitherto rambled about these historic places on foot and alone, I am now asking my gentle friend to accompany me as I revisit them in memory ; and if in the course of our companionship he should chance to discover that I am occasionally rambling in these pages also, I am sure that he will find it as easy to forgive as I unfortunately do to forget.

> Many a glorious pile
> Did we behold, fair sights that might repay
> All disappointment : and as such the eye
> Delighted in them : but we felt, the while,
> We should forget them :—they are of the sky
> And from our earthly memory fade away.

If I have in passing omitted to mention many features of interest, it should be remembered that no book can be as large as its subject. If my debts to others are not acknowledged, it is because they are too numerous and miscellaneous to catalogue.

J. H. WADE

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READER, when before your eyes
A cathedral shall arise,
Think what artistry divine
From a quarry formed a shrine.
Thoughts that fancy doth create
Made in stone articulate;
Each cathedral, subtly blent
With its fair environment,
Can unfold a chequered story,
Each has its own proper glory.
Canterbury crowned as queen;
Wells still dreaming on its green;
Stately Lincoln on its hill;
Salisbury chaste but chill;
Norwich 'neath its castle's rule;
Lichfield mirrored in its pool;
York, whose glassy pageant glows;
Chester 'mid its antique Rows;
Gloucester in its veil of stone;
Durham on its cliff-girt throne;
Ely's graceful massive pile;
Winchester's transfigured aisle;
Exeter, with beauty dower'd;
Ruddy Worcester richly tower'd.
Stranger, visit these and see
Scenes that move to ecstasy.

RAMBLES IN CATHEDRAL CITIES

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

The old grey minsters, how they rear their heads
Amid green valleys in our native land,
Telling of bygone years and things that were.
These glorious piles that seem to mock at time.

The interest of cathedral cities—Their origin—The political and social influence of the Church—The Church and the people—Cathedral builders—The architecture of cathedrals—Their cost and resources—Their accessories.

THERE are signs that our cathedral cities are beginning to come into their own again as objects of popular interest. If they no longer occupy their former position as shrines of devotion, they are at least receiving increased recognition as desirable holiday haunts. This is not altogether to be wondered at. Piety may have declined, but culture has extended ; and culture implies some passing acquaintance with art and history. In both these respects cathedral cities have strong claims to notice. In one department of art they stand supreme, for they contain the finest specimens of architecture that the country has produced. Historically, too, they are of importance, because a cathedral was the most complete symbol of that great religious institution, the Church, which more than anything else has contrived to shape our national destiny. A cathedral was simply the particular church of a diocese in which the bishop chose to set up his throne,

but it was on that account especially representative of the Church as a whole, and as such attracted to itself much of the splendour which the Church could command. Around it too gathered all the various agencies by which the Church exercised its ministry. A cathedral city was, therefore, more than any other typical of the civilization of the Middle Ages.

Some of these cities had their origin in Roman times. That gives them additional antiquarian interest, but it is of no ecclesiastical significance. As cathedral cities they do not date from the Roman period. Even their secular continuity was broken by the withdrawal of the legions. The Saxon invasion wiped them out. The Saxons built towns of their own, and when they became Christianized the Church had to adapt itself to the new territorial arrangements. Only perhaps in the case of York was there any deliberate intention of restoring for sentimental reasons the lost Roman tradition. That certain of our other cathedrals, like Canterbury, Lincoln, and Chester, stand on ground once occupied by Roman stations only shows that the country possessed a number of natural arteries of communication along which civilization tended to flow, and that there were certain places where population tended to coalesce. Formerly, as now, towns were generally selected as the seat of a bishopric either because of the convenience they offered for diocesan administration or because they already possessed a church sufficiently large and suitable for cathedral purposes. In early days the bishop's seat was frequently removed from place to place as circumstances or the particular fancy of the bishop dictated. But be their origin as it may, it is as memorials of the Middle Ages that our cathedral cities are so remarkable. They reflect more completely than other cities or towns the religious, social, and political life of the nation from the Norman Conquest to the Reformation. The number and miscellaneous character of the Church's purely religious institutions were astonishing. In the larger cathedral cities besides the minster itself there were monas-

teries, a vast collection of parish churches, several chapelries, and frequently one or two habitations of friars, who formed, so to speak, the Church's auxiliary forces. The Church was, however, not only a religious influence, but also a great political institution. It held the balance of power between the King and his nobles. The bishops, besides being the spiritual leaders of the people, were great temporal lords and landowners. They largely gathered into their hands the reins of the civil government of the realm. As the clergy were the only educated class of the community they furnished chiefly the statesmen, the diplomatists, and the civil servants of the Crown. Occasionally they even led armies into the field. The bishops of Durham and Ely exercised almost regal authority within the limits of their jurisdiction. And whatever rudimentary municipal government existed at the time was exercised in the cities very largely by the bishops, or by the great ecclesiastical corporations with which they were associated. Round the cathedral also gathered all the local institutions which made for the amelioration of the social life of the people ; the hospitals for the sick and aged, the lazar houses, the rest-houses for travellers, the schools, and the various agencies for the casual relief of the poor. The Church even undertook to a large extent the maintenance of the roads and bridges ; and episcopal and monastic revenues were burdened with the entertainment of distinguished visitors, and with the cost of providing accommodation for pilgrims and other travellers. The sporadic insurrections which broke out in different parts of the country after the Reformation were as much protests against the burdens imposed upon the community by the destruction of these various charitable agencies as agitations for the restoration of " the old religion ". The Church had been the almoner of the nation, and the Reformation undermined the social fabric as much as it upset the religious faith and practice of the people.

Intimately though the Church was bound up with the life of the nation, in one respect she stood apart from it.

The Church was not a democratic institution, in spite of her strong and active pastoral sympathies. Her system was a benevolent despotism and she clung tenaciously to her power and privileges. The cities which owe their growth to her fostering influence had the greatest difficulty in emancipating themselves from her control. Quarrels over their respective rights between the ecclesiastics and the citizens were an habitual feature of city life, and these disputes frequently culminated in outbreaks of popular violence. To protect the property of the Church from damage during such riots and to preserve the clergy from molestation in lawless days when there were no police, the precincts of cathedrals were generally walled round and provided with gates which could be closed at nightfall. It was characteristic of English cathedral cities that a strong line of demarcation separated the close from the city. Municipal life developed very slowly and tentatively out of the trade guilds. It was not until the fifteenth century that town halls came generally into existence, and the erection of these places of popular assembly marks the parting of the ways, when the merchant had definitely superseded the ecclesiastic in the government of the cities.

Curiously enough the very plenitude of the bishop's powers lost him to some extent the control over his own cathedral church. The bishops were so immersed in other affairs that the management of the cathedrals fell into the hands of the clergy attached to them, who in course of time came to resent episcopal interference. The monastic cathedrals were always under the control of the prior and monks, and the secular cathedrals were likewise governed by bodies of canons. The only right that the bishop ultimately came to possess in his cathedral was the right to occupy his throne. It can therefore only roughly be said that the cathedrals or portions of them were built by particular bishops. The impulse and to a large extent the funds for the building or reconstruction of a cathedral no doubt frequently came from the bishop, but the actual execution of the work was left in the hands

of the local chapters, who secured for the purpose the best artists and most accomplished craftsmen of the day. The professional architect, in the modern sense of the term, did not come into existence until the end of the sixteenth century, but an architectural expert could always be found in the master mason who was capable of designing a building in accordance with his instructions and of superintending its erection. To the extensive employment of these trained artificers, as well as to the greatness of the funds available, is due the artistic superiority of our cathedrals over contemporary parish churches.

But the employment of these skilled advisers does not explain the architectural pre-eminence of our cathedrals and their accessories as a whole over the buildings of succeeding ages. This can only be accounted for by the fact that in the Middle Ages architecture had a monopoly of the imaginative genius of the time. It was the one channel of artistic expression. Painting had not risen above the level of decoration, literature consisted chiefly of chronicles and scholastic treatises. In architecture alone men could find scope for the indulgence of their fancy and for the free play of their creative faculties. Upon these buildings, therefore, they lavished their skill. For the unlearned the eye is the chief vehicle of instruction, and architecture was at the time the one universal and intelligible language of popular sentiment. "The cathedral or the church was accordingly the most effective form in which creative minds could appeal to the public. The stone book was the most easily deciphered and most widely read of all volumes and the most importunate form of poetry. Hence imagination wrote down all her poetic thoughts—grave and gay alike—in masonry. What else are the grotesques which appear in sculpture but the mopings and musings of the age, the cynicisms, the satires, and even the scepticism of the mediaeval mind"? Cathedrals, abbeys, and churches monopolized all the artistry of the time, for castles were falling into desuetude and mansions were only beginning to be erected. There was little

else upon which architects, masons, and sculptors could exercise their skill. Not only was the artistry of the age directed into one channel, but even the religious enthusiasm of the people tended to express itself chiefly in the erection of elaborate churches.

There were three great periods of architectural productiveness when the art made a fresh beginning. The first was the Norman Conquest, when the influx of foreign craftsmen brought into England the traditions and methods of the Continent; the second was the thirteenth century, when the Englishman had learnt to express the lessons the foreigners had taught him in his own manner; and the third was in the fifteenth century, when through the interruption of the Black Death the older school of workmen had died out and a new generation sprang up with new ideas and new methods. It was this concentration of the imaginative faculty not only on one art, but on a single department of that art, which gave to our cathedrals their supreme artistic excellence. But the art of church building was not confined to a few experts. It was widely diffused, and was in the air. As the prevailing artistic impulse of the time it acted as an inspiration lifting men above themselves. Of the mediaeval craftsman it might be said: "He builded better than he knew, the unconscious stone to beauty grew". As other arts advanced architecture began to decline. The mason had to accommodate his designs to the glass-worker and to the wood-carver. His reign was over. When the printer appeared on the scene "the book killed the building".

Classical enthusiasts have poured scorn on "the slender and misshapen pillars, the bundles of staves and incongruous props to support the ponderous roofs" of our Gothic minsters and on "their gaudy sculpture which gluts rather than gratifies the eye, and yields no reasonable satisfaction". Our cathedrals, it is complained, are without unity, proportion, or symmetry; but how could they have such merits considering the circumstances under which they were built. They were built for particular purposes,

and were being constantly altered as the uses for which they were erected changed; they were not built by any one man or in any one age. They were fashioned gradually by many diverse minds, each under the prevailing artistic taste of the time; and, above all, their magnificence was controlled by the resources which were at the moment at the disposal of the builders. "Cast your thought back upon the time," says Newman, "when our ancient buildings were first reared, consider the churches around us, how many generations passed since stone was laid upon stone until the whole edifice was complete." It is astonishing that under such circumstances our cathedrals should display as much harmony as they do. But the very diversity and variety which they exhibit are their peculiar glory, and add immensely to the interest which they excite. There is a spontaneity about our Gothic minsters which formal classical productions cannot be said to possess. Their prevailing note is aspiration rather than repose, and whatever they lack in symmetry they make up for by their exuberant vitality.

If it be asked, as it often is, where the money came from to rear and maintain these mighty monuments of art, an answer is forthcoming. The episcopal and monastic revenues furnished much of it, for they were immense. The income of the see of Exeter, for instance, is said to have been £100,000 per annum (in our money), and the annual value of the estates of the Abbey of St. Albans is estimated at a million. Ecclesiastics who had no families to provide for could devote their means to the adornment of their churches. Stone was frequently supplied from the local quarries of the see, and when imported was conveyed by inexpensive water carriage. Huge sums of money were obtained from the offerings of pilgrims at the shrines of local saints. Benefactions were left by wealthy people, and when other resources failed recourse was had to the issue of indulgences, or relaxation of ecclesiastical discipline, to those who contributed to the building or repair of the fabric. Money was also raised by fines, and on occasions

was even borrowed from the Jews. Craftsmanship and labour were inexpensive and much of it was done free of cost by the monks. Salisbury only cost half a million of money to build, and Exeter was erected for a quarter of that sum. William of Wykeham when controller of the royal works received a salary of less than £200 a year.

A cathedral city is, of course, more than an historical relic and a school of art. It is especially a witness to the religious beliefs and practices of the time. The mediaeval Church did not feed the people on the dry bones of theology. She gave them a religion abounding in variety, warmth, and colour. The cathedral provided a home for every popular cult. The necessity of finding accommodation for these new devotions led to the enlargement of the buildings. Lady chapels were added in the thirteenth century when the veneration of the Virgin became fashionable. Chapels were erected to particular saints, and chantry chapels were put up by private individuals for the celebration of mortuary masses. But the special ambition of a cathedral was to secure a local saint or martyr of its own. Some cathedrals had such shrines from the first; some cathedral and monastic chapters with great trouble procured the canonization of someone whose remains were attracting popular veneration; and some procured a saint by a lucky sensational occurrence. Special accommodation had to be provided for the crowds of pilgrims who visited these shrines, and the eastward extension of the church was the frequent result of an effort to meet this need. When pilgrimages became fashionable crypts fell into disuse as burial-places and few were built after the twelfth century, as the saints chapel was more convenient when placed above-ground.

Such are the many and varied interests which attach to our cathedral cities. Defaced and deformed, deprived of their glass and the colouring—"the many thousand heraldries, the twilight saints, and dim emblazonings"—which enriched them; with their chantries destroyed and their shrines overthrown, our cathedrals, alas! now

only exhibit " a grey and grief-worn aspect of old days ". But though no longer in their first glory, these " last sad remnants of the wreck of years " are still marvellous and majestic—subjects as much for wonder as for tears. Our cathedral cities are not therefore merely holiday haunts for the leisured or places of residence for the devout, but lively and legible chronicles with the contents of which every student of our national history has to make himself acquainted.

> Grey relics of the nurseries of the world
> Which are as gems set in the memory.

As an introduction to the subject, all this may sound both trite and vague, but it will perhaps serve the purpose of furnishing the visitor with a sort of " atmosphere " through which he may view these memorials of a distant past with truer historical perspective, and which will restore to them something of the glamour that they lose in " the light of common day ".

CHAPTER II

BRISTOL

Amid the forestry
Of masts, a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy.

Its situation—Its commercial history—The Castle—The city and its churches—The Cathedral—College Green and Park Street—Redcliffe and its associations—Clifton—Westbury-on-Trym—Avonmouth.

FULLER in his whimsical way says of Bristol: "Bristol or more truly Brightstowe, is bright in the situation thereof, bright in its buildings, bright in its streets, so cleanly kept as if scoured, but chiefly bright in having had so many eminent persons". To the modern visitor this encomium may seem a trifle extravagant, but the charm of the city's position at least is not exaggerated. To envisage Bristol to the best advantage it should perhaps be seen from an aeroplane. The least impressive introduction to it is by railway. A bird's-eye view would disclose it as picturesquely environed by hills and threaded by the tortuous Avon. As seen from a railway carriage it appears merely as a depressing wilderness of roofs and factory chimneys. The railway, however, puts the traveller at once in touch with historic Bristol, for its station, as its name, Temple Meads, implies, stands upon the fields which once surrounded a preceptory of Knights-Templar, whose church the visitor will pass on his way through the city. No one, however, who has any regard for historic sequence would begin a visit to Bristol by inspecting its churches. The city grew up, not around its churches, but around its

river. It was from the first Brig-stow, the place of the bridge—the port in the west which afforded nearest access to the Channel. Its traditions have always been mercantile. Even in Saxon days it had become a place of such prosperity that in *Domesday* it is reckoned of almost as much importance as London, York, and Winchester. The secret of its success in those days, however, lay in its devotion to the slave trade, which Bishop Wulfstan complained "neither the love of God nor the fear of the King" could induce its inhabitants to abandon. William of Malmesbury described it in his time as "full of ships"; and its wealth attracted the avarice of John, who fined its citizens 1,000 marks, and made its parasitical Jewish colonists open their coffers by extracting their teeth. In 1347 the city contributed 200 ships to the siege of Calais. Under the fostering influence of Edward III's commercial policy it began the manufacture of woollens, and in 1362 it became a port of the staple. In 1494 John and Sebastian Cabot sailed on their epoch-making voyage across the Atlantic, and Bristol emigrants were amongst the first to colonize the New World. The city was noted both for the variety of its products and for its ostentatious hospitality. Henry VII fined its citizens heavily because "their wives went too fine". Macaulay says that in the seventeenth century "its citizens paraded their wealth by walking the streets in costly attire attended by trains of liveried servants. Their tables groaned with the richest fare, and a special beverage of the best Spanish wines became celebrated all over the kingdom as Bristol Milk". Pepys mentions that he was regaled with this beverage when he came to the city in 1668. Dr. Johnson, however, was not satisfied with the entertainment he received at Bristol. "It was so bad," he declared, "that Boswell wished himself in Scotland". Pope complained that the city had "no civilized society".

It was impossible that such a city should not have a large share in history. The Conqueror bestowed it on Geoffrey of Coutances, Rufus gave it to his lieutenant

Fitz Hamon, whose son-in-law Robert of Gloucester built its castle in 1126. In 1142 Stephen, after his defeat at Lincoln, was thrown into its dungeon, loaded with fetters. In 1265 the city, which had espoused the cause of De Montfort, was besieged by Prince Edward and compelled to surrender. In 1326 Queen Isabella gibbeted the elder Despenser on the walls of the castle, and to it she brought back her fugitive husband as a prisoner. During the great rebellion in 1645 Prince Rupert, after holding the city for two years, to the King's intense disgust tamely surrendered it. "Tell my son," the King wrote bitterly, "that I should grieve less to hear that he were knocked on the head than that he should do so mean a thing." Forty years later the Duke of Beaufort's promptness alone saved the city from being attacked by Monmouth's rabble. In 1831, however, Bristol was wrecked by a mob who were violently excited over the Reform agitation.

A city so varied and extensive as Bristol is not easily explored. Historically the little tongue of land between the Avon and the Frome has the first claim to attention, for this alone was enclosed within the ancient walls. The Frome now flows underground, but a deep depression marks its course. The peninsula is crossed by two intersecting lines of thoroughfares, and in its centre stood the High Cross. The castle was seated on the neck of land to the east, and blocked the approach to the city from that direction. Crammed on the narrow spit of land, the old city must have been densely crowded. Macaulay described even the Bristol of the seventeenth century, which had of course expanded beyond these boundaries, as "a labyrinth of narrow lanes built upon vaults of no great solidity. If a coach or a cart entered these alleys it ran some danger of being wedged between the houses, or of breaking through into the cellars." Bristol still wears an aspect of congestion. Proceeding up Victoria Street from the station, past the fine fifteenth-century Temple Church with its lofty and leaning tower, and the leaden statue of Neptune (cast to commemorate the defeat of the

Armada) in front of it, and then crossing Bristol Bridge into High Street, the visitor will soon find himself at the intersection of the thoroughfares. At the south-east corner of this crossing stands a tall timber-fronted house, known as the Dutch House from a tradition that it was made in Holland and put together after its importation. On the opposite corner facing Broad Street is Christ Church, rebuilt in the Italian style and ornamented with a well-designed spire. Wine Street, running east, leads into Castle Green. The Green is now only a dismal street of warehouse walls, but it traverses the site of the demolished castle. The visitor will gain little from an attempt to trace the ruins of the stronghold. The castle court occupied the whole width of this congested area between the two rivers, and its keep stood on the north wall. In Tower Street at the south-east extremity of Castle Green is a Tudor doorway adjoining a building with a projecting story. Here stood the Norman hall. Within are two chambers with thirteenth-century groined vaults. These are virtually all that remains of Earl Robert's fortress. A glimpse of the dark waters of the moat may be obtained from a little bridge leading from Castle Street into Queen Street, and there are still some remnants of the wall which buttressed the northern scarp of the ridge to be seen in Broadweir, which marks the earlier course of the Frome. But these are squalid features, and the visitor when he has turned from Tower Street into Castle Street will have had enough of these degraded relics. From the eastern end of Castle Street a glance should be bestowed upon the quaint thoroughfare of Old Market Street, into which it opens. At the western extremity of Castle Street is St. Peter's Church, a building of Norman origin, preserving a female effigy and a fifteenth-century brass. In its graveyard lies the unhappy poet Savage, who died in 1743 in the old Newgate prison, and was buried here at the cost of his jailer. "No one", says Johnson, his biographer, "who has slumbered away his time on the down of plenty can properly judge of his conduct"; but Savage

certainly made his own bed. His insolent pride had alienated all his friends, of whom Pope had been one of the most faithful, and his violence nearly brought him to the gallows. Behind the church is St. Peter's Hospital, a fine half-timbered house once the mansion of Thomas Newton. Though greatly altered, it dates from the fourteenth century, and contains a fine panelled room and a chapel. After serving as a mint it became in 1697 the city poor-house. The Church of St. Mary le Port hard by, in the street of that name, overlooks the old quay where ships once discharged their cargoes. It contains a fine brass lectern which in 1802 was contemptuously thrown out of the cathedral. In Broad Street is the Guildhall, a modern building of some merit, and at the bottom of the street is the only surviving city gate—the North gate—which carries the tower of the adjacent Church of St. John. The church was built by Walter Frampton (d. 1357), whose effigy in his alderman's robes lies within. The church has the brass of another merchant and a groined crypt. The present Church of St. Nicholas near the bridge superseded one which occupied a similar position near the south gate, with its chancel stretching across the archway. The crypt of the old church lies beneath the modern building. In Corn Street is another old church, All Saints', with an eighteenth-century tower. Two adjacent offices intrude upon its aisles, which have some Norman piers. The church was associated with the Guild of Calendaries formed for the conversion of unbelievers—a sort of Christian Evidence Society. It came to be entrusted with the custody of the civic archives, and its library in the north aisle was burnt out in 1466. At the end of the south aisle is a monument of Edward Colston (1636–1721), the great Bristol benefactor. Though a native of the city, he was educated in London ; but returned to Bristol in 1683 and amassed a fortune as a sugar-refiner. He is said to have spent £80,000 in charity. " No one in modern times, except the man of Ross, has so fully attained to the honour of a popular canonization ", and his " Day " is still regu-

larly observed as a public festival. Opposite the church is the Council House built by Smirke in 1827, and beyond the church is the Exchange designed by Wood, the famous Bath architect. In front of it are some bronze-topped pillars (brought from the old Tolsey) upon which merchants signed their bonds. Opposite is Small Street, which contains the Law Courts, a modern building behind the Guildhall, but embodying a portion of the old official residence of the Mayors of Bristol. Most of this once fine fabric has been destroyed, but there still remains a twelfth-century arcaded hall. In a lane leading out of Clare Street is St. Stephen's Church, whose elaborate tower is one of the landmarks of Bristol. It was built in 1455 and contains some effigies. The visitor when he issues out of Clare Street is in a favourable position for reaching the cathedral. He has only to cross the head of the Floating Harbour to the tramway centre and he is within five minutes' walk of it. But there is a little bit of old Bristol tucked away between the Floating Harbour and the Avon which is worth examination. This is King Street, bordered by a fine row of ancient houses of which one of the most noteworthy is the Llandoger Tavern, a popular resort of mariners. Besides its array of old dwellings King Street contains two of the halls of the great city companies—the Coopers' Hall, with a classical façade built in 1744, and the Hall of the Merchant Venturers, who controlled the trade of the port. A panelled doorway in Welsh Back is the last remnant of the Spicers' Hall. South of King Street is Queen's Square, once the fashionable quarter of the city, but now fallen from its high estate and bordered only by offices and tenements. It pleased Pope, who saw it first after its completion on his visit to the city in 1735. In its centre is Rysbrach's statue of William III. As the square contained the Mansion House, it was the chief scene of the riot of 1831, when a number of its houses were burnt to the ground. One or two relics of the mediaeval city may be discovered after a laborious search in the medley of streets which

covers the valley of the Frome. They may, perhaps, be mentioned. In Lewin's Mead are the squalid remnants of a Franciscan Friary founded in 1234, and in Quakers' Friars are two small halls once belonging to a Dominican Friary, founded in 1229 by Maurice Gaunt. These owe their preservation to the fact that at the dissolution of the house they were appropriated by the Smiths' and Bakers' Companies.

Proceeding, however, from Clare Street to the cathedral, the visitor will be as much astonished as Pope was at "the oddest and most surprising sight imaginable of vessels in the very heart of the city". These will be seen in the Floating Harbour into which the mouth of the Frome has been transformed. The bed of the Frome is now occupied by a sort of promenade in which there is a statue commemorating Burke's connexion with the city. In the election of 1775 Burke was a candidate for Malton, but a messenger was dispatched post-haste to inform him that he had likewise been nominated for Bristol. Burke left his dinner, stepped into a post-chaise, and was in Bristol within forty-eight hours. He was elected, and for six years remained Member for the city. The citizens did not, however, always "say ditto to Mr. Burke". As his views on Irish affairs did not please his supporters, he preferred to change his constituency rather than his principles. "If I parted with my independence", he said, "I should lose the only thing that can make such abilities as I have of any use in the world."

The cathedral stands on a rise on the west side of the harbour, fronting the triangular space of College Green. It is a long, low building of not very imposing appearance, and was originally the minster of an abbey of Augustinian canons founded by Sir R. Fitzhardinge in 1142. On the dissolution of the abbey at the Reformation, Bristol, which before had been in the diocese of Worcester, was made a bishopric, and the minster became the cathedral. It was not, however, very adequate for its purpose, for it was but a fragment; the nave had previously been removed

with a view to its reconstruction. The deficiency was not supplied till 1869 when a new nave and façade were erected by G. E. Street. Some remains of the monastery still survive besides the choir. To the west of the cathedral is the monastic gateway, a noble three-storied structure, Norman below and Perpendicular above. On the lower green is a simpler Norman arch leading to the precincts. Within, the cathedral is full of interest. Street's nave merely reproduces the original features of the choir, but he has succeeded in catching the spirit as well as the form of his model. The church is without a clerestory, and its chief peculiarity is the device adopted for counteracting the thrust of the vault. It consists of a series of ornamental transverse stays spanning the aisles. To light the building efficiently the arches (which have no capitals) are made high and the windows large. Of Fitzhardinge's Norman church nothing remains beyond the transepts and the chapter-house. The choir was rebuilt by Abbots Knowle (1306–32) and Snow (1332–41). The beautiful lady chapel to the east of the north transept had been previously added to the Norman church in the preceding century, and though at the reconstruction it was not removed, another lady chapel was subsequently erected at the east end of the choir. The stall work dates from the time of Abbot Elliot (*c.* 1515), but the choir-screen is modern. There are several mediaeval monuments, a cadaver of Paul Bush, Bristol's first bishop, a bust of Southey, and tablets to Bishop Butler and Sidney Smith. The latter was appointed a canon in 1828, and seems to have anticipated the honour paid to him by posterity. "If you don't come soon", he wrote to a friend, "you will find me fixed against a wall." The cathedral has a small range of cloisters on the south side, but only the north walk is original. The other sides were demolished along with the bishop's palace in the riot of 1831. The mob were with difficulty restrained from setting fire to the cathedral.

In the centre of College Green—"a pretty patch of lawn

set about with trees"—is a replica of "the old curious cross of Gothic work" which Pope noticed. The original, which was the High Cross erected in the time of Edward III to commemorate the granting of a charter, was removed to Stourhead Park in 1768. On the north-east side of the Green is the Lord Mayor's chapel, one of the most interesting buildings in Bristol. It was the chapel of a hospital founded by Maurice Gaunt in 1229. It is chiefly Early English, but has a Perpendicular tower rising from the middle of the north aisle. It contains some old glass, some fine sedilia and a large number of monuments. To the north of the Green is the handsome modern thoroughfare of Park Street, which rises by a steep ascent towards Clifton. On the north side of the plateau to which it mounts are the buildings of the University (fronted by a magnificent tower), the Art Gallery, and the Reference Library. On the south side behind the houses is Brandon Hill, crowned by another conspicuous tower, erected to commemorate the great Bristol adventurer Sebastian Cabot. The visitor should return by Park Row, for here is an interesting Elizabethan mansion, the Red Lodge, with a richly panelled interior. A descent can be made by Park Row to Broad Street, where the visitor will find himself again in the heart of the old city. It is a short but rather involved journey. Before passing under St. John's Gate there will be noticed in Christmas Street—once a fashionable thoroughfare, along which royal progresses have been made—the gateway of the vanished priory of St. Bartholomew, founded in 1205, and near it the Christmas steps by which the upper parts of the city were reached. On this higher ground overlooking the Horse Fair is St. James' Church, once the minster of a Benedictine priory founded by Robert of Gloucester, and said to have been built out of a tithe of the stones imported for the construction of the castle. It now only retains its Norman nave.

The suburb of Redcliffe on the south of the river was connected with the city by a bridge as early as 1247 and

was subsequently drawn within the civic boundaries by the erection of a wall across the loop of the old river. Half-way down Redcliffe Street, at No. 99, is the house of William Canynges, one of Bristol's many merchant princes, who was both mayor and parliamentary representative of the city. It has a modern front but retains its hall, roof, and several other original features. At the bottom of the street, standing on the sandstone knoll which gave its name to the district, is the splendid Church of St. Mary, " the pride of Bristowe ". Leland declared it to be " the fairest church in the country " and Camden said it was the finest church which he had ever seen. It differs from the cathedral both in origin and character. It was always a parochial church and had no monastic associations whatever. With its tapering spire, its lofty clerestory and its imposing array of flying buttresses it offers a striking contrast to the cathedral. Only in its massive tower does it show any resemblance to its rival. But the tower, with its adjacent north porch, belongs to an earlier church. The porch is peculiar, for it has attached to it an hexagonal Decorated portico with a superstructure. A grated recess in the south-west side suggests that it may have been a relic chamber. The inner porch, which has likewise an upper chamber, dates from a century earlier. The base of the tower belongs to the same date as the porch, but its upper stages are Decorated. The spire was destroyed in a thunder-storm in 1446, but was replaced in 1872. The interior of the church displays the same stateliness and elegance as the exterior. The lofty arcades, the uninterrupted sweep of the vault, and the vertical lines of the panelling are all designed to enhance its altitide. The building as a whole is Perpendicular, but there is some late Decorated work in the transepts and south aisle. The church was commenced by William Canynges (*c.* 1376) and completed by his grandson (*c.* 1440), the owner of the house in Redcliffe Street. The younger man, after a successful mercantile career, took Orders, and died as warden of the collegiate church of Westbury-on-Trym.

His effigy as priest is in the south transept, and in the south aisle he is represented in lay costume along with his wife. There are some other effigies in the church, and on the south face of the tower is a slab to Sir William Penn, Cromwell's admiral and father of the founder of Pennsylvania. In the graveyard is a monument to Thomas Chatterton (1752–70)—"the wondrous boy" whose story is bound up with the church. He was the grandson of the sexton and was educated at Colston's hospital. In 1765 he published some poems of a supposititious monk, Thomas Rowley, which he pretended he had discovered in "Canynges' Cofre" in the muniment room above the church porch. They were, however, all written by himself with watered ink on paper which he had pounded with his feet. The success of his imposition led him to seek his fortune in London, where, finding himself on the point of starvation, he poisoned himself, and was buried in the burial ground of Shoe Lane workhouse. Redcliffe Church has two other literary associations. In 1795 Coleridge, who afterwards wrote a *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*, was married at St. Mary's to Sarah Fricker, the daughter of a maker of sugar-pans, to whom he had been introduced by Southey. The marriage did not turn out a happy one and De Quincey laid the blame of its failure on Southey. "Coleridge", he says, "assured me that the marriage was not his own deliberate act, but was in a manner forced on him by the scruples of Southey, who insisted that he had gone too far in his attentions to Miss Fricker for any honourable retreat." Southey, who was the son of a linen draper in Wine Street, managed his own matrimonial affairs more skilfully, though his marriage, in the same year as Coleridge's, was a clandestine one. Bride and bridegroom parted by mutual consent at the church door, he to pursue his journey across the sea to Portugal, and she to return to her home with her wedding-ring hidden in her bosom. A lane opposite the church leads to the river-side, where there is a wharf opening into a subterranean passage, once probably a smugglers' cave.

On the north side of the adjoining Quakers' burial-yard is a hermitage excavated out of a sandstone cliff.

The fine suburb of Clifton—the "West End"—stands on the fringe of some breezy downs on the northern outskirts of the city. It is approached by ascending Park Street and pursuing Queen's Road. There is, however, a way of reaching it by proceeding along the north side of the Floating Harbour (the original bed of the Avon) to Hotwells and ascending the cliff by a rock railway. Hotwells was once a spa of some popularity. A medicinal spring was known to William Wycester to exist there in 1480, but it did not achieve notoriety till 1670. In the eighteenth century it became fashionable, and a large assembly room was built for the entertainment of visitors. Smollett, in *Humphrey Clinker*, gives an amusing account of the routs held there. Above Hotwells the graceful and gossamer-like Suspension Bridge spans the gorge of the Avon. This far-famed structure was designed by Brunel and commenced in 1831, but the project was abandoned for lack of funds, and the chains were sold for the construction of Old Hungerford Bridge. In 1861 the work was again resumed, the chains brought back, and the bridge was completed three years later. The total span is 702 feet, and its height 245 feet. It is said to be the finest thing of its kind in the world. The view from it is magnificent. The Avon winds below it between precipitous cliffs and hanging woods. It only needs, as Southey said, a flood of clear water to make the scene sublime—

> Where the high rocks o'er oceans dashing floods
> Wave high in air a panoply of woods.

The crags on the Clifton side of the gorge, known as the St. Vincent rocks, are crowned by an observatory. Beyond the rocks the downs spread inland as an extensive and undulating plateau, and form an invigorating recreation ground. Clifton itself is worthy of its fine situation, and in its display of imposing terraces almost rivals Bath. Clifton College, founded in 1862, is at the south end of the

downs, and possesses a dignified group of buildings. Near it are some zoological gardens. The collegiate church of Westbury-on-Trym, a couple of miles beyond the downs, has had a long and varied history beginning in the eighth century. It was rebuilt by St. Wulfstan, but the college was founded by Bishop Giffard in 1228, from whose time the earliest portions of the church date. The collegiate buildings were destroyed by Prince Rupert in 1643, but the gatehouse tower remains.

At Avonmouth an extensive system of docks has been constructed to supplement the shipping accommodation of the city. The old bed of the Avon had been transformed in 1809 into a floating harbour by the insertion of locks and by diverting the river into a new and straighter " cut " south of Redcliffe ; but the impossibility of ever dealing satisfactorily with the sea-borne merchandise within the city led the civic authorities in 1902 to carry the port to the mouth of the river.

CHAPTER III

CANTERBURY

Never, oh! never again
Shall the waste voice of the broad-breaking sea
Divide me from the mother church of England,
My Canterbury.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, yet unnumbered throng.

The Pilgrims' Way—The Cathedral—The monastic buildings—St. Augustine's Abbey—St. Martin's Church—The streets—The Castle and the Dane John—Harbledown.

HARRIS, the county historian, is content to describe Canterbury as "the capital of Kent", but it can really claim to be the mother of England. Nothing contributed more to mould the destinies of the English people than the influence which radiated from Canterbury. The tourist who to-day for sentimental or other reasons visits this shrine of our national religion travels thither by rail or motor, but if he be gifted with any historic imagination he will sling a scrip to his back and taking a staff in his hand he will trudge all the way on foot, at least from Faversham, in the track of Chaucer's pilgrims until, at "Bob-up-and-down under the Blea", he descends almost to the city gate. He will find it a pleasant excursion through a paradise of hops and cherry orchards, and it will put him in the right frame of mind for appreciating the peculiar charms of Canterbury. Another pilgrims' road comes to join it from Winchester, and a third traverses the chalk downs from Dover, where ship-loads of foreign pilgrims landed, drawn to our shores by the fame of "the blissful martyr". An equally stimulating journey is to

approach the city by the "straight-pencilled Richborough road", for this was trodden by the feet of Augustine and his forty companions as, chanting their litany and raising their cross, they made their timid venture of faith towards the Kentish capital. Any of these routes will carry the memory back to a period before the Canterbury of Augustine or St. Thomas had arisen. The pilgrims' road from the west pursues the line of an ancient trackway which threaded the prehistoric earthwork of Bigbury and proceeded to the ford which the Dane John and its two demolished companion mounds were raised to guard. The roads from Richborough and Dover were traversed by the Roman legions on their way to the garrison station at Durovernum on the banks of the Stour. The Roman occupation, though historically but an interlude, is of local interest because, when Durovernum had become the "burgh of the Kentish men", it determined the site of the metropolitan church. Ethelbert, the Kentish king, had fixed his palace near the ruins of a church which the Roman Christians are said to have built. Another small Christian sanctuary, dedicated to St. Martin, stood on a neighbouring hill and served Queen Bertha for an oratory. In this, on his conversion, Ethelbert was himself baptized, and the palace and ruined chapel below he bestowed on Augustine for the erection of his monastery.

The best way to see Canterbury is, on one's arrival, to follow the pilgrims at once down Mercery Lane and pass under the great gateway into the cathedral close. At the west corner of the lane stood the famous hostelry, the Chequers of Hope, which Prior Chillenden (1390–1411) built as a guest-house for the accommodation of pilgrims. Only a portion of its lower story now remains, for its dormitory was destroyed by fire in 1865. The great abbey gate-house was the work of Prior Goldstone II, but was not completed at his death in 1517. The cathedral, as the outward and visible sign of all that Canterbury stands for, fitly dominates the city. Many cathedrals have far finer situations, for it stands in a vale, but few seem to exhibit

MERCERY LANE, CANTERBURY

such obvious superiority to their surroundings. "The church", declared Erasmus, "erects itself to heaven with such majesty that it strikes religious awe into all beholders." Its size, the grace and nobility of its tower, and the pleasing irregularity of its outline make it one of the most striking and interesting of English exteriors. The building tells a long and chequered story. The present fabric had its beginnings in the minster which Lanefranc built when he reorganized the monastery in 1070. "Lanefranc", says the Chronicle, "found the church of the Saxons reduced to nothing and he raised a new church from the foundations." Lanefranc's church was remodelled by Anselm, and Anselm's church in turn perished. The only outstanding external memorials of these earlier fabrics which the shock of time and circumstance has spared are the fascinating little turret on the south and the singular staircase to the school on the north. The building which so impressed Erasmus and still astonishes the beholder was one of the miracles of St. Thomas.

The cathedral is entered by the south porch built by Archbishop Sudbury (1375–81). Sudbury, though a man of courage and conviction, was not above employing the usual expedients for raising money. Though as Bishop of London he had warned a crowd of pilgrims that the indulgences they hoped to win by their devotions were of no avail without change of heart, yet when he became archbishop a few years later, and set about rebuilding the cathedral, it was by the issue of an indulgence that he appears to have raised the necessary funds. He was never a popular man and his fate was tragic, for he was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1381 by the mob who followed Wat Tyler.

The modern tripper who comes to Canterbury by char-à-banc had his prototype in the mediaeval pilgrim who came on his palfrey. These pilgrimages, though once taken on foot for the good of the soul, when

> With naked foot and sackcloth vest
> And arms enfolded on his breast
> Did every pilgrim go,

degenerated into mere pleasure excursions personally conducted by some enterprising host, who made the journey as lively as he could for the travellers, saw them through the business at the shrine, and then left them to amuse themselves after their own fashion.

> Then passed they forth boystly gogling with their hedds,
> Kneeled down to-fore the shrine and hertily their beads
> They prayed to St. Thomas, in such wise as they couth.

Afterwards off they rushed in merry mood with

> Signes upon their hedds, and some upon their cap,
> And sith to dinner ward they gan for to stapp.

The interior of the cathedral nave bears a striking resemblance to that of Winchester, which was built about the same time. Chillenden, however, who reconstructed it, pulled down the Norman nave entirely instead of casing it, and treated the upper stages somewhat differently from the Winchester manner, for the arches are much loftier and the clerestory is smaller than at Winchester. The Norman transepts, though not rebuilt, were a good deal altered when this refashioning took place. For sentimental reasons this is to be regretted, for the north-west transept was the scene of the martyrdom. It is a little strange that in a building where everything connected with Becket's death was so carefully treasured, the actual stage on which the last scene was enacted should have been rearranged. It was in Lanefranc's Norman church, as refashioned in Anselm's time by Ernulf and Conrad, that Becket was ordained priest in 1162 and on the next day was consecrated and enthroned as archbishop. It was in the same building that on Christmas day, 1170, he preached from the text "Peace on earth", and with savage irony at once proceeded to excommunicate his enemies. This utterance determined his fate. It was into this very transept that after his stormy altercation with the barons that he was hurried by the monks in the gathering dusk of December 29th, and here he was struck down.

The door by which the assassins burst in from the cloisters is still there and a slab on the floor marks the place where the archbishop fell as he reeled from the blow of Fitz-Urse's sword, but the steps up which the monks strove to hurry him to a place of safety have been removed. Becket's murder made the fortune of Canterbury. His body had been hastily buried in the crypt "never to rise again". But public opinion had been so wildly excited by the sensational character of the crime, and by the report of the miracles which his corpse began to work, that the cathedral was besieged by crowds of pilgrims who came to seek his blessing and to lay an offering upon his tomb. "Nothing was deemed too hard for St. Thomas" and no gift was thought too lavish to bestow. It was not long, however, before the custodians of these remarkable relics had need of all the wealth which the martyr's sepulchre brought to the coffers of the monks. On September 3, 1174, a fire broke out in some cottages near the abbey gate. Fanned by a brisk breeze sparks were carried to the roof of the cathedral and soon "Conrad's glorious choir" was in flames. The frenzied but fickle multitude cursed God and the saints as the building fell in, and then took to pillaging what the flames had left. A French expert, William of Sens, was charged with the reconstruction of the ruined edifice. The monks accepted "with patience but unwillingly" his proposal to rebuild the choir, but for sentimental reasons insisted on his retaining the two eastern chapels which the fire had spared. This reservation accounts for the curious contraction of the walls beyond the presbytery. William of Sens was injured by a fall from the scaffolding during the course of the operations, and the work was carried on by his chief assistant, William the Englishman. The eastern portions of the choir, the Trinity Chapel, and the corona are English William's contribution to the fabric. In the choir the visitor finds himself in a very different building from the nave. It is on a higher ground level and is shut off from the rest of the church by Prior d'Estria's solid screen.

The style of the architecture is heavier and more antique. The contrast is striking and not altogether pleasing, but it adds much to the interest of the cathedral as a whole, and some of the details of the work are of considerable beauty. The chief feature is the Trinity chapel behind the high altar, built for the accommodation of the martyr's shrine, and to it Becket's remains were transferred with great pomp after his canonization in 1220. Erasmus gives us some idea of the magnificence of the shrine. "A wooden canopy", he says, "covered the shrine, which when drawn up inestimable treasures were exposed to view. The least valuable part of it was gold. Every part of it glistened and sparkled with rare and costly jewels." The choicest gem was the "great regale", a carbuncle as big as an egg which leapt from the ring of Louis VII of France and fixed itself in the shrine as the King was hesitating to offer it. Even in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the cult of St. Thomas was waning, the offerings of pilgrims amounted to £4,000 annually. "In the aumbrics," Erasmus declared, "were kept a wonderful quantity of bones, skulls, jawbones, teeth, hands, fingers, and arms all of which were devoutedly kissed." Becket's "perforated skull covered with silver" was in his day preserved in the crypt, but the curious polygonal building at the east of the cathedral, known as the corona, seems to have been erected for its exhibition. It only contains now St. Augustine's chair, which is used at the enthronement of the archbishops. In spite of the havoc wrought by the puritan fanatic "Blue Dick", a great deal of the thirteenth- and fourteenth-century glass remains in the eastern portions of the cathedral and elsewhere. Some wonderful windows in the Trinity Chapel depict the miracles of St. Thomas. Pilgrims before they left a popular saint's chapel were accustomed to purchase tokens, which they wore, much as a campaigner wears his medals, to show what shrines they had visited.

Then as manere and custom is, signes there they bought,
For men of contre should know whom they had sought.

Each shrine had its own special token. St. Thomas " signs " were the ampulla, a little phial of lead containing a few drops of the martyr's blood, and the Canterbury bell. The Canterbury pilgrims as they passed on their return through the towns, like a noisy company of excursionists " sang, piped, and jangled their bells ".

Though Becket's memory so largely dominates the cathedral, he is not the only maker of history here commemorated. The most notable of the very numerous monuments which the cathedral contains is the tomb of the Black Prince on the south side of the Trinity Chapel. The prince was only sixteen when he commanded the English forces at Cressy, and he was forty-seven when he died. The grave face of the bronze effigy suggests a man who, " though capable of sternest deed, was kind and resolute and good as brave ". Above the canopy are suspended his gauntlets, shield, tunic, and casque. To the east of it is the sepulchre of Archbishop Courtenay, the opponent of Wycliffe. Opposite is the tomb of Henry IV. Dunstan is buried on the south side of the choir, Simon of Sudbury on the south side of the altar, Peckham and Warham rest in the north-west transept. Chichele, who is represented by Shakespeare as instigating the French war of 1415, lies on the north side of the presbytery, Pole at the entrance of the corona, Anselm in the south-east chapel, Hubert Walter in the south choir aisle, Meopham, " half of whose heart ", says Fuller, " Grandison's affront did break, and the Pope did break the other half ", is beneath the screen in Anselm's Chapel, and Stephen Langton's tomb is half within and half without the Warrior's Chapel in the south transept. The long romance of history, as in the case of

> Black Edward's helm and Becket's bloody stone,
> Ends in a rusty casque and dubious bone.

The crypts are extensive and extremely interesting. The western portion belongs to Ernulf's church. It stood beneath Conrad's glorious choir and contains a lady chapel

enclosed by screen work, and the tombs of Cardinal Morton and of the Countess of Athol and Lady Mohun. The eastern crypt was constructed by William the Englishman. It is loftier and less massive, and supports the Trinity Chapel and corona. Ernulf's crypt was Becket's original burial-place and as such was the scene of Henry II's abject humiliation in 1172, when with his head within the opening of the tomb he was beaten with rods by the assembled bishops and monks. In 1556 the whole of the crypt was allotted to " the gentle and profitable strangers whom the rod of Alva scourged " and here they set up their looms. The Black Prince's chantry is still used as a French Protestant church.

Some remains of the monastic buildings yet survive in the Green Court and elsewhere to the north of the church. The noble chapter-house and finely vaulted cloisters are still intact. On the site of the refectory stand two tall columns from Reculver. The infirmary is represented only by its picturesque arcade, but the vaulted approach to it from the cloister still runs beside the chapter-house wall. A pathway—vulgarly known as the Dark Entry—however, which opens from it into the Green Court, has had some light thrown upon its gloom by the destruction of the dormitories, and now no longer " throughout that entry dark doth roam Nell Cook's unquiet sprite ". Prior Wibert's peculiar water-tower stands at the western angle of the prior's chapel, and the unique Norman staircase of the demolished almony is at the northern corner of the Green Court. The archbishop's stately palace on the west of the court has now been replaced by a modest modern residence.

So dominant was the influence of St. Thomas in the cathedral which Augustine founded that Augustine himself is almost forgotten there. His memorial is the abbey which he built as a burial-place for himself and his successors eastwards of the cathedral church. It was erected on ground given by Ethelbert outside the walls of the city. The all-effacing inundation of the Reformation swept

it almost entirely out of existence. At the dissolution its revenues were confiscated and its buildings turned into a royal palace. It did not, however, enjoy much favour as a royal residence and it was ultimately allowed to fall not only into decay but into absolute degradation. In 1836 it was turned by some enterprising showman into "a palace of varieties". This "sepulchre of saints" where the "Lord Augustine" reposed resounded at night-time with the strains of quadrille bands, and "its broken arches, its mouldering pinnacles, and the tracery of its half-demolished windows" were illuminated by hundreds of variegated lanterns and by the fitful scintillations of fire-works. The "show" did not, however, have a very long run, for in 1844 the site was bought by Mr. Beresford Hope, who built upon it the present Missionary College. The abbey guest-house forms the college hall and the undercroft of the Strangers' Chapel is the college memorial sanctuary. There still stand likewise Abbot Fyndon's fine fourteenth-century gate-house, the so-called cemetery gate, and a crumbling section of the north wall of the Norman church. But though his abbey, which once rivalled the cathedral in magnificence, has perished, Augustine's memory remains green here. His own ashes are scattered, but the foundations of the Saxon minster and its crypt survive, and so do the burial-places of Augustine's successors Justus, Mellitus, Laurence and Deusdedit, and the tombs of some of the early Kentish kings. Beyond the minster again are the ruins of the Church of St. Pancras which the great archbishop built, though much of its masonry is of a later date.

The visitor should complete his inspection of the memorials of Augustine's memorable mission by proceeding a little farther eastwards and mounting the opposite hill to St. Martin's Church. Augustine's labours began at St. Martin's and finished at the monastery. Though the prospect is now much obstructed, yet from St. Martin's churchyard the whole of his achievement comes symbolically into view. "Let anyone sit", says

Dean Stanley, "and look upon the scene spread out before his eyes. Below are the towers of Augustine's abbey where Christian learning and civilization struck root in Anglo-Saxon soil, and from which now after the lapse of centuries a new institution has arisen to bear to countries of which Gregory and Augustine had never heard the blessings which they gave. Beyond these, in ground which Augustine consecrated, rises high above its surroundings the magnificent pile of the cathedral. From Canterbury the first English Christian city, from Kent the first English Christian kingdom, arose the whole constitution of Church and State which now binds the whole British Empire together." St. Martin's Church has interest for the antiquary as well as for the moralist. It is largely compacted of Roman bricks, and contains some Roman masonry as well as the font (really as much Norman as Saxon) in which Ethelbert is reputed to have been baptized.

Canterbury is still very mediaeval in appearance. Other cities contain a good many old houses, but Canterbury looks as if it were entirely built of them. Literary as well as historical associations cling to its quaint and narrow streets. Marlowe was a native of the city, Lovelace resided in it, and Dickens has made it "a household word". Amongst the many gabled structures whose "roofs totter towards each other in the sky", attempts have been made to identify Mr. Wickfield's house in *David Copperfield*. It was a house "bulging out over the street with long low latticed windows bulging out still further, and with beams with carved heads on their ends bulging out too; so that the whole house seemed to be leaning forward to see who was passing on the pavement below". The Sun Inn claims to be the place where Mr. Micawber ate his dinner of "a dish of fowls with the kidney end of a loin of veal roasted, fried sausage, a partridge, a pudding, with strong ale and a brew of punch afterwards". But Dickens was not a photographer but an artist. His scenery, like his characters, is only typical. He painted an old-fashioned

house and an old-fashioned dinner with the same touch of whimsical exaggeration that he gave to all his creations.

In such a comprehensive collection of curious and interesting things it is not easy to suggest a route which will embrace them all. Indeed, in Canterbury a cut-and-dried programme is really an embarrassment. The modern pilgrim is perhaps best left to ramble about at his own will, for every street has interest, and the cathedral soars aloft in the midst so conspicuously that the stranger will never be at a loss to find his way. But for those who desire to engage in a "lightning tour" the best plan to follow is to bisect the city by traversing the string of streets down its centre, which follows the track of the Whitstable and Dover road, from the west gate to St. George's Street, and then to retrace one's way by Burgate, Orange Street, and the Friars back to St. Peter's Street. Having crossed the diameter of the city the circumference may readily be perambulated by turning down Stour Street to the castle, and then "fetching a compass" round the Dane John through Bridge Street and Broad Street and Northgate Street. A return to the centre of the city can readily be effected by Palace Street and Guildhall Street into High Street. Not very much of importance will then have been omitted, and the circuit of the mediaeval city will virtually have been made. At the zenith of its fame the city must have been inconveniently crowded when thousands of visitors came to take part in the festivities of its jubilees. Canterbury had so many old things that its citizens grew prodigally careless of them. Not content with demolishing one of their abbeys and turning its castle into a gas-house—a freak over which Thomas Ingoldsby made very merry—they even seriously proposed in 1859 to remove Archbishop Sudbury's massive west gate to allow Mr. Wombwell and his menagerie to enter the city. This cool and outrageous proposition was only lost by the casting vote of the mayor. The gateway still stands unimpaired, but it is the only one of the city gates yet remaining, and makes a good starting-point for

the suggested tour. Holy Cross Church beside it, before Sudbury's reconstruction of the gate-house, stood upon it, as St. Mary's Church once stood above the north gate. At the commencement of High Street, near the Stour Bridge, the East Bridge Hospital—founded by Becket for wayfaring and hurt men—and the many-gabled house of the Canterbury weavers should be noticed. Burgate is a very picturesque street, and in it in 1322 the proud but lawless Lord Badlesmere was executed. In the Friars, overhanging the banks of the Stour, is the dilapidated hall of the Black Friars. In Stour Street, spanning the stream, are the remnants of the earliest settlement of the Franciscans, who came to Canterbury in 1225. Their pretty and interesting little refectory—afterwards the home of the Lovelaces—is still shown to visitors. At the bottom of Stour Street is St. Mildred's Church, largely composed of Roman bricks, where Isaac Walton was married. At the corner of Gas Street is the castle, a crumbling Norman keep, in form similar to that of Rochester. Near Wincheap Green once stood the Wincheap Gate, and here a fine section of the Edwardian city walls with their bastions fences in the Dane John, a prehistoric earthwork commanding a fine view of the city. Its surroundings are now turned into a pretty pleasure ground in which has been erected a memorial to Marlowe the dramatist. At the foot of the city walls have been placed the capstan of Nelson's flagship, the *Foudroyant*, and Stephenson's locomotive, the *Invicta*, which ran on the Canterbury and Whitstable line in 1830. There is another fine section of the city wall, likewise retaining its bastions, between Broad Street and the eastern side of the cathedral yard. In Northgate Street there is a passage leading to St. John's Hospital, which, though rebuilt, retains an interesting gateway, a chapel, and some remnants of its ancient refectory. Farther north, near the barracks, is the Jesus Hospital, rebuilt in the seventeenth century. Nearly all of the ancient city churches, most of which will be passed en route, are of ecclesiological interest, and there are several eleemosy-

nary institutions of ancient origin. Of the more modern features of the city the most notable are the Guildhall, a not very imposing Queen Anne edifice, and the Museum in High Street, and the Cooper Art School in St. Peter's Street. In the north-western suburb of St. Dunstan's the church claims attention as the place from which Henry II proceeded in penitential garb to receive his absolution in the cathedral crypt. The church has been largely deprived of its antiquarian features by a ruthless restoration, but it retains a Peter's Pence chest and a puritan Communion table. In a vault beneath the organ lies the head of Sir Thomas More; and a portion of the gateway of the mansion of the Ropers, from whence he obtained his wife, is embodied in a neighbouring brewery. From St. Dunstan's it is not a very great step along the London road to the outlying village of Harbledown, which ought to form the commencement of a Canterbury pilgrimage. A fine view of the cathedral and city can be obtained from the hill, and the village contains an interesting Norman church, to which is attached the picturesque hospital of St. Nicholas. Near the hospital is the Black Prince's Well, from the waters of which, it is said, the Prince had draughts periodically sent to him during his last long illness. Archbishop Temple once said that every member of the English-speaking race should make it a point of duty to visit Canterbury twice at least in a lifetime, and certainly everyone who has seen it once will revisit it again and again in his dreams, and the way by which he will approach it will always be through Harbledown.

CHAPTER IV

CARLISLE

Where the bold eagles stopt their native course,
The latest labour of the Roman force
On subject lands from her high rock looks down.

The station—History of the city—Citadel and city—Sir W. Scott—The Cathedral—Tullie House—The Castle—The walls—The Park and bridge—Stanwix.

CARLISLE has lost none of its importance as a frontier town, but its importance is now of a different kind. The road to the north is an iron road, and the railway station, not the castle, presides over its destinies. Until the recent amalgamation, it was the proud boast of Carlisle that no less than seven companies ran into its station. The city is chiefly known to the travelling public as a clearing-house for the traffic of the north. But Carlisle has something to show besides its viaduct and railways. Though " disgracefully and reproachfully busy ", it has not quite " its proud historic deeds forgot ", and, fortunately for the casual visitor, the city keeps its ancient things close together. Old Carlisle is a well marked area, and all that is worth seeing is within its boundaries. It stands upon a sandstone ridge between the Caldew and the Eden. The ridge forms a sort of antiquarian oasis in " a wilderness of building ". A great deal of written and unwritten history has been enacted on this plateau, for here stand the castle and cathedral, and beneath them have been found buried the relics of pre-historic times. The scene of one phase of local history was, however, on the farther side of the Eden, but that

phase was only the preface to its story. It was in the neighbourhood of the city that the great Roman wall commenced, and the Romans fixed their military station on the ground occupied by the northern suburb of Stanwix. A civil population seems to have gathered on the ridge south of the camp. When the legions at length abandoned their fort, these civilians were left to work out their own salvation as best they could, and between the Picts, the Angles, and the Danes a very troubled life they led. Cuthbert is said to have done some evangelizing work in the district in 685, but in 875 the Danes almost wiped the city out of existence. In 1092 it began a new career when Rufus "went northwards, repaired Carlisle, built the castle, and sent thither a great number of English husbandmen with horses and cattle". The Red king's achievement, however, only commenced a new chronicle of misfortunes. In 1137 David of Scotland captured the city and died within its walls. Camden described it as occupying a "delicate and pleasant situation". Of its political "delicacy" at least there can be no doubt, for it was a sort of "no man's land" between two contending kingdoms, the prey of both.

> Those who then did in the border dwell
> Lived little happier than those in hell.

The "stout burghers of Carlisle" never knew for long what lord they served. Henry II, who had been knighted by David in 1158, recovered the city for the English, and from its castle in 1307 Edward I was carried away a dying man. In 1315 it was besieged without success by Robert Bruce after the battle of Bannockburn, and there were always constant border feuds when there was not actual warfare. It was its equivocal position even in the sixteenth century that made Mary Stuart flee to the shelter of its walls. In 1645 the city surrendered after a stubborn siege to Leslie's Scottish forces, and a century afterwards Bonnie Prince Charlie came over the border and enjoyed a temporary taste of sovereignty at Carlisle.

He entered the city in state "with a hundred pipers", and appointed Thomas Coppock to the bishopric. It was a tragic, if a romantic episode, for a month later "the butcher" Cumberland recaptured the city and brought the new king's reign to an end and the new bishop to the scaffold. "What the de'il are you greeting for?" Coppock exclaimed to his shrinking fellow prisoners; "the next time we are tried 'twill not be by a Cumbrian jury."

Carlisle makes from the first rather a grim impression on the visitor, for on leaving the station he is immediately confronted with the round-towered court-houses which Smirke erected in 1811 to replace the old citadel built by Henry VIII to guard the city gates. They are imposing enough, but they did not secure the admiration of Sir Walter Scott. "I have not forgiven the people of Carlisle", he wrote, "for destroying their quaint old walls and building two lumpy things like madhouses." There are two of them, one on either side of the entrance to English Street. One belongs to the Assize Courts and the other to the disused jail. The early associations of the spot were, however, neither military nor legal, for on the site of the jail there once stood a Dominican friary, and a Franciscan house was located on the opposite side of the street.

It demands no great skill on a stranger's part to explore historic Carlisle. English Street, a well-built and commodious thoroughfare, gradually expands into the triangular market-place, the centre of the city. Half-way up the street some medallions mark the site of the lodgings of the Young Pretender, for whose accommodation the owner received twenty guineas and two dishes of meat daily. On the farther side of the market-place is the quaint town hall, reconstructed in 1717. In front of it is a Jacobean sundial mounted on the stepped circular base of the old city cross. Behind the town hall is a queer little court known as St. Alban's Row. It was once the site of a chapelry founded by Bishop Welton in 1356. The chapel was standing in Leland's day, but has since been swept

away. Its bell, "the Muckle Toon Bell", is in the local museum. Leading north-west out of the market-place is the narrow thoroughfare of Fisher Street, at the corner of which is Redness Hall—once the Guildhall—a dingy-looking building with a half-timbered upper story. At the north-west angle of the market-place is the Crown and Mitre Hotel, which has superseded the old hostelry at which Sir Walter Scott stayed on the eve of his marriage in 1797. His bride, Miss Charpentier, the daughter of a French royalist of Lyons, lived with her guardian, the Rev. J. Bird, a minor canon, at the house opposite (now indicated by a tablet), and the marriage took place in the nave of the cathedral on Christmas Eve. Though a "puir body" Lady Scott was not altogether devoid of spirit. She turned upon Jeffrey after his attack on *Marmion* in the *Edinburgh*: "Good night, Mr. Jeffrey", she said in her broken English, "dey tell me you have abused Scott in de *Review*. I hope dey have paid you well for writing it." In 1828 Scott again visited the city under more melancholy circumstances. "Here", he says, "I married my poor Charlotte. She is gone and I follow faster perhaps than I wot of."

From the market-place the visitor can make his way to the cathedral and castle, which are not far away nor far apart. The cathedral stands on the west side of Castle Street, and at once presents its finest feature to the spectator. This is the east end with its famous window. Few even of our larger cathedrals can exhibit a more graceful composition. But it is about all for which the exterior is notable. The building is, however, only a fragment and has had an unfortunate history. In 1093 a church was commenced on the spot. In 1123 it became the minster of a priory of Augustinian canons, and ten years later, on the appointment of Prior Aethelwulf to the bishopric, it was made the cathedral of the new diocese. In the thirteenth century the canons rebuilt the choir in the Early English style. Unable to extend it on the south side without destroying the conventual buildings,

they pushed its central axis to the north, and this deviation is still one of its peculiarities. The church had scarcely been finished when in 1292 it was gutted by a fierce conflagration. "Satan caused the son of a certain man to set fire to his father's house"; the flames spread to the city and the adjacent hamlets, and devoured alike churches and dwellings. The canons with great courage set about the reconstruction of the choir, replaced the piers and clerestory, added a new bay at the east end, and inserted the noble window. When Bishop Strickland (1400–19), after another fire, rebuilt the north transept and put up the central tower, he attempted to disguise the lopsidedness of the choir by throwing out a projecting turret. In 1645, at the conclusion of the siege, Leslie's troopers pulled down the greater portion of the nave, and the Jacobite prisoners of "'45" did other damage. It is on this torso, "black but comely", that the visitor gazes sadly to-day. Nature as well as man has helped to impair its beauty, for some of the arches of the fragmentary nave are badly distorted by a settlement. The building is remarkable for the excellence of its craftsmanship. The fourteenth-century stall-work is exquisitely carved and the capitals of the piers are

> All garlanded with carven imag'ries
> Of fruit and flowers,

representing the months. The aisles alone are vaulted, but the fine wagon roof of the choir accords well with the character of the building. Prior Gondebour's fifteenth-century screen in St. Catherine's Chapel, Prior Salkeld's Renaissance screen on the north side of the choir, and some paintings at the back of the stalls are likewise noteworthy. There are not many monuments. In the centre of the choir is the brass of Bishop Bell (1495), and there are effigies of Bishops Everdon (1258), Barrow (1429), and Redman (1616), of Prior Senhouse and of some later occupants of the see. On the west wall of the south transept is a stone bearing a Runic scribble. From the wreck of

the priory only two of its domestic buildings survive. One is the Fratry, or canon's dining hall, a large building to the south of the cathedral erected by Prior Gondebour at the end of the fifteenth century. It has a reader's pulpit and a vaulted crypt. The other is the Deanery, once the prior's residence, to the west of the Fratry. It was rebuilt by Prior Senhouse in 1507, and embodies portions of an earlier peel-tower. St. Mary's—a modern church with some old carvings—east of the cathedral, does duty for the lost cathedral nave as a parish church, and to the south of it is St. Cuthbert's—a typical eighteenth-century building—with its fifteenth-century tithe barn near it. In Paternoster Road, to the north-west of the cathedral, is Tullie House, the city's museum. The building carries a clock tower and is chiefly modern, but behind it and incorporated with one of its wings is the seventeenth-century mansion of the Tullies which preserves some panelled rooms. It contains a large and well-arranged collection of local antiquities.

At the end of Castle Street is the castle—a large block of buildings (now used as a barracks) ranged round a triangular court. At the eastern angle stands the keep of the old fortress. Before entering, the visitor should view it from the outside, for it can easily be perambulated and its situation is most impressive. It stretches across the north-west corner of the ridge upon which the old city stood, and overlooks the valley of the Eden. On the north and west the ground falls away precipitously, and a pathway on these sides runs beneath its walls. The visitor should descend Finkale Street, which skirts the castle area on the south-east. At the bottom of the slope there is a gate adjoining a fragment of the old city wall, which leads to a raised terrace beneath the stoutly buttressed fortifications. At the south-west corner of the area is a curious brick tower, said to have been reared by Richard III. Returning to the main entrance in Castle Street, and passing beneath " the deep dark Gothic archway " beyond the moat, the visitor will be confronted by

another gateway—the Captain's Tower—before he enters the inner ward which encloses the Norman keep. The castle underwent many modifications in the course of its earlier history, but most of these historic features have been swept away in the interest of later fortifications. The Edwardian and Elizabethan buildings which adjoined the keep have been destroyed. A sentimental interest, however, attaches to a fragment of panelling which still adheres to one of the walls, for it belongs, it is said, to that portion of the castle where Mary of Scots was lodged. In 1568 the desperate state of her fortunes induced the Scottish queen to throw herself on the mercy of Elizabeth. She landed at Workington and came on to Carlisle. But Carlisle was too near Scotland to suit Elizabeth. After three months' residence here as guest she was urged to place herself more immediately under the queen's protection " with all contentation and goodwill ". With many misgivings the unhappy woman left Carlisle for Bolton Castle, where the mask of friendship was thrown off, and she found herself a prisoner. The " huge old tower " which the Duke of Cumberland contemptuously referred to as " that old hen-coop " is a solid-looking pile of Norman masonry. In its base is " the gloomy and vaulted apartment " where Fergus MacIvor was confined. A damp stone in one of the cells is said to have been licked by prisoners who could no longer endure the agonies of thirst. The ramparts command an extensive view of the city and the surrounding country.

> From their castle walls a man may see
> The mountains far away.

The Cheviots, the Pennine hills, and the Cumberland fells with Skiddaw and Scafell " with peaky tops engrailed " in their midst, are discernible.

There is not much to see in the city itself, and from the castle the visitor might conveniently proceed to make a circuit of what remains of the city walls, for their erection is said to have been contemporaneous with the building of

the fortress. They had three gates and formed a parapet to the ridge on which the city stood. The only portions of them surviving are to be seen in West Walls—a narrow lane leading from the corner of Annetwell Street to the citadel. Their track was completed on the east by Lowther Street, where Bishop Creighton (to whom the city has erected a memorial) was born. At the south-east end of West Walls is the Viaduct crossing the railway, and connecting modern industrial Carlisle with the old city. In the middle of the conglomeration of factories rises Dixon's chimney, of which, " as the highest chimney-stack in the British Isles ", the citizens are extremely proud. When this was pointed out to an American visitor, he said disdainfully: " I guess we've taller houses in the States ". " You're over-fond of tall stories out yonder ", his local informant replied. At the corner of the Viaduct and English Street once stood the old Bush Inn, a well-known posting-house in the eighteenth century. As Gretna Green is only nine miles away, the Bush was a favourite trysting-place for runaway couples who desired to be married in haste. These Gretna marriages were not made illegal till 1866. One of the blacksmiths who forged these matrimonial links boasted that he had united 4,444 couples during his thirty years' practice ; but there is a symmetry about the number which lays its accuracy open to suspicion. Lowther Street leads northwards to the Victoria Park and the suburb of Stanwix. The Park is a pleasantly laid-out recreation ground by the side of the Eden, which once flowed in a somewhat different channel and formed an islet. A fine bridge was built by Smirke in 1807 to replace the two old wooden bridges which since the days of Bishop Welton in 1356 had connected the city with the islet and Stanwix. Stanwix, though the site of the Roman military station Luguvallium, has now little to show the visitor except the view of the city across the river. On the river bank to the west of the bridge are two stones marking the boundary of the Roman wall. " Christie's Will ", the very last freebooter of any note,

is reputed to have swum the swollen river on horseback in 1643, hotly pursued by the Parliamentary troopers. To the north-east beyond Stanwix is the fine expanse of Rickerby Park, in the centre of which stands a Great War cenotaph. A ramble through the park may be extended to include Linstock and Drawdykes Castles, two old peel-towers. Linstock was once a residence of the Bishop of Carlisle. Drawdykes, now a farm, was the mansion of the Aglionbys, and bears their arms and two curious carved heads on its masonry. Built into its wall is a Roman monumental stone, and traces of a Roman vallum are to be found in an adjoining field. The return journey may be made by the new suspension bridge. On the eastern side of the city, near Cowan's crane-works, were the sites of both the Hospital of St. Nicholas, founded in 1336, and a Roman cemetery. Near Carr's biscuit works is the head of the old ship canal which once connected Carlisle with Fisher's Cross, on the Solway Firth. The bed of the canal now serves the purpose of a railway track to Silloth.

CHAPTER V

CHESTER

The castle with its battled walls,
The ancient monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile.

Roman Chester—The walls—The Cathedral—The Rows—Old houses—The Castle—The bridges—St. John's Church—De Quincey.

THE not very impressive county of Cheshire, after an effort to lift itself above the level of its usual monotony, sinks again into its customary tameness as it approaches the estuary of the Dee. It was the necessity of protecting this flat but fertile plain from the incursions of the Welsh that led to the creation of the city of Chester. Chester originated as the military station of Deva, built as early as A.D. 60 to secure the Roman peace in the West. It became the permanent head-quarters of the 20th Legion until the end of the Roman Occupation, and was never anything more than a military depot. After the departure of the Roman troops, Chester disappears for a while from history. It seems to have remained in the hands of the British, who called it Caerleon, until 607, when Ethelfrith of Northumbria destroyed it. Bede speaks of the district as waste, but in 874 the remains of St. Werburgh, the daughter of Wulfere, King of Mercia (who died in 699), were translated from Hanbury to a church which was in existence at Chester. Round this minster a town seems to have collected, for in 893 the Danes sacked it, and Ethelfleda rebuilt it as a Mercian fortress. On the collapse of the Mercian power the West Saxons occupied it as an

outpost against the Welsh. In 973 Edgar is said to have chosen it for his spectacular display of sovereignty when he was rowed by a crew of tributary princes on the Dee. The Normans, like the Romans, discerned the strategic importance of Chester, and William I bestowed it upon his active but unwieldly nephew, Hugh of Avranches, who speedily fortified it as a base for the subjugation of North Wales. The Earldom of Chester became in consequence a palatinate until Edward I, on the conquest of Wales, attached it to the English Crown. Until the seventeenth century Chester had a varying prosperity interrupted by constant outbreaks of disease and turbulence. In the course of one of the former visitations in 1517 the city was practically deserted and "grass grew a foot high in the streets". In the great civil war Chester underwent a siege. It was held in 1643 for the King by Sir N. Byrom, but the royalists were reduced to such straits that they had to capitulate, and the cathedral was ransacked by the Puritans. This was the most notable of the many assaults to which the city was exposed in the course of its history.

Chester to-day retains something of its early military aspect. What remains of its castle is now a barracks, and one of its chief claims upon the attention of its visitors is the almost perfect condition of its ancient walls. The visitor should commence his tour of the city with a perambulation of these defences. By so doing he will get the place into its right historical and geographical perspective. The eastern half of the walls follow the line of the fortifications of the Roman castrum, and are probably built largely upon their foundation. Indeed, some of the Roman masonry is actually exposed near the east gate. In their present shape the walls date from the time of Edward III, and are about two miles in circumference. They are higher than the walls of York and do not stand on embankments. They abut much more closely in consequence on the houses, and preserve some of their towers, but have lost their gates, and can be perambulated in their entirety.

WATERGATE STREET, CHESTER

Starting with the east gate and proceeding north, the visitor comes first upon the Phœnix Tower, a polygonal structure from the summit of which Charles I viewed the discomfiture of his relief forces on Rowton Heath during the siege of 1643. The King was so unnerved by the spectacle that he fled the next day to Denbigh. Near the north gate the visitor will gaze down the "frightful ravine" which appalled George Borrow on his visit in 1854, and will behold the "noble view of the Welsh hills and Moel Fammau" which he admired. This is certainly much the highest and most imposing section of the walls, for they stand on the edge of a sandstone escarpment and the canal runs below them. Dr. Johnson, on his visit to Chester, much to her annoyance, "kept Mrs. Thrale out of bed" an unconscionable time whilst he expatiated on the prospect and other things. Beyond Pemberton's Parlour, or the Goblin Tower, is Bonewaldesthorne's Tower—a polygonal turret, dating, it is claimed, from 1322; and projecting from the angle of the wall and connected with it at a lower level is an outstanding water tower which still bears upon its masonry the rings to which boats were moored when the river flowed beneath the walls. In the adjoining garden are some pillars of a Roman hypocaust brought here from the city. On their eastern face the walls overlook the Roodee, the city's extensive racecourse. Horse-racing was introduced into Chester in 1602, perhaps as a substitute for bull-baiting, which a Puritan mayor had suppressed in 1599. The Roodee was once a waterlogged meadow, upon an islet in which there then stood a rood. It was upon this eye, or island, that many of the mystery plays for which the city was famous were performed. Passing the Roodee the wall works round the castle, and approaching the river makes a circuit of the south side of the city, where the Dee comes into fine prominence. At the "Wishing Steps" the wall again turns northward and, passing the remains of Thimbley's Tower, eventually regains the east gate.

Descending from the walls the visitor should proceed

through St. Werburgh Street to inspect the cathedral, of the exterior of which he will already have obtained an excellent view in the course of his rambles round the ramparts. Its early history is obscure. Tradition says that there was a nunnery on its site which Ethelfleda changed into a college of secular canons. There was a college of canons elsewhere in the city, and it is more likely that it was still a nunnery when the relics of St. Werburgh were brought to it in the ninth century, and that it so remained until Earl Hugh transformed it into a Benedictine monastery, and helped its first abbot Richard, Anselm's chaplain, to build for the monks a church. The Normans not only gave Chester an abbey but made it a bishopric, for in 1075 the bishop's stool was removed from Lichfield to the Church of St. John in this city. Though the bishop a few years later migrated to Coventry, Chester continued off and on to share in the honours of the see almost to the time of the Reformation. As a compensation for the dissolution of its abbey, Henry VIII in 1541 gave Chester a bishop of its own, and the monastic church became its cathedral. It is not a very magnificent building and it has suffered considerably from the decay of the soft red sandstone of which it is compacted. This has led to its frequent renovation, which has given to it a patchy look, and many architectural liberties have been taken with the fabric. It is a very unsymmetrical structure, but its irregularity gives it a certain character, and it possesses much picturesqueness of outline. The two western towers which would have given dignity to the façade were never completed. They are of different sizes, and so are the transepts, but the worst defect is the intrusion of the adjoining Grammar School which has been allowed to obscure partially the west front. The interior shows the same disregard for consistency. Here the discrepancies are not only of plan but of detail. The arcades, for instance, on each side of the church, both in the nave and choir, are slightly different, and the transepts offer a marked contrast both in size and style. The diversities are of

course due to the piecemeal fashion in which it was built. Of Earl Hugh's and Abbot Richard's Norman minster only the north-west tower with its adjoining wall and the north transept remain. Nearly all the eastern portion of the church is thirteenth-century work, the greater part of the nave dates from the fourteenth century, and the central tower, the clerestory of the nave, and many other incidental features belong to the fifteenth. The chief beauty of the church is its exquisite fourteenth-century stall-work, completed by a screen with a well-executed modern front, which happily does not obscure the vista. Beneath the north-west tower is a curious Venetian font—supposed to have been originally a Roman well-head—brought here in 1855. A sentimental interest attaches to the altar, for it is composed of various woods imported from Palestine. On the north wall of the nave are a series of modern frescoes. The most conspicuous monuments are those of Bishop Pearson in the north transept and that of the Duke of Westminster, both modern. In the lady chapel are the remains of St. Werburgh's once beautiful shrine, and there are one or two tombs of mediaeval ecclesiastics in other portions of the church. In the south transept—once the parish church of St. Oswald—are a number of regimental colours, in one of which the body of the heroic General Wolfe was wrapped after his death on the Heights of Abraham. It would have pleased Wolfe to be so remembered, for he had a vein of sentiment in his character. As he was rowed across the river to the attack, he repeated Grey's elegy, and declared that he would sooner have written that poem than take Quebec. The cathedral is remarkable for the preservation of most of its monastic buildings. The old fourteenth-century gateway remains at the west, and to the north of the cathedral is a fine range of cloisters retaining their carrels and lavatory. The chapter-house and monks' parlour are on the east walk ; on the north is the refectory with its lector's pulpit, and on the west is the large Norman undercroft which served as the abbey cellar. Some steps near the latter give

access to a small Norman chapel which was the abbots' oratory.

In spite of its antiquity there is nothing dowdy or decrepit about Chester. It is a convenient and an attractive city, spic and span, and if anything too obviously on show The mediaeval tradition is everywhere rigorously adhered to. The modern houses have an affectation of ancient which is rather bewildering. They all imitate the fashion of those

> Antique buildings climbing high
> Whose Gothic frontlets seek the sky,

and of which so many genuine specimens still happily survive. The city in its planning follows the formation of the Roman castrum. The main thoroughfares are rectangular, and St. Peter's Church, in the centre of the city, seems to occupy the site of the prætorium. In a cellar behind it are the bases of two Roman columns. The unique feature of the city is its famous Rows, the origin of which is probably to be found in the accumulated débris of the Roman station. Camden described them as "galleries having shops on both sides through which a man may walk dry from one end to the other". The galleries are, however, generally open on one side to the street and their peculiarity consists in the fact that they are on the first floor-level where the shops are placed; small shops have likewise been fashioned beneath them. Borrow would have it that the Rows were built by the traders for the better protection of their more costly wares from the depredations of the Welsh. "Should the marauders", he says, "break into the town, as they frequently did, the door of the passages would be closed, all access to the upper streets cut off, and all kinds of missiles could be discharged upon the heads of the intruders." This sounds plausible, but a much more likely explanation of their construction is that the mediaeval builders erected these houses with their overhanging stories, seen elsewhere in the city and in other ancient towns,

upon the top of the rubbish heaps which encumbered the site and excavated their cellars in the embankments below. As in Bristol, the merchants found that they required storage for their sea-borne merchandise, and these cellars were subsequently transformed into shops. On the west side of Northgate Street, and outside the east gate where the rubbish had probably not collected, the passages, where they existed, appear to have been on the street level. In any case, the Rows are exceedingly quaint, and they confer on the city one of its chief distinctions.

As the visitor leaves the cathedral he should pass beneath the abbey gateway into Northgate Street, where there is a handsome modern town hall, built in 1869. Beyond the north gate is the Blue Coat School, standing on the site of St. John's Hospital. Connecting it with the city is a narrow bridge, the Bridge of Death (not, it will be noticed, a "bridge of size"), across which prisoners walked from the north gate prison to receive the last rites of the Church at St. John's chapel previous to their execution. Another fourteenth-century hospital once stood where the Chester Music Hall now stands, near the entrance to the cathedral. The Pied Bull Hotel, one of the oldest hostelries in Chester and once a noted posting-house, is on the opposite side of the street. It was at an old-fashioned inn in Northgate Street that Borrow made himself so comfortable and tasted to his deep disgust the qualities of Cheshire cheese and Cheshire ale. Near the east gate is Newgate Street—once Fleshmongers' Lane, the butchers' mart—which led to the cockpit. In Eastgate Street there is nothing remarkable except its fine Rows. In front of St. Peter's Church—which merits a passing inspection—once stood both the High Cross, destroyed in 1643 by the Puritan soldiery, and the Pentice (a sort of town hall), removed in 1803.

Running westwards from St. Peter's Church is Watergate Street—a rather dingy thoroughfare, but one of the most interesting streets in the city, for it is an unreformed bit of old Chester and abounds in fine old houses. The Rows are continued on each side of the upper portions

of the street. Beneath the Rows are to be occasionally found some early crypts. A remarkable specimen of these, with some fine thirteenth-century vaulting, is at the rear of a wine merchant's premises near the top of the street. It is the curiously wrought timber houses, however, which will attract the attention of the casual visitor. "The show house" is God's Providence House, which, however, was refronted in recent times. It dates from 1652 and owes its title to its motto, "God's Providence is mine inheritance". It is popularly said to have been the only house which escaped when the city was visited with the plague. More interesting is the façade of Bishop Lloyd's palace (dating from 1615) a few doors lower down. At the corner of St. Nicholas Street, which about marks the westward limit of the Roman castrum, is the Old Yacht Inn—a noted hostelry in its day—at which Dean Swift is said to have stayed and to have penned his pungent description of the ecclesiastical life of the city as a parting shot before he left for Ireland.

> The churches and the clergy
> Are very much akin,
> All weather-worn without
> And empty quite within.

In the vicinity of St. Nicholas Street were some habitations of Friars which have left their names to some of the adjoining streets. Beyond St. Nicholas Street is a small court containing the interesting remnants of Stanley Palace, where the unfortunate Earl of Derby spent the day preceding his execution at Bolton Castle in 1657. On the opposite side of the street is Trinity Church, where Pope's friend, Parnell, is buried. He was an Irish incumbent who had a gift for fluent versification and helped Pope with his *Iliad*.

Bridge Street, the other principal thoroughfare, is another imposing street. It too is "rowed" and contains two houses with more than usually interesting basements. One, at the back of a restaurant on the west side, has a

THE ROWS, CHESTER

thirteenth-century vaulted crypt, and the other, No. 39 on the opposite side, has a vault containing a Roman bath and the remains of a hypocaust. At the bottom of Bridge Street is St. Michael's Church—a fourteenth-century building, whose tower projects across the pavement. In Lower Bridge Street are two old but restored hostelries, the *Bear and Billet*, and the *Falcon*, and opposite them is an unrenovated timber-house. Before descending Lower Bridge Street, however, the visitor should turn aside down Grosvenor Street, which leads across the river by a modern, one-arched bridge, one of the largest single-span stone bridges in the world. Before reaching the bridge is the Grosvenor Museum, which contains a splendid collection of local Roman antiquities. Grosvenor Street gives entrance likewise to the castle, in front of which stands an equestrian statue of Lord Combermere. The castle now has very little to interest the stranger. It is a drill-ground and Assize Courts, but embedded in its miscellaneous block of buildings is " Cæsar's Tower "—a rectangular, keep-like structure—and the transformed remnants of " a stern round tower of other days " overlooking the walls. Behind the castle, however, is the interesting Church of St. Mary, containing some monuments of the Oldfield and Gaunt families. The roof is said to have once belonged to Bassingwerke Abbey. On the return to Bridge Street Chester bridge should be visited, for it is in part a mediaeval structure. The old mill which once stood near it has been removed, but the weir remains and the salmon fishery is still profitable. A walk runs along the banks of the river and leads to a landing-stage, where boats and steamers are moored for excursions up the stream. This fine waterway is not the least of the city's many attractions. Standing well above the river and just outside the city walls is the noble Norman Church of St. John. In Saxon times a collegiate church is said to have stood here, and Saxon crosses and coins have been found on the site. The present church may have been commenced when Bishop De Leia removed his stool from Lichfield to Chester.

Unfortunately, the building has been badly damaged and is partly in ruins. The mischief commenced with the fall of its central tower in 1468, which again collapsed after its re-erection in 1572. In 1881 the north-west tower subsided "with a dull sudden roar" and carried away the north porch. The church has been patched up, its porch replaced, and an ugly new tower has been attached to it; but its original magnitude can only be guessed from the ruins which encumber the churchyard. The ruins are not easy to read at a superficial glance, for "to Time the task was left of whittling them away," but they appear to be those of its ambulatory, chantries and lady chapel, which are of fourteenth-century work. The lower portion of the nave and what remains of the transepts date from the time of William Rufus, and the fine triforium and clerestory are a century later. Amongst the ruins in the church is a so-called crypt, upon which once incongruously stood the house where De Quincey's mother resided when she grew tired of Bath, and of which De Quincey himself gives a whimsical description. De Quincey, much to her consternation, paid his mother a visit here in 1803, when he ran or rather walked away from Manchester Grammar School. This incursion was to her, he says, "much like the opening of the seventh seal". Near the church is the Grosvenor Park, in the centre of which is a large statue by Thorneycroft of the second Marquis of Westminster. To the south of the park, on a pillar of rock, is an anchorite's cell. The river no longer makes Chester a port, but is much exploited by watermen. Pleasure-boats, launches, and steamers ply upon its surface, and afford abundant facilities for the excursionist to explore its upper reaches. Eccleston Ferry and Eaton Hall are the chief popular resorts, but there are other places of interest still higher up the river which can be visited in a rowing-boat.

CHAPTER VI

CHICHESTER

You came, and looked, and loved the scene
Long known and loved by me.
Green Sussex fading into blue,
With one grey glimpse of sea.

The harbour—Regnum—The Cross—The Cathedral—Collins and Chillingworth—The city—St. Mary's Hospital—Priory Park—Blake—The walls—Dell Quay.

CHICHESTER is one of the " girdle-jewels of gleaming towns " which make Sussex famous, but it can scarcely be reckoned pictorially a " gem of the first water ". It has neither magnitude nor lustre. Its value lies in its antiqueness rather than in its brilliance or its setting. It is one of those places which show how much tradition counts for in English religion and how little it is able to divert the current of national life. Though inconveniently situated on the extreme verge of the diocese, Chichester has remained for centuries the cathedral city, and yet, though it has for so long enjoyed ecclesiastical pre-eminence, it is to-day but little larger than it was when it first achieved episcopal dignity. Its situation has not done much to help it to attract a population or to invest it with commercial possibilities. It stands on the flat and lengthy plain which stretches between " the green, smooth-swelling, unending downs " and the sea. Yet, if Nature had been only a little bit kinder to it, it might long ago have attained the same importance as Portsmouth. Its harbour has nearly all the qualifications of an excellent haven, except the one essential requisite of depth. It is

only a congeries of shallow creeks which the tide from time to time floods aimlessly. A fleet did, however, once upon a time enter its shallow waters and make a bit of history. In 477 Aella and his Saxon followers landed on its shores, occupied the peninsula of Selsey, and then advanced to the plunder of the Roman city of Regnum which stood at the head of the creek. They captured it, and re-named it Chichester after the conqueror's son, Cissa. Of the Saxon settlement nothing is known but the name, but of the Romano-British city which preceded it a slight memorial has been preserved. In 1722 a slab was dug up at Chichester which bore the inscription of a temple dedicated to Neptune and Minerva by Cogidubnus, the imperial legate, who has been identified with Cogidumnus, the faithful vassal of the Romans mentioned by Tacitus. Regnum seems, then, to have been the capital of the domains of this native prince, who preferred to rule as a Roman official than to grace a Roman triumph.

At the Norman Conquest Chichester was handed over to the tender mercies of Roger Montgomery, who fortified it. After that, the tide of history flowed away from its walls as the tide of commerce had ebbed away from its shores, and the city was left "a bit of dull stagnation", until in 1642 Waller descended upon it with his troopers, and after a week's siege took possession of it.

Its ecclesiastical annals do not make much more lively reading, but such as they are they still remain written in durable stone. When Roger Montgomery built his castle, Archbishop Stigand in 1082 removed the bishopric which Wilfrid had founded at Selsey to Chichester. Montgomery's castle has gone, but the Norman cathedral which Bishop Ralph de Luffa (1091–1123) reared for the bishop's throne yet survives, and gives to Chichester its present-day attractiveness and importance. The cathedral, though its principal feature, does not, however, exhaust the interest of the city. Chichester preserves as well the impress which its uneventful secular history has stamped upon it and some remnants of its ancient fortifications. Its Romano-

British traditions still live in the rectangular arrangement of its streets, two Roman roads lead out of it, and it is still encircled by the walls which its mediaeval custodians reared upon the foundations of the defences of the Roman station of Regnum.

The railway brings the visitor to the southern side of the city, just outside its walls. He will find the city mapped out for his exploration on very simple lines. It is split into four almost equal sections by the intersection of its main roads, which virtually point to the four quarters of the compass. In its centre stands a very elaborate market cross. Nothing of its kind quite so handsome or imposing can be found elsewhere, and no finer ornament for a meeting of thoroughfares could be devised. It is an octagonal structure, built by Bishop Storey in 1500, with deep buttresses and richly panelled sides, and is crowned with a belfry mounted on a central pillar with crocketed supports. So pronounced is the ecclesiastical character of the city that two out of its four sections were the special preserves of the Church. The south-west quarter is occupied by the cathedral and its appurtenances, the south-east section, though now appropriated by private residences, was the peculiar of the archbishop and, as if this were not enough, the precincts of the castle at the north-east corner of the city were encroached on by a Franciscan Friary.

It is to the cathedral that the visitor will, of course, first turn, for it is quite near the cross. It is not its own fault that Chichester Cathedral has seldom received its fair share of praise, for no cathedral does more justice to itself. Its spire appears everywhere in the landscape, and, though diminutive, the building is full of dignity. It seems to have emphasized its importance in every way it can. It is completely equipped with all the external characteristics of a church of the first rank, for it has no less than four towers. In addition to two western towers and a central spire it possesses a detached belfry. It is altogether a graceful and pleasing edifice and, though

lacking grandeur, is full of charm. Unfortunately, its pride has been attended by the proverbial fall. Its two western towers collapsed in 1210, one of them again subsided in the seventeenth century, and in 1861 the central spire came tumbling down—though that is perhaps a too sensational yet a not sufficiently comprehensive description of the catastrophe, for " spire and tower sank out of sight with but little noise into the centre of the building ". The misfortune was at the time regarded with dismay as the prelude of a downfall of another sort, for an old Sussex saw had declared

> If Chichester church steeple fall
> In England there's no king at all.

But when it was recollected that a queen was on the throne it was seen that the prediction had already fulfilled itself, and supporters of Church and State, taking their courage in both hands, set to work promptly to set the steeple up again, it is claimed, exactly as it was before. The interior of the church is of considerable interest. In spite of its apparent symmetry, it is really irregular and tortuous. The church has been frequently altered and is carelessly set out. The axis of the nave changes its direction no less than three times, and the lady chapel is out of line with the choir. One of its chief peculiarities is the number of its aisles. They have been duplicated on each side of the nave by the construction of a continuous series of chapels, the partitions of which have now been removed. Substantially, it is Ralph de Luffa's church with a clerestory, vault, and retrochoir added by Bishop Seffred II in 1199. The porches—one of which is at the west entrance—the sacristry, the lady chapel, and the extra aisles were erected during the thirteenth century but differ in style. The interior owes much of its charm to these architectural inconsistencies. A great deal of damage was done to it by the fanaticism of the Puritans, who, " transported by a Bacchanalian fury, ran up and down the church with drawn swords defacing the monuments, hewing down

the stalls, scraping the paintings from the walls and dashing down the organ pipes, shouting ' See how the organs go '." The monuments which have survived this orgy of destruction are not of very absorbing interest. A tomb in the south transept is said to be that of Becket's friend, Richard Wych, who died " in the odour of sanctity " in 1253 and was canonized in 1262. His personal austerity was as remarkable as his pastoral zeal, for at his death his body was found swathed in a horsehair shirt and bound round with rings of iron. Near the tomb are a series of paintings by Bernadi, an Italian artist of the sixteenth century, and below the window of the transept is the tomb of Bishop Langton (1337). Most of the other mediaeval episcopal effigies are at the east end of the church, but there is some doubt about their identity. The one at the northern entrance to the lady chapel is probably that of Bishop Ralph, the founder of the church. In the south choir aisle are some roughly sculptured slabs representing the Sisters of Bethany and the Raising of Lazarus. They are said to have been brought here from the Saxon church at Selsey. Beneath the north arcade of the nave is the tomb of the Earl of Arundel (1346–97), who played a large part in the troubles of Richard II and was executed on Tower Hill as a traitor. At the end of the outer north aisle is a monument to William Huskisson, the statesman who was M.P. for the city (1812–23) and met with a tragic death in 1830 at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway. In the same aisle is Flaxman's monument to William Collins, the poet (1721–59), who shares with Gray the reputation of being the finest English lyrist of the eighteenth century. He was born in the city and came back to live in it in 1749. He died in misery and forgotten. His *Odes*, on which his fame chiefly rests, though lacking in fervour, are singularly felicitous in expression. Music, that " sphere descended maid ", instead of " an holy calm diffusing ", is said to have excited him to frenzy. " He was wont to rush out of the cathedral during the service into the cloisters and howl and moan in horrible accordance

with the choir." He is here represented as bending over the Bible, his "one book", with a volume of the *Passions* lying discarded at his feet. The cloister, which poor Collins frequented in his fits of mental disorder, form an obliquely arranged court on the south side of the cathedral, which connects the Bishop's Palace at one end and the Vicars' College at the other with the church. On the south walk is a tablet to the memory of William Chillingworth (1604–44). He was a man of much learning who acquired the reputation of a skilful disputant in the controversies of the day. After a short experience in the Roman church at Douai he returned to England so convinced a Protestant that he shrank from taking Orders for fear of "subscribing to his own damnation". He subsequently, however, became Chancellor of Salisbury and served with the King's forces in the civil war. Being captured whilst sick at Arundel, he was brought to Chichester to die, and his last moments were disturbed by the invectives of Cheynell, the Puritan fanatic, who at his funeral threw into his grave *The Religion of Protestants* with the remark, "May thy book rot with thee". The Palace is a modern building at the south-west corner of the cloister, but it retains the thirteenth-century chapel of the older building destroyed by the Puritans. The original gateway of the close still spans the path that leads past the Vicars' College into South Street. The adjoining close has a prim formality reminiscent of the traditions of the days of good Queen Anne. This Queen Anne atmosphere is rather characteristic of Chichester as a whole. It is an eighteenth-century town set in a mediaeval framework. The four main thoroughfares, though not without a show of dignity, have few arresting features except some good sober-fronted houses in West Street, and the churches are lacking in impressiveness and interest. St. Olave's in North Street stood on the site of a Roman building, the relics of which were destroyed when the chancel was rebuilt. Beneath the floor of St. Andrew's in East Street, where Collins is buried, is likewise a Roman pavement. The Museum in South

Street contains a collection of local antiquities, and at the Council House in North Street are some pictures. The visitor steps back into the Middle Ages, however, when he turns from North Street into Lion Street and reaches the Hospital of St. Mary. This is one of the quaintest and most charming things which the city possesses. It is a long structure with a sloping roof reaching almost to the ground. The interior is threaded by a gangway, and the aisles are partitioned off into apartments for the inmates and are provided with tall chimneys carried through the roof. At the east end is a pleasant and roomy chapel furnished with stalls. There is some obscurity about its origin, but it seems to have been founded in the thirteenth century for the sick and aged, and converted into an almshouse in 1568, when the chimneys were inserted. At the east corner of the city is the Priory Park, a fine recreation ground enclosing the mound of Montgomery's castle. On its western side, facing the entrance, is the chancel of a Franciscan Friary, founded in 1233. It is a fine thirteenth-century chamber lighted by lancets at the end, and geometrical windows at the side, and retains its sedilia. At the dissolution of the Friary it was retained as a Guildhall, but seems to be used now chiefly as a store chamber. In 1804 William Blake, the poet-painter, was tried within its walls on a charge of sedition and treason—the outcome of a fracas at Felpham with a drunken sailor whom Blake had forcibly ejected from the garden of his lodging. It was a silly and malicious prosecution and ended ingloriously, but it put an end to Blake's sojourn in Sussex. The park is enclosed on its north and east by the old city walls, which are in an excellent state of preservation. They run round the city in the form of an irregular polygon and are about two miles in circumference. They can be perambulated on the north-east and north-west, where they are provided with a broad parapet. On the south-east they are enclosed in private gardens, but a glimpse may be occasionally caught of them from the adjoining roadway. On the south-western side, where they form

the boundary of the cathedral precincts, they are well exposed and an excellent view of them and their supporting bastions can be had from the pathway in the neighbouring field.

Chichester has long ceased to be a seaport, but the derelict canal, which was its mercantile artery and which the brush of Turner once attempted to glorify, still exists, stretching from the south end of the city to the harbour. A pretty view of the latter can be secured by pursuing the Selsey road and turning off to Dell Quay, where there is a wharf for the unloading of small coasting vessels. A lake-like expanse of water lies in front, and behind, backed by the downs, is the tapering spire of the cathedral. It is one of the most attractive landscapes which the immediate neighbourhood affords.

CHAPTER VII

DURHAM

Grey towers of Durham,
Yet well I love thy mixed and massive piles,
Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot,
And long to roam thy venerable aisles
With records stored of deeds long since forgot.

Its situation—Its history—The Cathedral—Monastic buildings—The Castle—The baileys and bridges—J. B. Dykes—The city—The Durham miners—Pelaw Woods and Finchale Priory.

DURHAM is one of the few cities which can successfully stand the severest of all tests—a scrutiny from the railway-carriage window. No other place from this point of view presents so striking and remarkable a spectacle. Perched upon a rocky pedestal on the opposite side of a deep ravine are the castle and cathedral. The station stands almost as high, and as one looks across the intervening gap into which the city is dropped, both buildings loom up in the foreground portentously big. It is only when the visitor descends, as he does with some abruptness, into the valley beneath that they assume more natural proportions. The photographer has made every one acquainted with the view from the Framlingate bridge of the wooded gorge with the towers frowning down upon the gliding river beneath.

From the rock's wood-covered side
Rise turrets in fantastic pride.

But no picture adequately conveys the romantic character of the scene. It is quite feudal in its picturesqueness.

The ideal way to see Durham is to disdain the beaten track through the city and, following the river-side path to the Prebend's bridge, to mount the steep ascent which leads below the galilee chapel into the Palace Green. The visitor can then gaze on cathedral and castle alike with unabated wonder. More prosaically minded people, of course, prefer to follow the motors over the Framlingate bridge into the city, but they will not find even this road easy or straight. The city sits astride of the narrow neck of the long peninsula round which the city twines, and the hasty traveller who dashes across the isthmus from one bridge to another merely severs (to use a clumsy simile) the pear from the stalk. The Durham which all want to see is on the bulky protuberant end of the promontory. The visitor must climb up the back of this to see the castle and cathdral, and the way to them is up a toilful spiral ascent twisting to the right all the way until it opens on the Palace Green. On the Green the visitor stands between the two buildings which keep such appropriate company together on the top of the hill.

Durham is no " haunt of ancient peace ", but the legacy of troubled times. The poet has made us as familiar with its story as the artist has with its picture. It is the story of Holy Cuthbert's search for a shrine.

> For after many wanderings passed
> He chose his lordly seat at last
> Where his cathedral huge and vast
> Looks down upon the Wear.

This is, of course, syncopated history, and legend has filled in the gaps. In the course of its journey the coffin stuck fast at " Wrdelau ", a spot somewhere in the vicinity, and it was divinely intimated to the monks that " Dunholme " was to be its permanent resting-place. It was an old woman's chance intimation to another old wife that her missing dun cow was at Dunholme that came

DURHAM FROM THE RAILWAY STATION

CITY OF WESTMINSTER

like a "holy and heavenly oracle" to direct them to the Dunholme of their vision; and now

> Deep in Durham's Gothic shade
> His relics are in secret laid.

A more prosaic explanation of the choice of this site for a settlement is that it was urged upon "the congregation of St. Cuthbert" in 995 by Uchtred, Earl of Northumbria, who wanted a new fortress in the hands of reliable custodians at this end of his dominions. Earl Waltheof built a castle in 1072, and the lordly Norman cathedral was raised to keep it company eleven years later.

The cathedral stretches its huge bulk across the centre of the plateau, which descends precipitously to the river. With its lofty and massive towers it stands out sternly and impressively, in fashion as much a fortress as a church. Apart, however, from its magnitude and majesty it is rather a featureless building. It is not merely the poverty of its details but its want of projection that makes it, apart from its towers, seem characterless. The restorer too has been at work upon it. Wyatt chiselled its surface, destroyed its north porch, and capped the turrets of its eastern chapel with extinguishers.

> Alas! the noblest works of human hands
> Succumb to Time; and ruthless vandal bands,
> Allied with changeful style and mad caprice,
> Would strip the world of ev'ry masterpiece.

Yet neither the ravages of Time nor the zeal of the restorer have robbed the cathedral of its grim nobility. It still conveys to the beholder that sense of "rocky solidity and indeterminate duration" which so impressed Dr. Johnson. The upper stages of all the towers are of later date than the rest of the fabric, and are more ornate. They add immensely to the stern grandeur of the building, but it is fortunate that they are no longer carrying the spires they were intended to support. Near the north

doorway is a mutilated effigy of Hob of Pelaw, the abbey steward, whose purse was miraculously replenished every night. It is also said to be the grave of a thirteenth-century acrobat who was killed in an attempt to walk a tight-rope stretched between the towers. Perhaps these performances were the real means by which the abbey treasury was refilled. At any rate, Prior Melsanby is reputed to have lost the bishopric for having permitted them. The interior exhibits the same titanic grandeur. Its aspect is almost threatening, as Davery says in Walpole's *Cathedral*: "The cathedral laughs too, and once and again stretches out a long finger to pluck you away." There is found here what is not found in many Norman minsters —a really effective manipulation of mighty masses. This artistry is shown in the effort to relieve the monotony of the building by the insertion of transverse arches in the vaulting, and by the subdivision of the bays into sub-bays by the intervention of cylindrical piers. The long, unbroken vista from end to end is so fine that it is difficult to regret the removal of Cosin's fine choir-screen which once obstructed it. Bishop Aldhun raised a stone church over St. Cuthbert's remains, but the projector of the present fabric was Bishop Carileph (1081–96), who erected the choir and transepts. His successor, Flambard (1099–1128), completed the nave and put up the vault. The thirteenth century saw the erection of the western towers, and the central lantern was reared from the gallery upwards by Prior Bell in 1474. There are only two peculiarities in the church—the western galilee and the eastern chapel—both are connected with St. Cuthbert. The galilee, with its four rows of slender arcades, so frequently pictured, was built by Bishop Pudsey in 1175, and altered by Cardinal Langley (1406–37). It is really a lady chapel, and its unique position is due, it is said, to Cuthbert's dislike of women. A line in the flooring at the west end of the church assigns the position of females, who were not allowed to approach the shrine for fear of shocking the susceptibilities of the saint. Even the

Virgin, it was discovered, was not a privileged person. As often as Pudsey attempted to erect a lady chapel in the usual position at the east end of the minster, the outraged saint threw it down. So the bishop, to avoid these indications of displeasure, took the chapel round to the west, where it stands on the very verge of the cliff. Some faded frescoes in a recess at the east indicates the position of the altar of " our Lady of Pity ", and from a little chamber at the west one can look down the face of the precipice upon the river below. The eastern chapel of the nine altars was designed in the thirteenth century by Richard Farnham, who had for his master mason (as a stone declares) Thomas Moises. The original termination of the choir was the usual Norman apse, but this was removed, the choir was extended one bay eastward, and the transeptal chapel added for the accommodation of the saint's shrine. The huge rose-window at the east was not an original feature in the design, but was inserted by Wyatt. The fine but now naked screen which separates the chapel from the choir was erected by Lord Neville of Raby in 1380. It is said to have been decorated with more than a hundred images. Unfortunately, most of the early woodwork was wantonly destroyed by a number of Scottish soldiers who were imprisoned in the cathedral after the battle of Dunbar in 1650, but it was replaced by Bishop Cosin (1660–72). Cosin also erected the elaborate font-canopy at the west end of the cathedral. At the north-west corner of the nave there once stood a sanctuary chamber, and the knocker by which the fugitive roused the attention of the porter is still attached to the north door. The most noteworthy tomb in the cathedral is Bishop Hatfield's sepulchre (1345–81), the canopy of which forms a platform for the bishop's throne. In front of the altar is the huge matrix of the brass of Bishop Beaumont, which once displayed the bishop's figure with a number of ministering angels " censuring " him (as a verger put it). In the nave are some mutilated effigies of the Nevilles. Bishops Lightfoot and Westcott are likewise commemorated,

but the shrine of St. Cuthbert, which once stood on a raised platform in "the chapel of the nine altars", has been destroyed, though the print of pilgrim feet in the paving still indicates its position. The tomb of Bede, whose body was brought here from Jarrow in the fourteenth century, remains undisturbed in the galilee chapel. It bears the epitaph which procured for him his distinctive title "*Hac sunt in fossa, Bedæ venerabilis ossa*". The scribe, it is said, began his epitaph but could not make it scan. Toiling with his perplexity, the word "venerabilis" suddenly sprang into his mind, and, looking up, he saw an angel leaving the chamber. The cloisters on the south date from the fifteenth century, and have a wooden roof. On the east side of the garth are the monks' parlour and the chapter-house, both vaulted chambers, built by Bishop Rufus (1130–40). The monks' parlour is in its original condition, but the chapter-house was largely destroyed by Wyatt, and has recently been restored as a memorial to Bishop Lightfoot. Adjoining the south walk is the refectory, and on the west is the monastic dormitory over a vaulted undercroft. South of the cloister garth is the enclosure known as the College. It is surrounded by buildings belonging to the cathedral and the University, and has a fine gateway built by Prior Castell in 1515, which opens into the north bailey. The deanery, once the prior's lodging, is on the east, and at the west a small water tower and a passage, popularly known as the "Dark Entry" leading down to the Prebend's Bridge.

To turn from the cathedral to the castle is not, as is generally the case, to pass to an alien sphere. The church and fortress were an ecclesiastical unity. The cathedral was a Benedictine monastery which had superseded "the congregation of St. Cuthbert", and the castle was the home of the prince bishops, who exercised supreme jurisdiction over their palatinate, which, like St. Cuthbert's patrimony, extended from the Tees to the Tyne. Powerful and magnificent prelates some of them were, and they were frequently as familiar with the sword as with the

crozier. From 1140 to 1144 the castle was actually in Scottish hands, and William Comyn usurped the office of bishop. Antony Bek (1283–1310) marched to the Scottish wars with 140 knights in his train, and Bishop Hatfield was present at the battle of Neville's Cross, and accompanied Edward III to the French wars. Wolsey occupied the throne of Durham, but never set foot in the see. In 1833 the palatinate jurisdiction of the bishops came to an end, the castle was handed over to the University, and the bishops retired to their seat at Auckland Castle. Sir Walter Scott has left a striking account of the farewell banquet which Bishop Van Mildert gave in the castle in 1832. The castle is of singular interest, for it illustrates the progressive stages by which the Englishman's castle became his home. Its evolution was simple. To the original keep was attached a hall, and when this hall became a mansion a great banqueting hall was added. It occupies the north-west corner of the plateau. As at present constituted, it forms a rectangular range of buildings within a courtyard. At the outstanding western extremity of the block, on its original earthworks, is the polygonal keep, built in 1072 for Bishop Walcher, but rebuilt in 1840. On the south a Norman gateway, with a reconstructed upper chamber, gives entrance to the castle yard. The great hall, built by Bishop Bek and extended by Bishop Hatfield, with Bishop Pudsey's tower transformed by Bishop Fox (1492–4) into a kitchen, form the east wing. Connecting the great hall with the keep and joining the north side of the rectangle is Bishop Pudsey's Norman hall. It consists of three stories, now divided into apartments, and retains its magnificently sculptured Norman doorway and, in the basement, a Romanesque chapel. Bishop Tunstall (1530-59) built another chapel, and faced this hall with a long gallery, into which Bishop Cosin fitted a magnificent staircase. The remains of the organ screen with which Cosin furnished the cathedral are likewise now housed in the basement of the gallery. The library and lecture-rooms now form a western

extension of the castle, and there is another library built by Cosin on the Palace Green.

Having completed his inspection of the cathedral and castle, the visitor should pass into the bailey. This is a long lane skirting the eastern and southern edges of the hill. Buttressing the southern face of the cliff are some remnants of the old city walls, and the lane eventually passes out through the water-gate in the direction of the river. In the north bailey, facing the Chapel of the Nine Altars, is Bow Church, which once had an archway attached to it, and contains some sixteenth-century woodwork. There is another little church—St. Mary the Less—of Norman origin, in the south bailey. The pedestrian should descend the pathway to the Prebend's bridge, and, crossing it, should make his way back to the city along Lambton's Walk by the water-side. The bridge was built in 1771, and upon its parapet have been inscribed Scott's well-known lines. The view both up and down the stream is very striking. On one side the stream sweeps round a graceful curve, wooded to the river's brim, and on the other, looking down upon the belt of foliage, are the cathedral and the castle.

No one will, of course, wish to leave Durham without making at least a superficial acquaintance with the city, though beyond its quaint and crooked streets it has not very much to show him. The Guildhall is in the north-west corner of the market-place. It contains an interesting council chamber, and in an adjoining building is a small art gallery. The reconstructed Church of St. Nicholas is hard by, and in the market-place itself is an ill-proportioned equestrian statue of Lord Londonderry (d. 1854). The suburban district of Old Elvet lies across Elvet bridge. The bridge, built originally by Bishop Pudsey, was once flanked by chapels, the remnants of one of which have been converted into a shop. Beyond the river are the Shire Hall and the Assize Courts. But the visitor should turn aside into New Elvet and mount the hill which leads to St. Oswald's Church. St. Oswald's has both some anti-

quarian interest and some personal associations. Against the north wall of the tower are some inscribed stones, and within the church (largely rebuilt) is some fifteenth-century stall-work. J. B. Dykes, the composer, was once incumbent, and a painted window commemorates his labours. Dykes was not altogether happy in his work here. He was an adherent of the Tractarian movement, and his views brought him into conflict with Bishop Baring, whose masterful temper earned for him the nickname of "Overbearing". Those who desire to see the river gorge from above should pursue the path which runs from the churchyard to the Prebend's bridge. On arriving at the bridge a détour should be made to the Observatory on the top of a hill to the south-west, from which a comprehensive view of the city can be obtained. There is a road back to the Framlingate bridge northwards through South Street, and in Crossgate is St. Margaret's Church —a transitional Norman building of some interest. A mile to the west, on the Brancepeth road and enclosed by railings is the base of the cross marking the site of the battle of 1346, when David Bruce of Scotland was defeated and captured by an English army hastily got together. The victory was attributed to the help of St. Cuthbert, whose banner was displayed during the struggle on the "Maiden's Bower" overlooking the city.

On the slope of the hill to the north-west, beyond the railway viaduct, is Wharton Park, opposite which is the War Memorial Obelisk. On another hill to the south-west of this is the Miners' Hall, the parliament house of the Durham colliers. Durham is a focus of industrial as well as of ecclesiastical activity, and, as the metropolis of an extensive coalfield, is at times something of a storm-centre. The grounds of the huge Miners' Hall are adorned with statues of the miners' leaders. If anyone is desirous of learning how articulate Labour has in these days become, he should visit the racecourse on the occasion of the annual miners' festival. It is a colossal demonstration, and brings together half a million people. The racecourse, which

is on the other side of the promontory, is reached from Old Elvet, and is bordered by a pretty walk along the river. The visitor may see it likewise in the course of a ramble along the other bank of the stream above the Baths bridge, which leads to the much-frequented Pelaw Woods, a popular sylvan retreat. From the Baths bridge a path leads up likewise by St. Bede's and St. Hilda's Colleges to the north-eastern suburb of Gilesgate. When the main road is reached a narrow lane on the opposite side of the street carries the visitor to a goods station. Hidden in some allotments near this are the ivy-grown remnants of the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, which date from 1439. By the side of the main road on the top of the hill is St. Giles' Church. It was originally built by Bishop Flambard in the twelfth century, and it still retains two of its Norman windows, its Norman font, and, on its north exterior, a blocked-up low window.

Those who love a long walk will find four miles to the north of the city the ruins of Finchale Priory, a cell of Durham Abbey. The locality was the scene of the retirement of Godric the Hermit, who, after some experience as a sailor, passed sixty years of his life in austerity here, and died in 1170. The remains of the monastery which superseded his chapel stand, screened by trees, on a tongue of land round which the river twines. The beauty of the situation makes the place a popular resort, but the ruins, which date from the thirteenth century, are in a great state of decay. They retain some vestiges of their domestic buildings as well as of the church. Brancepeth Castle is about the same distance to the south of Durham. On a spur overlooking the river to the east of the city is Marden Castle, a thickly wooded earthwork.

CHAPTER VIII

ELY

Ely's stately fane.

A fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation.

The Isle of Ely—The Fens—Local history—The Cathedral—Alan of Walsingham—St. Etheldreda—Earl Tiptoft—St. Ovin—Conventual buildings—The Palace—Cromwell—The city—The river.

THE Isle of Ely is a "terminological inexactitude". Ely is not an island at all, except in the sense that it is surrounded by the see. Whatever appropriateness there once was in the title, it is no longer a true and exact description of the situation. Modern science has taken all the meaning out of the phrase and left it merely a departmental fiction. The Isle of Ely is an administrative area of some 300 square miles which, for official convenience, has been constituted a county. But its boundaries have not been altogether arbitrarily drawn. Like most of our territorial distinctions "the Isle" is the result of historical circumstances. The area corresponds roughly to the district over which the Abbey of Ely exercised jurisdiction. Even in Bede's day it was a county of 600 families. If applied only to the immediate vicinity of the city, the title may claim also a certain physical justification. The city stands upon a visible elevation above the surrounding moors. This was once a real island rising out of a reedy swamp which extended from the Wash right into the heart of Cambridgeshire. Spasmodic attempts were made from time to time, even in early days,

to reduce the size of this incorrigible wilderness. Certain tracts were periodically reclaimed by the monks of the neighbouring abbey by the construction of banks and ditches, but no lasting domain had been wrestled from the waste of waters. "Every wet and windy winter down came the bailiff of Bedford and his retinue of servants (as the Ouse and its tributaries were called) and levelled everything to its former condition." The Fens were "a crust of bread swimming in a dish of water," a soppy quagmire impossible to drain. In 1630, however, the Earl of Bedford spent £400,000 in a systematic attempt to retrieve the situation by the construction of the Bedford levels, and things have gone on improving ever since; but it is only by dykes and pumps that the locality is preserved from submergence. As a little memorial of "the one long stretch of vacant life" that fenland once was, the little tract of Wicken Fen is still preserved in its original condition as a sanctuary for what remain of the wild creatures which once haunted the pools or lurked in the reeds and rushes of this desolate region.

On the little eminence which rose out of this morass Etheldreda, once the queen of the local fenmen, founded in 673 a convent of Benedictine nuns, and ruled it till she died six years later. This was the beginning of Ely as a religious centre. But those who followed Etheldreda's example and retired to this watery retreat did not find there the peace they desired. The Fens, impassable to men on foot, offered no very formidable obstacle to the sea-rovers. In 870 the Danes swarmed into East Anglia, and "break down all the minsters they ever came to". Ely amongst the rest was burnt to the ground, and only rose from its ashes as a monastery of Benedictine monks in the reign of Edgar. On the establishment of the Danish sovereignty Canute, "drawn thither by the beauty of the chanting", became a benefactor of the abbey, and after his death the "innocent etheling" Alfred was brought to Ely and blinded with such brutality that he died. The contest between the Angles and the Danes was followed

by a struggle between the English and the Normans. The revolt of Hereward the Wake, of which Kingsley has made such a stirring story, had an ignoble origin. Hereward was merely the captain of a band of plundering outlaws, whom the pressure of the Norman invasion made into the leaders of the forlorn hope of national resistence. For a while the fencraft of the rebels kept the Norman mercenaries at bay, but having crossed the swamp on a causeway of hurdles and reeds, the stark Conqueror one day strode into the abbey church, and, throwing a single gold mark upon the altar, took his departure without a word; but the astounded monks learnt to their dismay that they were fined 700 marks of silver for their connivance at the rebellion. Once again the abbey became the last asylum of a lost cause. After De Montfort's death at Evesham in 1265, the shattered remnants of the popular party entrenched themselves amongst the fens, until Edward I, like the Conqueror, forced his way across the marshes. Ely had become a bishopric as early as 1101, and that fact saved the minster from destruction at the Reformation, though it did not save its revenues from confiscation or its treasures from pillage. The cathedral in one respect still retains its monastic tradition. In the minster there is no episcopal throne, for the bishop occupies the abbot's stall in the choir. Even in these days, when the fens are occupied by the farmer and the corn waves where once grew the sedges, Ely is still something of a retreat. There is a sense of insularity about it. "Though dyked and drained, these great fens", says Kingsley, "have a beauty as of the sea, of boundless freedom and expanse."

At first sight the minster, perched on its little hill of "tufted trees", excites more wonder than admiration, its appearance is so odd and unconventional. One of its towers looks as if it had run to seed and the other as if it was only beginning to grow. And its singularity is even more striking when the visitor has climbed the narrow old-fashioned lane from the station which leads

past the abbey gateway, and stands at last before the great façade. The builders seem everywhere to have displayed an almost freakish originality, and accident has increased the eccentricity of the building. The northern limb of the façade has gone and left it maimed and unbalanced. To another accident the minster owes its crowning peculiarity, the great central octagon. In 1332 the central Norman tower fell, "with a noise and violence that made the city tremble", and its fall destroyed the three adjoining bays of the choir. Fortunately, the abbey possessed at the time in its sacrist, Alan of Walsingham, a man who combined with a refined taste the highest artistic and constructive skill. But even Alan's heart failed him as he looked at the havoc; "he turned him about not knowing what to do". But he soon recovered his courage: though "vehemently grieved at this disastrous and lamentable event", instead of wringing his hands, "he laid them to the work". He cleared away the débris and replaced the tower by the marvellous octagon. His greatest difficulty was to find timbers long and straight enough for the lantern. It took him sixteen years to seek and erect them. They are sixty-eight feet in length, and are supported entirely by the principals of the roof. The exterior of the minster is as a whole difficult to envisage, so closely is it surrounded by buildings; but within, the church displays one long vista from end to end, and in the interior the beauty of the building is chiefly manifested. There is a barbaric splendour about Abbot Simeon's Norman nave, which its painted roof serves to emphasize, but it is not until the spectator enters "the vast and wondrous dome" or steps into the choir that the space and glory of the minster is fully apparent.

> Admire, exult—despise, laugh, weep—for here
> There is such matter for all feeling.

Walsingham's ingenuity discerned in the whole width of the church the broad base for his new structure which

he required to make the fabric secure. So he enclosed the whole area from wall to wall with an octagon, and lighted it at the sides with beautiful windows which flood the church with atmosphere and colour. The work of "this flower of craftsmen" was to influence the mind of a genius of a different type. It is a far cry from Ely to St. Paul's, yet Wren paid Walsingham the flattering compliment of imitating his methods when he built St. Paul's. The dome of St. Paul's is the octagon of Ely interpreted in classical terms, and Wren has left in his own way an unconscious recognition of the obligation in the doorway which he inserted in the north transept. Walsingham has not "built up all his triumphs in one dome". He had not only to find a substitute for the fallen tower, but he had to replace the three bays which its collapse had carried to the ground. "Lovelier detail", said Freeman, "was never wrought by the hand of man" than is exhibited here; but, exquisite though the work is, it is impossible not to regret the dislocation which it causes of Bishop Northwold's equally fine but less florid thirteenth-century work in the presbytery. Walsingham's skilful hand appears again in the lady chapel, which curiously projects from the extreme corner of the north transept. It was commenced the year before the fall of the tower, but was not completed till 1349. It displays the same exuberant fancy as the choir,

> From many a garnished niche around
> Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.

But the chisel of the creator has been followed by the axes and hammers of the reformers, who have made of it "a temple most divinely desolate". It is now used as a parish church. There are two elaborate chantries in the cathedral at the east end of the aisles, both with rich screens. Bishop Alcock's (1500), on the north, is a mass of fine tabernacle work; Bishop West's (1534), on the south, is full of Renaissance details. West himself was a typical product of the new learning, whose rise to power

was as phenomenal as Wolsey's. He was the son of a Putney baker, but became Henry VIII's chaplain, and attended his master at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He must have been much in place amongst its pageantry, for he was accustomed to travel abroad with a retinue of a hundred servants. Interred in one of its numerous niches are the remains of Britnoth, the Saxon ealdorman, who fell at the battle of Maldon intoxicated with the joy of life. His head was struck off by the Danes, but the monks provided the corpse with a head of wax. The shrine of St. Etheldreda was the work of Alan Walsingham and stood on the north side of the presbytery. It is now utterly ruined. The pilgrims who came to offer their devotions used to carry away with them ribbons, laces, and other trinkets. The cheapness of these tokens is said to have become proverbial, and to have introduced into our vocabulary the word "tawdry". Bishop Northwold, the builder of the choir, had been abbot of St. Edmundsbury, and the arm of his abbatial chair, representing a wolf with St. Edmund's head between its paws, rests against the wall of the south aisle. The saint's martyrdom is likewise sculptured on his tomb. There is a large monument to John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester (1437–70), with his two wives, on the south of the presbytery. Tiptoft was beheaded by Henry VI for the ruthless severity with which he pursued the Lancastrians. He was nicknamed "the butcher", but he was nevertheless a man of some erudition. "The axe", says Fuller, "did strike off at one blow more learning than was left in the heads of the surviving nobility." Caxton eulogized him just as extravagantly for his knowledge of "science and moral virtue". There is an interesting slab of Norman workmanship on the floor of Bishop West's chantry in which there is a representation of the Archangel Michael in charge of a bishop's soul. The destination of the latter appears to be uncertain, for upon the canopy is the legend "*S. Michael ora pro me*". This is not, however, the oldest monument in the minster. There is a still more

ancient one in the south aisle of the nave. This is the stump of the cross of St. Ovin brought here from Heddenham, and it bears an inscription on its base "*Lucem tuam Ovino da Deus et requiem. Amen*" ("Hearken, God, to my request, give to Ovin light and rest"). The cross can well claim a place in Etheldreda's church, for Ovin was Etheldreda's steward. He renounced his position and one day appeared at Chad's cell at Lastingham in a woodman's dress with an axe over his shoulder. He had come to labour as well as to pray. He followed Chad to Lichfield, and whilst engaged in manual toil heard the angelic melody which announced Chad's approaching decease. On the south side of the minster are the remains of the conventual buildings. There are a few fragments of the cloisters, with two gorgeous Norman doorways and some arcades of the infirmary now absorbed by canons' houses. The gem of the "college" is Prior Crauden's pretty little chapel standing on an undercroft near the deanery (once the prior's lodging). It is another charming specimen of the indefatigable Alan's artistry and is still in use. The Ely Porta, the huge abbey gate-house (now used as the Grammar School), gives entrance to the college from Back Lane, and near it is the abbey tithe barn. Within the college boundaries is a small park, enclosing a lofty mound, which it is supposed was a Norman motte reared possibly by Bishop Nigel (1133–69).

The palace stands on the south side of the little tree-bordered green fronting the façade of the minster. It is a picturesque and homely block of buildings, with two tower-like projections and a long west wing. The central position dates from the time of Bishop Alcock (1486–1500), but the long western gallery was erected by Bishop Goodrich (1534–54), who did so much to deface the minster. He was the author of the "whole duty of man" as defined in the Catechism, and it appears in a shortened and now almost defaced form on the two tables of stone flanking the oriel window. In addition to this palace the bishops of Ely had six other residences inside

the diocese and two outside, besides Ely House in Holborn. When Bishop Cox demurred at Queen Elizabeth's demand for the surrender of Ely House, she turned upon him angrily, and in her domineering manner exclaimed: "Proud prelate, I made you and I will unmake you. Obey my pleasure, else I will at once unfrock you." The Queen not only got the palace, but when Cox died in 1580 she kept the see vacant for twenty years and put its revenues into her pocket.

From the palace green the visitor should step into the broad and placid thoroughfare that leads westward from the minster in the direction of Cambridge. Here, on the south side, is St. Mary's Church, and adjoining the churchyard are two picturesque timbered houses. To the larger of these at the west corner there attaches a little bit of personal history, for it was for a while the house of no less a person than that "immortal rebel", Oliver Cromwell, who has left his mark upon every cathedral in the land. It is one of the ironies of history that this arch-enemy of ecclesiasticism should not only have lodged under the shadow of a cathedral, but should himself have actually been engaged in collecting the dues of the dean and chapter. But the arrangement was not of Cromwell's making, neither was it to his liking. He succeeded to the office of chapter steward because his mother was the daughter of Sir William Steward, the hereditary bailiff of the abbey. When Sir William died, Oliver Cromwell brought his wife and family from St. Ives and took up his residence in the steward's house. His duties did not, however, bring him into sympathy with the Church of England, or with the cathedral authorities. On the contrary, they seem to have excited in him the bitterest animosity to the Established Church. Events soon happened which gave the servant the opportunity of playing the master. During the rebellion Cromwell busied himself with drilling the men of the Eastern Counties Association on the palace green, and when, in 1642, Bishop Wren was carried off to prison, to Cromwell's indignation

arrangements were made for the continuance of the "choir services". Cromwell thereupon wrote a stern letter of remonstrance to the bishop's deputy, ordering him to desist from these "offensive and provocative proceedings". The resident canon paid no attention to this missive, but quietly went on with his duties. Whereupon Cromwell, sword in hand, entered the cathedral during a celebration of the Eucharist, and, seizing the offending clergyman by the shoulder, pushed him down the altar-steps, exclaiming, "Come down, and cease from this fooling". The service came to an abrupt conclusion, for the Puritan soldiery poured into the church and drove the congregation out. The neighbouring church of St. Mary is of some antiquarian interest. It was built by Bishop Eustace (1198–1215), and has a Norman doorway and some other early features. A stone in the outside wall epitomizes a rather grim story. In 1819 there was widespread distress as the aftermath of the French war. Wages were low and wheat was dear. Disturbances occurred, and a formidable band of rioters marched upon Ely sacking houses as they went. They demanded that wages should be raised to a stone of flour a day. To enforce these demands they had not only armed themselves with guns, pistols, and scythes, but brought with them an extemporized piece of field artillery in the shape of a wagon mounted with punt-guns. The special constables enrolled to keep order showed themselves unwilling to face this unaccustomed music. The military were accordingly called on, and the rabble dispersed. The Hanoverian horsemen scoured the fens and eighty of the rioters were captured. The culprits were tried before the bishop's palatinate court and five of them were sentenced to be hanged. A little display of official pageantry was considered necessary to impress the enormity of the crime upon the popular imagination. The bishop marched into the cathedral preceded by a sword of state and a retinue of wand-bearers and followed by the condemned men, whilst the choir chanted "Why do the heathen so furiously rage?" So much

sympathy, however, did the unhappy men excite that it required a force of three hundred soldiers to guard the scene of execution. In St. John's Street, to the west of the Cambridge road, are some farm buildings incorporating some fragments of the Hospital of St. John—an institution dating from the time of Bishop Northwold (1240) and intended for the accommodation of indigents seeking the good offices of the monks. The relics consist of a quaint building with stepped gables and of a detached barn with lancet windows.

Besides these remnants of antiquity, the little city does not provide much entertainment for the sightseer. It is massed chiefly on the north side of the minster, but struggles in a desultory fashion round the college. When the visitor has rambled up High Street and looked at the Corn Exchange in the market-place, with its classical façade and incongruous clock tower, he can return to the station by descending Broad Street. Near the station is the quay. The languid Ouse, carefully confined within high banks, creeps round the south-east corner of the city, and from the lower reaches of the river an attractive view of the cathedral can be obtained. Standing on its "island" platform, with its lofty tower and pinnacles, it appears like a "magic barque" in full sail, and still "ship-like for years it onward fares". In their undrained condition the fens were the breeding-ground of innumerable aquatic birds, the capture of which proved a constant source of revenue to those who held the sporting rights over this vast domain. By "those abominable contrivances called decoys" immense quantities of duck, teal, widgeon, and other wild-fowl were secured. As many as three thousand couples weekly were said to be sent to the London market alone, and the "pipe" at Ely was farmed for £500 a year.

CHAPTER IX

EXETER

On thy happy shores a temple still
Of small and delicate proportions keeps
Upon a mild declivity of hill
Its memory of thee : beneath it sweeps
Thy currents' calmness.

Its situation and history—Rougemont Castle—The city walls—High Street—The Cathedral—The Close—The city and churches—Mount Dinham—The ship canal.

EXETER is a water-side city, and to appreciate fully its beauty it should be viewed from the river. There are other cities equally interesting in their details, but there are few which present a fairer picture as a whole. When the spectator beholds "from out the wave her structure rise", he will not be disposed to dispute Exeter's claim to be "Queen of the West". The general aspect of the city is still distinctly mediaeval. From without it is seen scattered in picturesque confusion around its cathedral towers on the slope of a hill. Within, it is a medley of narrow streets and crooked lanes. Its old-world atmosphere would be complete if its demolished walls could be restored and its castle replaced on the top of its mound.

The ecclesiastical history of Exeter begins with its walls, for it was the possession of these fortifications that made it a cathdral city. In 1057 Bishop Leofric brought the throne of the saintly Boniface from Crediton to Exeter for the sake of the security which it afforded. The castle was not built until after the Norman Conquest. The city

seems to have had some prehistoric existence, and the Romans had a settlement in the locality which became known as Isca Damnonia. The British Kingdom which subsequently gathered round the remnants of Roman civilization succumbed but slowly to the pressure of Saxon expansion. In 924 Athelstan finally drove the Britons from the neighbourhood, fortified the city, and fixed the Tamar as the frontier of West Wales.

> On these deep walls the heathen Dane
> Once poured his impious rage in vain,

for in 894 they "beset the burgh" without avail, and in 1001 they were again repulsed in an attempt to breach them. The Normans did not advance upon Exeter until some little time after Harold's fall at Senlac, and its temporary immunity from attack induced his mother, Gytha, to seek it as an asylum; but when at length in 1068 the iron hand of the Conqueror closed upon it, he handed it over to the custody of Baldwin de Moeles, his niece's husband. Stephen contested its possession with the Empress Matilda, and in 1252 it was attached to the Duchy of Cornwall. The city grew to sufficient importance to be involved in nearly all the political troubles of the nation. In 1469, during the Wars of the Roses, it was unsuccessfully besieged by Sir W. Courtenay, the local Yorkist leader, but the citizens eventually made their peace with Edward IV. In 1483 it was concerned in the Marquis of Dorset's abortive rising against Richard III. In 1497 Henry VII marched upon Exeter in the track of Perkin Warbeck. In 1549 the adherents of "the old religion" attempted to capture it, and in the Great Rebellion the city justified the title of *Semper fidelis*, which Elizabeth had bestowed upon it, by its loyalty to the cause of the Crown, for it was the Royalist headquarters in the West.

The best starting-point for a ramble round the city is the Castle Hill. It lies in close proximity to one of the stations, and from it an extensive view of the neighbour-

hood can be obtained. The hill is an outcrop of ruddy sandstone rock rising at the north-eastern extremity of the ancient civic boundaries. Shakespeare makes play with its name Rougemont on account of its resemblance to Richmond:—

> Richmond! when last I was at Exeter
> The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle
> And called it Rouge-mont, at which name I started
> Because a bard of Ireland told me once
> I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Of the castle itself, built by Baldwin de Redvers and captured by Stephen, nothing remains but the Norman gateway and the outer walls. The older earthworks on which the fortifications were reared, and a portion of the moat which encircled them, can be well seen from the public garden on the south-west, and present a formidable spectacle. By the reign of Henry IV the fortress had largely lost its military importance, for John Holland built a mansion within its courts, and by the time of Charles I it had become "an old ruyning castle whose gaping chinks and aged countenance presageth a downfall ere long". It was still regarded, however, as a citadel, for in its yard Penruddocke and Grove were executed as the leaders of the abortive rising in 1655. "The only crime for which I die", protested Penruddocke on the scaffold, "is loyalty, in this age called treason." Within the area to which the gate-house gives access are the Law Courts, built in 1774, and faced by Stephens' statue of Lord Fortescue. Below the gateway is a museum, at the entrance of a pleasant garden. The northern "hay", or external border, of the castle enclosure has by the levelling of its embankments been turned into a public promenade. In the centre of this space is a striking war memorial, and the walks and lawns are ornamented by Stephens' fine figure of the Deer Stalker and some statues of local celebrities. The castle ramparts can likewise be perambulated. The corresponding southern hay is a leafy and

imposing residential district on the opposite side of the city. The castle formed the northern angle of the city's defences, and from its outer walls a line of fortifications was continued in a south-westerly direction along the edge of the deep valley which runs down to the river. On the north-east the walls crossed High Street until they reached the present Arcade, and then, turning south-west, they again stretched towards the river almost as far as the quay. The military environment of the city was completed on the south-west by a section of walling drawn across the foot of the hill. For those who have time to spare, it is an interesting ramble to pursue the course of these walls, for on the south-east considerable portions of them still exist, though they are sadly obscured by the houses which closely envelop them. Some idea of their extent may be obtained by proceeding down Southernhay, Trinity Street, and Quay Lane. On the north-west they have largely disappeared, but the pathway round All Hallows churchyard runs along the top of the embankment, which formed their north-west corner. This suggested peregrination may, however, be regarded as a counsel of perfection, for even the casual sightseer may obtain momentary glimpses of the walls in the course of his progress through the city.

The intramural area was divided after the customary fashion into quarters by the intersection of its principal thoroughfares. High Street is still, as Leland described it, "the fayrest street" in the city. It preserves several picturesque frontages and one or two churches; but it is inconveniently narrow, and the visitor will find a detailed examination of it "a thing not quite consistent with his ease". It can be reached from the castle by descending Castle Street. A little to the east of the junction, and opposite the post-office, a statue of Henry VII, set against a house wall, marks the site of the east gate, for the figure stood originally above the gateway and commemorated the king's visit in 1497. Outside the city wall is St. Sidwell's Church, which, though rebuilt, retains its ancient

tower and fine fifteenth-century arcades. Opposite Castle Street, in Bampfylde Street, is the modest but interesting Tudor mansion of the Bampfyldes, enclosing a small courtyard. On the opposite side of High Street is St. Lawrence's Church, which has some fragmentary screen-work within and a figure of Queen Elizabeth over its door. A large drapery establishment a little lower down on the opposite side of the street contains a panelled show-room with an elaborate plaster ceiling of late seventeenth-century design. The lower half has undergone many transformations. It began in the fifteenth century as a hostelry —the New Inn—then it became a cloth-mart, and was eventually refashioned as a civic banqueting-chamber. Below Bedford Circus is St. Stephen's, with a chancel forming a "bow" and an early crypt below its floor. It is the burial-place of Jackson, the composer. On either side of the street, near its junction with Queen Street, are some antique houses of various dates, two of which, however, have been considerably restored. On the north-western side of the street, just before the entrance to the cathedral precincts is reached, is the city's most notable civic possession, the historic Guildhall. It was erected in 1330, but in 1588 it was fronted with a projecting portico. The hall retains its original roof, but the panelling dates from the seventeenth century. It contains some valuable portraits by Lely. In the mayor's parlour above the porch are some more pictures, and on the staircase is a cabinet in which are preserved the sword and cap of maintenance bestowed upon the city by Henry VII and another sword belonging to Edward IV, the scabbard of which is swathed in crêpe, as it used to be carried in procession on the anniversary of King Charles the Martyr. Sir Thomas St. Leger was beheaded in 1488 in front of the hall for his share in the rebellion against Richard III. Behind the Guildhall, in Waterbere Street, is the police-court, in the floor of which are some fragments of a Roman pavement found during the erection of the buildings. In the vicinity of the police-court is the little church of

St. Pancras, which has an "unconformably" arranged chancel.

The cathedral stands in a rather congested situation, almost in the centre of the south-eastern quarter of the city, and is almost entirely screened by High Street. Its position in this respect is particularly unfortunate, for the building has but little altitude. It looks smothered. The exterior is in many ways unusual, and in one particular it is quite unique. It is the only cathedral in England with a pair of transeptal towers. These, with the sloping façade and widespread buttresses, combine to produce that extraordinary impression of breadth which gives to it its special character. A broad design depends for its success upon the space which it secures for its display, and this the cathedral is unhappily denied. Only on the north is it at all adequately exposed. In spite of its lack of stateliness there is something engaging about its appearance. It is almost homely in its unconventionality and modesty, but frequent reparations have given it a rather piebald look. The interior, on the other hand, is remarkable for its richness and exuberance. It seems one rippling mass of corrugations. It is the only cathedral where the vault is unbroken by the intervention of a chancel arch. Its peculiar merit lies, however, in its unusual symmetry and variety. Almost every feature of it corresponds in position but differs in detail. Though built at different periods the style is wonderfully uniform throughout, a fact due to the fidelity with which each succeeding generation of builders adhered in spite of changing architectural fashions to the original design. Yet that design itself was a revolution. The oldest parts of the building are the transepts beneath the towers. These, with the exception of a small crypt, are all that is left of the Norman church which Bishop Warelwast (1107–29) commenced when he succeeded to the bishopric, and which Bishop Marshall (1194–1205) finished. The transformation of the Norman cathedral into Gothic was begun by Bishop Bronescombe (1270–80), and went on

continuously until the episcopate of Bishop Grandison (1327–69). Bronescombe, however, only erected the lady chapel, and the general design of the present building seems to have been furnished by Bishop Quivel (1280–91). Bishop Brantingham's (*c.* 1390) Perpendicular tracery in the east window is an innovation on the style, and the "light aerial gallery" for musicians over the north arcade is a departure from the symmetry of the church; but both were after-thoughts. The cathedral as usual suffered severely from Puritan fanaticism. During the Commonwealth the building was divided by a brick partition into separate compartments. The Presbyterians occupied the east end and the Independents the west. Each sect denounced Popery, Prelacy, and one another at the same time with equal fervour, but the Restoration put an end to these "unhappy divisions". Unfortunately there were some things which the Restoration could not restore. The bishop's throne, the gift of Bishop Stapeldon, which had been removed to a place of safety, was brought back, but the rest of the woodwork had been destroyed. The sedilia are, like the pulpit, unimpaired. The glass-work, too, has mostly perished, but the lights in the east window, "rose, amber, emerald, blue", and some fragmentary patchwork glazing in the choir aisles survive; a fourteenth-century window has recently been replaced in the vestibule of the chapter-house. In the north transept is a curious astronomical clock, somewhat similar to the one at Wells, and in the tower above hangs "Great Peter", brought by Bishop Courtenay from Llandaff in the fifteenth century, but cracked in the seventeenth by "a too violent ringing over Gunpowder Treason". There are several chantry chapels, and the monuments are many. Most of those whose names are associated with the fabric are commemorated here. Quivel lies under an encised slab in the floor of the lady chapel. Bronescombe, an Exeter man, who was not even in priest's orders when appointed to the bishopric, is buried on the south side of the retro-choir. Stapeldon, the friend of Edward II, whose loyalty

to his sovereign cost him his life, rests on the north side of the sanctuary, and in the north choir-aisle is a spirited but mutilated effigy of his brother, Sir Richard. Bishop Marshall's tomb is on the north side of the choir. The magnificent and haughty Grandison, who when alive had with a band of armed men at his back withstood Archbishop Meopham to his face, was, when dead, ejected from the chantry which he had prepared for himself at the west end of the church, and his ashes were scattered to the winds. In the Sylke chantry in the north transept a gruesome effigy of its founder only too palpably enforces its dismal moral, "*Sum quod eris, fueram quod es, pro me precor ora*" ("As I am you'll be, once I was as you; for yourself and me, stranger, pray, I sue"). To turn from this to Bishop Oldham's chantry in the south choir-aisle is almost to pass from the grave to the gay. The bishop, who came from the town whose name he bears, evidently brought his Lancashire accent with him, for with lively fancy a number of owls, bearing the word "dom" in their mouths, are sculptured round the walls of the chapel. In the nave are two historic memorials. Beneath the south arcade is the marble font in which the Princess Henrietta, who was born at Exeter, was christened in 1644, and in the wall near it hangs the sledge flag carried by Scott, the Antarctic explorer. There are no cloisters except a few uncompleted modern bays, but the fine rectangular chapter-house—a blend of thirteenth- and fifteenth-century workmanship—adjoins the south transept.

A ramble round the close will disclose several features of interest. It was originally not only within the city's fortifications, but was itself protected by a wall. This was erected in 1283, because the precentor was murdered on his way to the church. West of the cathedral is the church of St. Mary Major, rebuilt in 1866. The weather-cock of the old church so disturbed the slumbers of Catherine of Aragon during her stay in the city previous to her marriage that it was ordered to be removed. In the centre of the cathedral green is a statue of Richard Hooker,

who was born at Heavitree in 1554. His judiciousness failed him when he turned from his books to a woman's looks, for his wife proved a sad shrew. Facing the cathedral on the north is the quaint little church of St. Martin, with a skewed chancel. Adjoining it is Moll's Coffee House, which during the Armada scare of 1588 served as a meeting-place for the local naval and military officers. On the walls of a panelled chamber are the arms of Raleigh and of Drake. At the end of St. Catherine Street is the gateway and tiny chapel of St. Catherine's College of Annuellars. The Devon Institute, fronting the cathedral, was once the town house of the Earls of Devon, and the picturesque mansion of the Abbots of Buckfast stands in a little court near the north-east corner of the cathedral. Almost adjoining it is another quaint courtyard entered by a gateway closed by a fine old door. The palace—now used as offices and reached from Paiace Gate—is a large block of buildings at the south-east corner of the cathedral. It has been largely rebuilt, but retains a fine oriel window and a chamber with a mantelpiece introduced by Bishop Courtenay. In the grounds is a well-preserved section of the city walls embodying two bastions.

On returning to High Street the visitor will pass St. Petrock's Church—a curiously arranged building in which the chancel has been turned into a baptistry—and then find himself at the meeting of the four ways. Fixed against a house near the corner of North Street is the wistful-looking figure of St. Peter. The view down Fore Street is unusual and a little incongruous. Exeter is one of the few cities from the centre of which you may see, if not " the reapers at their sultry toil ", at least the cattle grazing on the hill-side, as it were, at the end of the street. Below the crossing is a pair of ancient gabled houses, one of which carries on its roof the small figure of a cavalier, and possesses an early seventeenth-century plastered ceiling. In St. Mary Arches Street, leading out of Fore Street, is the church of St. Mary Arches, containing some Norman arcades and the curious effigy of a mayor. Lower down

Fore Street is St. Olave's—a less interesting edifice but founded originally by Gytha—below which is the Mint, a narrow lane containing the remnants of St. Michael's Priory, founded likewise by Gytha and bestowed in consequence along with St. Olave's by the Conqueror on Battle Abbey. Its guest hall, kitchen, and Norman undercroft have been secured from degradation, and are now carefully preserved by the civic authorities. In the middle of Fore Street is The Tucker's Hall—a handsomely panelled chamber, once the chapel of the guilds connected with the cloth trades, which were once of great importance in the city. On the right-hand side of Bridge Street, which leads to the river, a stairway descends to the district of Exe Island, which contains amongst other old dwellings a Tudor house, across the front of which runs a band of shingles displaying some medallions. In the extensive transpontine suburb of St. Thomas is St. Thomas's Church, containing some fifteenth-century arcades and some eighteenth-century woodwork. From its tower its vicar, Walsh, was hanged in his vestments for having taken part in the Popish rising of 1549, and his body is said to have been suspended in grim derision for four years. He was apparently a man of some skill and eccentricity. Hoker says that "he was a good wrestler, shot well with the long and cross bow, could handle his gun well, and would not give his head to the polling or his beard to the washing".

In returning from the bridge the visitor should proceed along West Street, which skirted the river-side section of the city walls. Passing St. Edmund's Church, in St. Edmund's Street, he will find, at the corner of Stepcote Hill, the oddly situated church of St. Mary Steps, which faced the west gate. The church is built against the slope of the hill, and the stairway by which it is entered is cut into the body of the church. In the tower is a clock exhibiting some curious figures known as Simon the Miller and his sons, but said really to represent Henry VIII and some soldiers. The miller was reputed to be so punctual that the neighbours took the time of day from his move-

STEPCOTE HILL, EXETER

ments, so it is he who still strikes the hour. The ascent to the city should be made up Stepcote Hill, at the corner of which is an old-fashioned dwelling. Though somewhat squalid, this is one of the quaintest thoroughfares in the city, and should not be missed, for it is so characteristically Devonian. From this Jacob's ladder the visitor should make his way by King Street into Preston Street, where he will come across an old house with the remnants of a Norman doorway. From the top of Preston Street there is a connexion with South Street, and in South Street is the charming little panelled hall of the Vicars' College, behind which once stood the residences built for the cathedral choristers by Bishop Brantingham. Opposite the Infirmary, in Magdalen Street, is Wynnard's Hospital, founded in 1436. It forms a quadrangle of gabled houses, and is provided with a chapel.

A ramble may be taken with advantage from South Street up North Street, which descends the declivity on the north-western boundary of the old city. Before crossing the iron bridge, near which the north gate once stood, the visitor should turn aside up Bartholomew Street and traverse the edge of the defile, for it commands a good view of the Exe valley, and preserves the line of the old city wall. On the other side of the depression is Mount Dinham, on which stands St. Mary Magdalene's Church. Near the church is a group of free cottages built by Mr. Dinham, and Bishop Blackhall's charity school, removed here in 1860 from another part of the city. Another very pleasing prospect of the river is to be obtained from the mount. The walk up North Street should be prolonged by turning up Richmond Road to the Clock Tower and the Bury Meadow, in front of which is a well-modelled statue of Sir Redvers Buller. Near it is the imposing modern church of St. David. The return to the city may be effected by Queen's Street, now one of the central thoroughfares. It contains the Victoria Institute—a combined library and museum—and the University College.

Exeter is still in a modest way a seaport. In early days it had a large sea-borne traffic, for the tide flowed up to the city. But in 1284 the Countess of Devon threw a weir across the river near Topsham and shut the vessels out. In the reign of Henry VIII, however, the citizens cut a canal along the opposite shore and reopened the waterway. This was extended, widened, and deepened in 1698 and in 1826, and is still in use. A basin and a quay provide the shipping accommodation. The canal is now some five miles in length, and may be approached by a river-side walk beyond the bridge. Its banks, which Southey described as once "completely naturalized and beautifully clothed with flowers", afford a pleasant ramble, more rural than mercantile in character, and from a distance the curious spectacle is presented of a vessel apparently amongst the fields. From the quay on the Exeter side of the river a pathway leads past some paper mills across the meadows to the Countess's Weir.

Dickens is said to have borrowed his picture of the Eatanswill election from his experiences of an exciting political contest in Exeter when in 1835 he came to the city to report Lord John Russell for the *Morning Chronicle*.

CHAPTER X

GLOUCESTER

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.

Local history—The Cathedral—The monastic buildings—The city—Whitefield and Raikes—Llanthony Abbey—St. Oswald's Priory—St. Mary's Hospitals.

GLOUCESTER, like the two other great cathedral cities of the west, Bristol and Exeter, owes some of its charm and no little of its prosperity to its river. But the Severn is a less delicate landscape gardener than the Avon and the Exe, and deals in much broader effects. It has swept back its obstructions in a much more resolute way, and has made for itself a very spacious channel. Whilst Exeter is seated on the slope of a hill and Bristol lies at the bottom of a valley, Gloucester stands on a wide plain fenced in by the distant ramparts of the Cotswolds and the Forest of Dean. This situation, which once made it a place of note, has to some extent retarded its development. The Severn has never had the same value as a commercial waterway as it once had as a military frontier. The importance of Gloucester has, therefore, relatively declined since England ceased to be a nation of soldiers and became "a nation of shopkeepers". It is still a large city, but it no longer makes history on the same large scale that it did before the sword was turned into the ploughshare. Its history goes back to very early times, for the Romans fortified it as the gateway of the Severn valley and called their station Glevum. Some obscurity

hangs over its story during the Saxon period, but it appears to have been one of the principal towns in the Kingdom of Mercia. Bede called it " the noblest city in the land ". In 877 it attracted the notice of the Danes, for they came and pillaged it. From that misfortune it soon recovered. In 896 Alfred assembled his Witan at the city. Athelstan and Ethelred both died within its walls, and Elgiva was murdered here. The Danes and Saxons again contested its possession during the anarchy at the beginning of the eleventh century, and Edward the Confessor subsequently made it a frequent place of residence. Its importance grew with the coming of the Normans ; and it played a large part in the history of the nation under the rule of the Norman kings. At Gloucester the stark Conqueror, " after muckle thought and deep speech with his nobles ", decided upon the compilation of the famous *Domesday* survey. In 1093 there occurred here the dramatic scene when Rufus, with a sick man's hasty repentance, forced the primatial crozier into the hands of Anselm, who meekly protested his unwillingness to be unequally yoked in the government of the realm with " a raging lion ". From the pulpit of Gloucester Abbey the Abbot of Shrewsbury had the temerity to prophesy the Red king's violent death. Notwithstanding their fondness for frequenting it, Gloucester was an unfortunate place for royalties. At Gloucester Henry I partook of the surfeit of lampreys which caused his death. To Gloucester Henry III, who " loved the city even more than London ", was brought as a captive. At Gloucester Edward II found a grave. From Gloucester Richard III issued his order for the destruction of the Princes in the Tower which lost him his throne. These royal misfortunes culminated in 1643, when Charles I failed to wrest the city from the hands of Governor Massie and thereby failed to secure the support of London.

The city's religious history makes almost as lovely reading. Osric had founded a monastery there as early as 681, but it fell into decay. Bernulf, the Mercian king,

rebuilt it as a college of secular canons, whom Leland asserts Canute expelled "for their ill lyvynge and brought in the monkes". The Benedictine abbey, however, for which the city became famous, was established here in 1058 by Bishop Aldred of Worcester, and the Norman minster which replaced it was gutted by fire in 1122, just as the monks were singing their Lenten Mass and the deacon had begun the gospel *Præteritus Jesus*. At the dissolution Malvern, the last abbot, after refusing the bishopric which Henry VIII founded in 1541, died of a broken heart at the overthrow of his house. In the Marian persecutions Hooper was burned at the stake in his own city, and in the eighteenth century two Gloucester men, George Whitefield and Robert Raikes, helped to reawaken the evangelistic fervour which the Latitudinarian ascendancy had quenched.

The city lies on the left bank of the Severn, and its suburbs creep towards the south-east. The older portion is divided into quarters after the Roman fashion by the intersection of the main thoroughfares. Most of the interesting things are to be found within a short distance of the crossing. It will be noticed that all the four streets have a slight inclination to the left. The visitor should take the cathedral first. Big though it is, it will require a little looking for. From the outskirts it seems completely to dominate the city, but within the city it is rather elusive. It stands almost in the very centre, yet it is so closely screened by houses that the stranger comes upon it unawares. There are two approaches to it from Westgate Street: one is a narrow lane leading beneath the pilgrims' gate; the other is College Street, which passes the Edward Tower, a fragment of the gateway which Edward I erected for the abbey. The cathedral yard, into which these two streets open, affords a fine view of the south side of the nave and the richly panelled tower. The choir can only be seen by passing round the south transept. The cathedral really gains by this partial disclosure of itself, for so different are the two sections of the building that the spectator is more impressed at

first by their incongruity than their beauty. Seen apart, each is wonderful. When viewed from the east the cathedral loses its substantiality, and appears like a delicate piece of fretwork. Like Norwich, Gloucester retains its original Norman plan, but externally its Norman character is completely disguised. It is only on passing within that one discovers what an extraordinary composition this apparently Gothic church is. The almost meticulous refinement without hardly prepares the spectator for the massive severity within. He suddenly plunges into "one long-sounding corridor of grateful gloom". There is something much more picturesque and pleasing in this array of sombre arches and lurking shadows than in the flat-faced naves of Ely and Peterborough with their cavernous recesses. Here everything is very artistically and cunningly contrived. The vault rises immediately from the lofty piers, and the triforium only appears at intervals between the springers. Mr. Bond asserts that the Western school of Romanesque, to which Gloucester belongs, is alone in its fondness for these cylindrical piers. The nave, however, is not unadulterated Norman work. The minster was commenced by Abbot Serlo in 1072, but the Early English vaulting was not inserted till 1242, and Abbot Morwent (1420–37) gave the building a new west front, replaced the two western arcades by their present substitutes, and added the south porch. The tower beneath which the ritual choir, which has some fine fifteenth-century stalls, is placed was erected by Abbot Seabrook (1450–57).

Entering the presbytery the visitor finds himself in a different world. Here he beholds literally a transformation scene. Serlo's heavy masonry has been shrouded by "a veil of stone". Gloucester was the birthplace of the Perpendicular style which at the end of the fourteenth century seized the fancy of masons and spread everywhere. It was on the south transept that the first experiment of casing the walls with panelling was tried by Abbot Wigmore (1329–37). His successor, Staunton (1337–51), replaced the wooden ceiling with a vault, and Abbot

Horton (1351–77) completed the casing of the walls and inserted the magnificent east window, which " betwixt the slender shafts is blazoned fair " with the Coronation of the Virgin. It almost completely fills the east end, and behind it runs a whispering gallery. The lady chapel beyond is entered by a low vestibule which allows the walls of the chapel to be raised to their full height without obscuring the great east window. The Perpendicular architects have here displayed their special genius for light and space. They have reared a great glass-house and covered it with a slenderly supported canopy of stone.

> Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately set
> Many an arch high up did lift.

It is all very beautiful and etherial, but is perhaps a trifle lacking in solemnity.

The cathedral contains a number of monuments, of which the most remarkable are the wooden effigy of Robert Curthose—a nonchalant figure in the centre of the presbytery—and the shrine of Edward II beneath the north arcade. After his barbarous murder at Berkeley in 1327 his body was taken to Bristol, but it was refused interment there. Whereupon Abbot Thokey (1306–29), with greater charity or more astuteness, offered to receive it at Gloucester, and thereby made the fortune of the monastery. Edward had manifested some spasmodic popular sympathies, and the sensational character of his death caused an instant revulsion of popular feeling. All England flocked to his sepulchre and filled the abbey coffers with offerings. An elaborate canopy covers the effigy, and the king's pathetic and effeminate countenance is said to have been taken from a death-mask. At the entrance to the aisle is a stone desk supposed to have been used for directing the movements of the stream of pilgrims. In the south transept is a curious projection known as the " prentice bracket ", intended probably for the support of a lamp. Beneath the presbytery is the Norman crypt with apsidal chapels.

The cloisters, beautifully vaulted with fan tracery, enclose a large quadrangle on the south of the presbytery. The visitor who treads "the studious cloisters pale" will observe the appropriateness of the epithet, for the window bays of the south path formed the studies of the monks, and in the north walk is the lavatory. The east path gives entrance to the chapter-house, a large Norman chamber with wall-arcading. To the north of the cloisters are some remains of the infirmary, and the bishop's palace, rebuilt in 1862. At the north-west corner of the cathedral is the deanery, once the prior's lodging, which still retains a great many of its original features. Between it and the cathedral is the prior's chapel. A path in front of the deanery leads to the west gate of the monastery—an interesting thirteenth-century structure—and adjoining it is the vaulted passage of another gate-house giving access to the infirmary and palace. Before the great gateway Bishop Hooper was burnt in 1555. He was a bigoted Protestant who had previously been Bishop of Worcester, and before his appointment to Gloucester had been committed to the Fleet for his refusal to wear vestments. A monument has been erected on the site of his martyrdom. Behind the monument is the church of St. Mary de Lode, partly rebuilt in 1825, but retaining its original tower and vaulted chancel. Within is the effigy of a priest and a fifteenth-century pulpit.

Gloucester is an interesting city, but many of its antiquities have to be searched for, and some have altogether disappeared. This is particularly true with regard to Westgate Street. The "butchers' row", which once stood in its centre, Trinity Tower, and the old Tolsey have been demolished, and the King's Board—the remnant of the fine octagonal city cross—has been removed to Tibberton. A little above the entrance to the cathedral is the narrow passage of Maverdine Lane. Squeezed into this entry is a fine timber-fronted house of some historic note. Originally the town residence of the Cliffords of Frampton, it is said to have been the head-quarters of Governor

Massie during the memorable siege of 1643. In spite of a scarcity of food, water, and ammunition Massie persevered in his determination not to surrender the city, and after a strenuous resistance of five months the siege was raised by the advance of Lord Essex. On the opposite side of Westgate Street are two old hostelries, the *Fountain* and the *Fleece*, both having courts behind narrow entries. At the former is a statue of William III, an "orange room", and a good staircase. Beneath the latter is a vaulted chamber known as the "Monks' Retreat". The Shire Hall, built by Smirke in 1816, has a classical façade, beneath which are the bases of some Roman columns. Farther down, on the north side, is St. Nicholas Church, with a truncated spire, a fine knocker, and an interesting interior. It served as the chapel of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, lower down. On the opposite side is the old Booth Hall, rebuilt in 1606, and the house in which Bishop Hooper was lodged previous to his execution. At the bottom of the street, near the bridge, is a block of almshouses built in the eighteenth century on the site of a hospital of St. Bartholomew, founded in the reign of Henry II by William Myparty as a shelter for masons engaged in the construction and repair of the bridge and as a travellers' rest. Near it once stood the west gate, demolished in 1809. In the Middle Ages the bridges were largely maintained by religious and charitable institutions connected with them. Eastgate Street, though an important business thoroughfare, contains nothing of note but the Guildhall, built in 1892. It is said to occupy more or less the site of the Roman prætorium. Behind Bellow's printing works is a piece of the old city wall. In Brunswick Road, leading off on the south, are two other municipal institutions—the Library and the Art School and Museum. The latter contains a very good collection of local antiquities. Northgate Street again has little to show except the New Inn, a timber-framed house picturesquely ranged round a court. It was built in 1450 by John Twyning, one of the monks, for the accommo-

dation of pilgrims visiting the abbey. St. John's Church, on the opposite side of the road, has an ancient tower with a truncated spire, but the body of the church was rebuilt in 1732. It is chiefly notable as the burial-place of the Rudhalls, the famous Gloucester bell-founders. Near the church is Hare Lane, a queer old street containing the hall of the Tanners' Guild established in 1542, and the Raven Tavern, once the home of the Hoare family, some of whose members emigrated to America as early as 1634. In Southgate Street is St. Michael Church, an old edifice, but almost entirely rebuilt. The Blue Shop hard by, once the town home of the Yates of Arlingham, contains some finely carved chimney-pieces, and is now incorporated with the Bell Hotel. The latter was the birthplace of George Whitefield (1714–70), and is represented in Fielding's *Tom Jones* as kept by Whitefield's brother, "a plain, honest man entirely untinctured by Methodism or any other heresy". Whitefield, who was the son of the landlord, after graduating at Pembroke College, Oxford, was, in 1736, ordained to the curacy of St. Mary de Crypt. He preached with so much fervour and, Southey says, with such "grand authority", that many people were driven mad. When this was reported to Bishop Benson he only replied, "I would that there were more of such madness". On the other side of the street is the quaint timber house of Robert Raikes (1735–1811), "the father" of the Sunday-school movement, who was a printer and journalist. The house in which he is said to have started his first school is in Catherine Street. Farther down Southgate Street is the interesting church of St. Mary de Crypt, which retains its crypt, and a brass to the founder of the Crypt Grammar School. Behind the church are the remains of the Grey Friars habitation, founded in 1231, and across the street stood a house of Black Friars, founded eight years later, of which the dormitory and some other relics survive.

Dickens once complained that Gloucester was "a surprising and misleading place". The visitor, he said, has

no sooner settled down to the comfortable conviction that Gloucester is as other cathedral cities—a rendezvous for black-coated parsons—than on turning a corner he will come across a seaman in oilskins. Though Gloucester has been a seaport for centuries, its seafaring propensities are not much in evidence. The docks lie to the west of Lower Southgate Street and are reached by turning up Llanthony Road. When found they offer as strange a contrast as the streets, for the visitor who wanders amongst their wharves and warehouses will unexpectedly stumble upon the fragments of a monastery. Between the canal and the river are the ruins of Llanthony Priory. The church was destroyed to facilitate the construction of the ship canal in 1827, and only portions of its gateway and a barn remain. The monastery had a curious history, for it was built in 1136 by Milo, Earl of Hereford, for a number of Austin canons from Llanthony Abbey in Monmouthshire, who, wearied of their solitude amongst the hills, begged to be restored to the amenities of town-life. The monk has now given place to the mariner, and the mariner, not finding his accommodation sufficient, has migrated some seventeen miles down the river to Sharpness, though a considerable amount of shipping is still berthed at the Gloucester quays.

Llanthony Priory was not the only settlement which the Austin canons had in the city. They had another monastery near the cathedral on the site of old St. Catherine's Church. This was the priory of St. Oswald, founded originally by Ethelfleda in the ninth century, and to it the body of St. Oswald was removed in 909. The Augustinians, however, did not come into possession of the priory till 1153. The church was almost completely destroyed in the siege of 1643, and now only the ruins of its north arcade survive. St. Catherine's Church has been carried to the suburbs, and in the vicinity of the new building by the side of the London road which leads out of Northgate Street is a ruined Norman archway once belonging to St. Mary's Hospital, one of the two leper

hospitals which the city possessed. The other, St. Mary Magdalene, is represented by its chancel (which also contains a Norman arch) on the opposite side of the street nearer the city.

Gloucester has a pleasant park at the south of the city, and adjoining it is a spa and some playing-fields. A saline chalybeate spring was discovered here in 1814, but its fame as a health resort has been overshadowed by Cheltenham. Gloucester gave birth to two poets—Taylor, the water poet (b. 1580), and William Ernest Henley (b. 1849), the son of a printer; and to two painters, Samuel E. Waller (b. 1850) and Charles Lewis (b. 1753). Sir Charles Wheatstone (1802–75), the inventor of the telegraph, was also a native.

CHAPTER XI

HEREFORD

Splendid realm of old romance.

Its situation—Its history—The Cathedral—St. Thomas of Hereford—Nell Gwyn—The Castle Green—The civic buildings, hospitals, and churches—David Garrick—The Coningsby Hospital—The bridge—The White Cross—David Cox—Kenchester.

HEREFORD is still what it has always been, a city of the March—that delectable border-land where England has become Wales without ceasing to be England. Political distinctions do not obliterate physical characteristics. Here in this Saxon outpost are abundant signs of Welsh encroachments. The very derivation of its name is claimed both by Welsh and English, some of the neighbouring place-names are Welsh; the people speak their English tongue with a Welsh intonation, and the purple rim of the Welsh mountains closes in the western prospect. The natural frontier of South Wales is the Wye, and Hereford only just succeeds in being on the English side of the river. It is this proximity to the Principality which gives to Hereford its charm, for all the pleasant picturesqueness of its situation comes from the gradual approximation of the English plains to the Welsh hills. The meandering Wye, after descending from the Welsh highlands, courses through a wide valley before it becomes enclosed within "its wooded walls", and in that vale the city stands. The traveller will be in no haste to escape the embrace of its girdling hills, they will hold him as in an enchanted prison, and the city has much to show him. It has all the charm of a rural retreat without the proverbial dullness

of a country town. Its spacious and well-ordered streets have a look of brisk modernity, and yet withal have a pleasant savour of remote antiquity.

The history of the city is the story of a border outpost. It was a frontier town in Saxon days, and had a bishop of its own. Harold fortified it, and when he fell Fitzosbern established himself within its walls, and conferred upon it the privileges of a burgh. Stephen and Matilda fought for the possession of its castle. To Hereford Simon de Montfort brought Prince Edward as a captive after his victory at Lewes, but the prince eventually escaped. In the civil war of the sixteenth century the city endured the trials of a prolonged siege. There are few signs of these episodes in the city to-day. Its walls and castle have disappeared, and the river is not a bulwark for the soldier but a pleasure stream for the tourist.

The visitor will make his way into the city by the broad thoroughfare of Commercial Road. Some of the ancient characteristics of the city meet him at once. Behind the jail on the left is the site of the demolished Benedictine priory of St. Guthlac, and on the right, at the entrance of Commercial Street, are the Trinity almshouses, founded in 1607, one of the numerous charitable foundations in which the city abounds. As he passes into the quadrangular area of High Town, the first object to arrest his attention is a handsome black-and-white house, the Butchers' Guildhall. The open space, of which it is now the solitary occupant, has been gained by the sacrifice both of the High Cross and of the handsome timbered town hall put up by Abel, "the King's Carpenter", in 1620. Here the visitor is in the centre of the city, and if the cathedral is his immediate objective he can reach it either by plunging at once down the quaint and contracted artery of Church Street on the south which leads directly to the cathedral yard, or by taking a more circuitous route through High Street and Broad Street to the cathedral front.

Church Street leads the visitor to the north entrance, which is fronted with Bishop Booth's (1530) noble Per-

HEREFORD BRIDGE AND CATHEDRAL

pendicular porch. The cathedral is more comely than commanding. Its broken, irregular outline fits in appropriately with its surroundings, and presents a picture of tranquil dignity much in keeping with the city's aspect of sedate and genial repose. It has lost some of its earlier stateliness, for in 1786 its western tower fell and demolished two of its bays. Wyatt, who was called in to repair the damage, did not trouble to replace them, but attached to the shortened nave a front of his own devising. Wyatt's façade has been removed, and a modern one substituted of a much more scholarly character. It bears on the exterior some medallions which give an epitome of the history of the church. The cathedral had its origin in the murder of King Ethelbert of Wessex in 792. Ethelbert is said to have paid a visit to Offa at his palace at Sutton with a view to soliciting the hand of Offa's daughter. He seems instead to have unwillingly inspired (so the story went) a guilty passion in the heart of Offa's queen. There followed a second edition of the story of Joseph, but historians have it that she suspected Ethelbert of designs on Mercia. Finding her advances repelled, the queen's love turned to revenge, and Offa in his anger, the chronicle says, " caused the head of King Ethelbert to be struck off ". His body was buried at Marden, and " on the night of his burial a column of light brighter than the sun rose to heaven ". Ethelbert's reproving sprite appeared and ordered the removal of his bones to Hereford, where in 825 " a delectable church of stone " was reared over his remains. This did well enough for the Saxons, but the Norman bishop, Robert de Losinga (1079–1107), removed it and commenced the present fabric, which was consecrated by his successor, Reynhelm, in 1110. The choir was the work of these two builders, but the nave was erected by Bishop Robert de Bethune (1131–42). Wyatt surmounted Bethune's massive arches by the present weak and characterless triforium and clerestory. The south transept, except for its vault, remains substantially as Losinga left it. It is singularly archaic in style and contains a

fireplace, but the north transept was remodelled in 1260 by Bishop Aquablanca, after a rich and beautiful design, rather spoilt, however, by the straight-sided arches of its triforium. In 1316 Bishop Orleton rebuilt the upper stages of the tower after the manner of "a gigantic stone gridiron". The heterogeneous details of the interior add much to its interest, if not to its beauty. It is too robust to be altogether pleasing. The east end has a distinctive appearance. The three Norman apses in which it probably originally terminated were replaced in the twelfth century by a transeptal retrochoir which forms a vestibule to an outstanding lady chapel, and one of the columns supporting the vault appears through the eastern arch of the choir. Below the Early English lady chapel is a crypt, intended possibly—an unusual feature in the thirteenth century, repeated, however, at Winchester—as a charnel-house. On the south side of the chapel is a projecting chantry built by Bishop Audley (1275–82). The fourteenth-century choir-stalls are of excellent workmanship. The monuments commemorate some of the remarkable prelates who occupied the see. The most striking is the shrine in the north transept of St. Thomas of Hereford, Thomas de Cantelupe (1275–82). He was the last Englishman canonized before the Reformation. His claim to sanctity as usual rested chiefly on the number of cures which his relics effected. "There were reared from death to life threescore several persons, one and twenty lepers were healed, and three and twenty blind and dumb men received their sight and speech. Twice King Edward sent sick falcons to be cured at this tomb."

> Thus, while each acute and each chronic complaint
> Giving way, proved an influence clearly divine,
> They perceived the dead gentleman must be a saint,
> So they locked him up body and bones in a shrine.

Cantelupe seems to have made the most of both worlds, for he was "a pluralist of the first dimension," and yet

it could not have been by meekness that he inherited the earth. "He excommunicated an earl for taking his game, he made another lord walk barefoot to the cathedral after chastising him for interfering with one of his tenants, and he was himself excommunicated by Archbishop Peckham for resisting his jurisdiction." He died at Florence in the course of an appeal to Rome, and his chaplain and successor, Swinfield, brought his bones, from which he had scraped the flesh, to Hereford. As Cantelupe, amongst his many other offices, was Grand Master of the Templars, representatives of the Order are figured on his sepulchre. Near Cantelupe's shrine is the beautful tomb of his predecessor, Bishop Aquablanca. Aquablanca was as much detested as Cantelupe was reverenced, and probably with as little reason. Unlike Cantelupe, he was on the wrong side in politics. The head and front of his offence was that he was a foreigner and a royal favourite, which was quite sufficient to get him a bad name, though he was reputed likewise to have been a greedy and self-indulgent man. Swinfield, who is buried in the north-east transept, was a stout opponent of the exactions of Edward I, and Orleton was a partisan of Queen Isabella and a bitter antagonist of Edward II. Bishop Stanbury's elaborate Perpendicular chantry—which, however, contains the effigy of Bishop Capella—on the north of the high altar, and the effigy of Sir Richard Pembridge, a warrior at Poictiers, on the south side of the nave, are amongst the most notable in this interesting collection of monuments. King Ethelbert is said to repose in front of the altar. Amongst other brasses is one to John Philips (1676–1709), the author of *Cyder* and the *Spendid Shilling*. In the south transept hangs Richard de Haldingham's thirteenth-century *Map of the World*. The world is shown as round, and Jerusalem is its centre. The precincts contain two cloisters. One runs from the south-east transept and leads to the Vicars' College, and the other leads from the south of the nave in the direction of the palace. The east walk carries a curious turret known as

the Lady's Arbour, and gives entrance to the chapter-house, of which a mere fragment remains. The lead was stripped from its roof, and the building was used by Bishop Bisse as a quarry for the repair of the palace. The palace has been almost entirely rebuilt, and the canons' houses are modern. On the west wall of the palace garden, in Gwyn Lane, is a tablet marking the site of the reputed birthplace of Nell Gwyn. So "poor Nelly", though refused in her lifetime a lodging in the close at Winchester, by the irony of fate after her death finds a memorial on the palace wall at Hereford. Her funeral sermon was preached by a prospective archbishop, Thomas Tenison, who "found much to say in her praise". She was the daughter of a broken-down Welsh soldier, and her mother committed suicide, but the depressing circumstances of her upbringing never darkened her life. Fielding, in *Tom Jones*, tells a very characteristic story of her light-hearted irresponsibility. Looking out of her window one day Mistress Gwyn saw her footman covered with blood. "You have been fighting", she said, "and pray what for?" "Because a man called you a saucy baggage," the footman replied. "Tut! you silly fellow," Nell said merrily. "Why need you fight to deny what all the world knows?" "Well, I will not, at any rate, be called a baggage's footman," the fellow sullenly retorted.

The visitor, after viewing the cathedral, should turn down Castle Street into the Castle Green. In Castle Street itself is St. Ethelbert's Hospital, founded in 1230 by the canons of the cathedral by the sale of indulgences. The Castle Green is now a pleasant promenade from which some delightful prospects may be obtained. Of the castle which once formed the pivot of the city's defences little now remains but its earthworks and a portion of the moat. Leland says that it was "high and strong and full of great tours but tendeth to ruine". It stood on the north bank of the river, and the town walls described a semicircle around it. The castle played a great part in the memorable siege of the city in 1645, and was in consequence after-

wards "slighted" by Cromwell's express orders. A cannon used in the defence of the city is preserved on the Green, and in the centre of the lawn is a column erected to commemorate a visit by Lord Nelson, who came to receive the Freedom of the city in 1805. A Jubilee bridge connects the Green with the opposite bank of the river, beyond which may be discerned the embankments thrown up by the besiegers during the civil war.

To the east of the Green, at the bottom of St. Owen Street, is Williams' Hospital, founded in 1601 but rebuilt after being damaged in the siege, and near it is St. Giles' Hospital, an institution for the poor, once under the control of the Knights-Templar and dating from 1290, but reorganized in 1770. It has a chapel rebuilt in 1682. At the top of St. Owen Street is the Town Hall—a pleasantly designed terra-cotta building containing a committee-room panelled with wainscoting taken from an old house which occupied the site. Opposite is the Shire Hall, with a classical portico, in front of which stands a statue of Sir G. C. Lewis, who was M.P. for the city in 1847. He was a man of some talent, and in 1853 was Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the triangular space facing the Shire Hall is the city's War Memorial, and at the corner of St. Peter's Street is St. Peter's Church, carrying a conspicuous spire. It was founded before 1084 by William de Lacy as a college of secular canons, but was afterwards merged with the Benedictine priory of St. Guthlac and bestowed on Gloucester Abbey. The tower, chancel, and north wall are those of the priory church, and the monks' stalls are still preserved, but the rest of the structure is modern. Near St. Peter's Church once stood the Byester Gate, through which Colonel Birch, the Parliamentary commander, obtained an entry into the city during the siege. It had "pleased God to send a great frost" which froze the river, and Birch, learning that half a dozen rustics went out of the city every morning to break the ice on the river, screened his attacking force and sent forward some of his troopers disguised as country labourers

and provided with pickaxes and shovels. In this guise they easily deceived the negligent guard at the gate, who were warming themselves over a fire, and "in less than half an hour Birch was master of the city". Scudamore, the governor, and his attendants, escaped across the ice. At the other end of High Town is High Street, an ancient and narrow thoroughfare, which preserves only two of its timber-fronted houses. It possesses, however, a remarkably interesting church, All Saints'. Besides its structural peculiarities the building has some fine woodwork and a unique library of chained books, which an American collector almost suceeded in purchasing. With the church was connected a hospital of St. Antony, and behind the church, in a court off Bewell Street, is Weaver's Hospital. The main streets of the city are all ancient thoroughfares, and Widemarsh Street was the north road. It was spanned by one of five gates, and Wall Street indicates the line of the adjoining wall, of which there are some remnants in a private garden. In Widemarsh Street is the Booth Hall, once the centre of civic business and afterwards the Hall of the Mercers. It contains a good roof, which was recently discovered by accident and has now been restored. The Raven Inn occupies the site of David Garrick's birthplace. His parents had no connexion with the city, but his father was stationed with his regiment here at the time. "Davie" was christened at All Saints' Church in 1716, as the register shows. At the upper end of Widemarsh Street is the Coningsby Hospital, founded in 1614 by Sir T. Coningsby, for two of the most valuable though generally the most neglected characters in society —the worn-out soldier and the superannuated faithful servant. The buildings form a quaint quadrangle containing a chapel and refectory. Behind the hospital once stood a habitation of Dominican friars. Edward III and the Black Prince were both present at its consecration. There are some scanty remains of it still standing, and its beautiful preaching cross is carefully preserved amongst the ruins. A preceptory of Knights-Templar and

subsequently a Commandery of the Knights of St. John are said to have occupied the actual site of the hospital.

Returning to High Street, the visitor should descend Broad Street and, passing the Free Library and Museum and the cathedral gates, should make his way to the bridge. A gate-house (now removed) near the bridge commanded the southern entrance to the city. The bridge itself is a fine old structure, first built in 1490, and, though partially destroyed in the civil war, retains some of its ribbed arches. The views both up and down the river, though somewhat obscured by foliage and buildings, are charming. In the far distance may be seen the rigid line of the Black Mountains. There are some pleasant walks by the river-side, and there are plenty of boats for hiring. One of these field-paths to the south-east leads in the direction of Belmont, two miles away, where is the Roman Catholic cathedral and a priory. The return may be made by road through the transpontine suburb of Blackmarton, where there are one or two old houses. The water-tower, observable from the bridge on rising ground to the north-west, is a favourite platform with excursionists who wish to obtain a bird's-eye view of the district. Returning, the visitor should notice the picturesque Aubrey Charity in Berrington Street, and then make his way through West Street into Eign Street. In Eign Street was the west gate, and the street still bears some traces of antiquity. Farther along, in Whitecross Road, near Trinity Church, is another group of almshouses, Lingen's and Price's, both dating from the seventeenth century and occupying the site of an earlier leper hospital. Whitecross Road leads past the White Cross at the junction of Burghill Road, a mile from the city. The Cross was erected by Bishop Charlton in 1347 in commemoration of the disappearance of the plague. It is said to stand upon the spot to which the market was transferred—or perhaps where the food and money were deposited—during the ravages of the epidemic. Like

the Black Friars Cross, it has been restored, but the polygonal base which bears the bishop's arms is original.

Another ramble to the outskirts of the city may be taken in the opposite direction by traversing Commercial Road, crossing the railway bridge, and turning up Venn Road. This will bring the pedestrian to a low brick cottage with a thatched roof, where David Cox, the landscape-painter, lived. Cox was the son of a Birmingham blacksmith who was taught drawing by Joseph Barber, but was himself drawn for the militia. At the completion of his term of service, he settled at Hereford in 1814 as a drawing-master, and remained here for twelve years occupying his leisure with sketching-tours. He had a fine eye for moorland and woodland beauty and a happy sympathy with humble life. His best work was done in his later years, but his merits were unrecognized in his lifetime.

A yet more distant excursion, which may be undertaken by train, is to Kenchester, five miles away on the Hay line. The village lies at the foot of Credenhill, and near it is the site of the Roman town of Magna. The most interesting things found at Magna are exhibited in the Hereford Museum, where there is a remarkable collection of pavements, hypocrusts, pottery, and articles of personal adornment. Amongst other things there is an oculist's stamp, with the advertisement upon it of an eye-salve which he sold. There is little to be seen on the spot but the portions of a rampart in a cottage garden. The accumulation of the débris, however, has raised the site above the level of the neighbouring fields. The town was apparently a civilian settlement, not a military station.

CHAPTER XII

LICHFIELD

Moated Lichfield's lofty pile.

Its situation and character—Its history—The Cathedral and precincts—Chad and Chadstowe—The market-place and Dr. Johnson—Local institutions and associations—Wall.

IT is the happy lot of Lichfield to be situated in a county which, apart from the sulphurous and grimy region of potteries and coal-pits, "excites no remark". The city alone confers upon "the plain and simple shire" its artistic distinction. And even Lichfield borrows but little from its surroundings. There is the same green, undulating expanse here as elsewhere. The tapering spires of the cathedral—the three beautiful "ladies of the vale"—alone redeem the landscape from tameness. The city itself is also without much artistic merit. It is a rather commonplace brick town, pervaded only by that atmosphere of dull decorum which is popularly supposed to be appropriate to a cathedral city. This appears to have been always Lichfield's prevailing characteristic. Dr. Johnson declared that its inhabitants in his day were "the most sober, decent people in England, and the genteelest in proportion to their wealth". But Lichfield has something besides this prim gentility to justify its claim to be regarded as a typical cathedral city. Nowhere else are the congenial traditions of piety and learning more jealously preserved. The story of the city twines itself round the memories of Chad the saint and Johnson the sage. The exquisite shrine which covers

the remains of the one and the veneration accorded to the reputation of the other give to Lichfield its present-day interest.

Lichfield is not a complicated city to explore. Its main thoroughfare lies along the Rugeley and Tamworth road, and the visitor who pursues this until he comes to its off-standing market-place will find himself on the spot where the history of the city may be said to be gathered into a single focus. Not only do Johnson's house and statue stand here, but in close proximity to them is St. Mary's Church which covers the place where the bones of the saintly Chad were first interred. The city owed its origin to the combined influences of warfare, romance, and religion. When Johnson described Lichfield as " the field of the dead, so called from the Christians martyred there ", he was speaking with his usual assurance, but with less than his customary accuracy. A sufficient explanation of the name of the place can be found in its situation. The glassy pools which separate the city from the cathedral suggest the marshy meadows—the water-field—from which the city rose. A Latin inscription which once stood over the western doorway of the cathedral stated that it was founded by King Oswy of Northumbria. Oswy's share in its foundation was the contribution of the sword. The victory of the Northumbrian king over his heathen rival, Penda of Mercia, reduced that barbarian's domains to the district immediately south of the Trent. To compensate himself for his defeat Penda proposed a marriage between his son, Peada, and Oswy's daughter, Alchfled. But Oswy had his price, and his price was the introduction of Christianity into the stronghold of heathenism. Diuma, an Irish priest, accompanied the bride to her new home and was made Bishop of Repton. In 669 the work was taken over by Chad. But Chad was an anchorite, and forsaking Repton he settled himself amongst the marshes of Stowe to pursue a life of austerity. There he died, and his body was buried in the little Saxon church of St. Mary, which his predecessor, Jaruman, had

built at Lichfield, and when a larger church was built on the site of the present cathedral, his remains were transferred thither. For a while in the eighth century Lichfield was made an archbishopric, but when the Normans came it temporarily lost its see altogether, for the feudal prelates seldom felt themselves safe unless near a fortress, and the first Norman bishop, Peter de Leia, removed his throne to Chester. Bishop Roger de Clinton (1128–48) found the security he needed by collecting a garrison at Lichfield, where he built a new cathedral, and Walter de Langton (1296–1321) built a fortified palace and surrounded the close with walls and towers. Unfortunately, Bishop de Langton's fortifications, instead of preserving the cathedral, nearly brought about its destruction. In the civil war of 1642 a royalist garrison under Lord Chesterfield took possession of the close, and on St. Chad's day the next year the Parliamentary troops, under the leadership of Lord Brooke, attempted to dislodge them.

> But thanks to God and good St. Chad
> A guerdon meet the spoiler had.

In the course of the assault Brooke was shot dead by Dyott, a half-witted mute. Three days later, however, a cannon-ball brought down the central tower, and the garrison surrendered. The city was recovered by Rupert, but finally lost to the king in 1646, when the close was ordered to be dismantled. A portion of its gateway remains, and a fragment of one of its bastions may still be discerned incorporated with a house overlooking the path to Stowe.

The cathedral stands on a slight eminence to the north of the city. It may be doubted whether any cathedral makes a more pleasing impression on the mind. It has neither the towering stateliness of Lincoln nor the massive majesty of Durham, nor such an imposing platform as either on which to display itself, but there is an intriguing beauty about it which is undeniable. It seems to have come into being by the witchery of some enchantment, whilst the

silver pool below seems purposely designed to mirror the graceful spring of its spires ; and not the least of its charms is the soft and ruddy glow of its stones. The delicacy of its fashioning caused Fuller to repeat of it what Charles V said of Florence : " It is meet that so fair a thing should be put under a glass case to preserve it from the weather ". Its chief architectural defects are the flatness of the façade, the lowness of its roofs, and the inordinate length of its eastern limb. Harmonious as the cathedral as a whole appears to be, it took several centuries to complete, and exhibits several varieties of style. Even the west front is far from uniform. The vicissitudes of fortune as well as the changes of fashion have added to its inconsistencies. Delicate though its workmanship is, it has in the course of its career met with no tender treatment. The spectator will note

> That portions of the pile
> Rebuilded in a later style
> Show where the spoiler's hand has been.

The transformation of De Clinton's Norman church was commenced by Bishop de Meyland (1257–95), and the present fabric can scarcely be said to have been finished until Bishop Hacket (1661–91) rebuilt the central spire. It has suffered likewise almost as much from restorers and fanatics. The imagery which the Puritans left standing on its west front was " pulled down at great hazzard by a chimney sweeper's lad " lest it should fall on the head of a timid dean. Wyatt doctored it in its distressed condition by fitting it with a lath and plaster vault, and restored its ornamentation by means of " cement, tar-cord, and spikes ". The interior has much the same sentimental sort of beauty.

> The darkened roof rose high aloof
> On pillars lofty, light, and small.

Dr. Johnson would probably not have been greatly impressed by it. " No building ", he observed, " is made

more convenient by being decorated with superfluous carved work."

The vista is fully exposed from west to east, and with great advantage, for it terminates at the east in a lovely apse (a very unusual thing except in Norman churches), but the effect is rather spoilt by the deviation of its axis, caused probably by some defective method of orientation. The latest portion of the fabric is the nave, the clerestory windows of which are triangular. The eastern and western windows are glazed with some imported sixteenth-century Flemish glass. St. Chad's shrine has been destroyed, but there is a curious relic gallery in front of his chapel in the south choir-aisle. Amongst other monuments in this aisle are a curious effigy of Sir J. Stanley (1515), who on account of some penance imposed upon him is represented as stripped to the waist, and Chantrey's " Sleeping children ". Johnson and Garrick are commemorated by busts on the east wall of the south transept. The chapter-house, a fine thirteenth-century polygonal building, is at the east end of the north transept.

On the northern side of the cathedral is the Dean's Walk, fronting which are the palace and deanery. The palace was built by Bishop Wood in 1667, but the wings were added by Bishop Selwyn (1868–78), who was the first prelate to occupy it. Johnson's friend, Walmsley, the bishop's registrar, at one time lived here, and here Johnson supped in 1776 with Mr. Seward, the father of the " Swan of Lichfield ". In the garden are some ruins of Bishop Langton's fortified manor house.

Having done his duty by the cathedral, the visitor should pay a visit to the place traditionally associated with the labours of the saint in whose honour this shrine was reared. It is a pleasant little ramble across the fields to the east of the cathedral. From the bottom of the close St. Chad's Church can be seen rising amongst the trees at the farther end of Stowe Pool. It is said to stand on the spot where Chad had his cell, and it is itself not without features of interest. Chad was one of those rare

characters who arrest men's attention by their transparent simplicity and sincerity. For three years he had ruled the Church at York in a manner which Bede calls "sublime", but Archbishop Theodore removed him from his bishopric on account of his "irregular consecration". "I have never thought myself worthy of it", was Chad's answer, and he retired to his cell at Lastingham. Theodore, discerning his worth, drew him from his retirement, reconsecrated him, and sent him to Lichfield. Finding that Chad traversed his diocese on foot, the Archbishop ordered him to ride; and on Chad's refusal to change his habits the stern old man himself lifted him into the saddle, exclaiming, "Nay, but you shall ride". Behind the church is a small building which covers the well in which Chad used to stand to say his prayers. The stone on which he is reputed to have stood is built into the wall. Chad's austerities shortened his life, for after "two and a half years of glorious labour" he sickened and died. Chadstowe has literary as well as pious associations. Lucy Porter, Johnson's step-daughter, was buried in the church. To the east of the church is Stowe House, where Boswell, much to his gratification, was taken by Johnson in 1776 to dine with Mrs. Gastrel. Here, too, lived both Maria Edgeworth's father and the eccentric Thomas Day, the author of that singular blend of naturalistic philosophy and conventional morality, *Sandford and Merton*. "Christian Field", north of the church, is the alleged site of the massacre from which Johnson supposed Lichfield derived its name. Going and returning the visitor will pass the spot where Johnson's willow stood and the cottages which formed part of the factory where his father lost so much money in an effort to make parchment.

On turning into Dam Street the visitor will pass a memento of Lichfield's memorable siege. On a house opposite the Technical School is a plate recording the fact that near it Dumb Dyott's random bullet found its billet, for here "Fanatic Brooke" was shot as he was urging

the besiegers to more vigorous efforts. As the range from the cathedral battlements is 185 yards, the bullet must have been well sped. A little lower down the street the visitor will get into touch with Johnson's Lichfield, for he will pass the site of Dame Oliver's school, where the great lexicographer was sent as a child to learn his letters. As a literary shrine Lichfield is second only to Stratford-on-Avon. Boswell thought that Lichfield even laid Stratford under an obligation by producing such an interpreter of Shakespeare as Johnson. It is of Johnson that the stranger will be at once reminded when he turns into the market-place, for here Johnson reigns supreme as a god with Boswell as his prophet. Within its not very spacious confines are gathered together the chief symbols of his cult—his birthplace, his statue, his church, and his tavern. His birthplace stands in rather ungainly predominance at the corner of Market Street. There is something rather Johnsonian in the stiff and stilted dignity of this large, flat-featured building. On the expiration of the original lease in 1767 the bailiffs and citizens, as a mark of veneration and respect, renewed it to Johnson at a rent of five shillings. It has now achieved its appropriate destiny as a memorial and museum. In the bedroom on the first floor the great man was born on September 18, 1709. His father, Michael Johnson, was a bookseller, and at the time sheriff. Adjoining the house is the *Three Crowns*, "not one of our great inns", Boswell observes, "but a good old-fashioned one". Here in 1776 "the little lord of Auchinleck" was regaled with oat ale and soft oaten cakes, whilst the great Cham "sat monarching it with the three crowns over his royal brow". Though Johnson could in cold print speak of Lichfield as "a city of the dead", he did not so consider it when, on his dark night's ride from Birmingham "with the best travelling companion in the world", the coach swung within the lights of the city. "Now we are getting out of a state of death", he exclaimed. Johnson's statue stands in the centre of the market-place. The sage is seated in an attitude of

thought, and on the panels are depicted incidents in his life. The perky, dwarfish figure of the faithful Bozzy is placed at a respectable distance away. Close by is St. Mary's Church, where Johnson was baptized, though the original structure was removed in 1717. When Johnson visited Lichfield he resolved " to set a public example by regular attendance at a place of worship ", and the church which he frequented was St. Mary's, though Boswell was on one occasion gratified by " the grand and pleasing spectacle of the illustrious writer, now full of fame, worshipping in the solemn temple (i.e. the cathedral) of his native city ". One can imagine Johnson remarking, " Sir, I doubt not that the Almighty was equally gratified ". Near the *Three Crowns* is the site of the birthplace of Elias Ashmole (1617–92), the royalist lawyer who left his collection of curiosities to Oxford University. In Bore Street, opposite St. Mary's, is the Guildhall, an ecclesiastical-looking edifice erected in 1845 on the site of the ancient meeting-place of the city guilds. Boswell, during his visit of 1776, found but little business doing in the town. " You are an idle folk ", he exclaimed to Johnson. " No, sir ", Johnson replied, " we are a city of philosophers; we work with our heads and make the boobies of Birmingham work for us with their hands ". Yet even a quarter of a century later there were no less than seven trade companies still in existence in the city. Near the Guildhall is a picturesque black-and-white gabled house dating from Tudor times. Half-way down the Tamworth road is the home of Lucy Porter, Johnson's step-daughter, " an old maid of much simplicity of manner for whom Johnson had a paternal tenderness ". In St. John's Street there still survives the master's house of the Grammar School where Johnson received his education. The school itself has been removed to Borrowcop. Johnson first learnt Latin under Hawkins, the usher, " a man of some skill in his small way ", but afterwards passed under the tuition of Hunter, the head-master, " who, failing to distinguish between ignorance and negligence,

beat him unmercifully". "He never taught us anything", Johnson declared; "he flogged us and we learnt." A fellow pupil recalled Johnson as "a large loutish lad who was beat for his idleness", and Johnson himself admitted that "without his flogging I should have done nothing". The doctor maintained that the people of Lichfield "spoke purer English than those of any other city", but neither Hunter's flogging nor his subsequent residence in London purged him of his provincial accent. To the last his speech bewrayed his Staffordshire upbringing. Garrick loved to tease him by squeezing with uncouth gesticulations a lemon into a bowl and by then asking with a whimsical look at the company, "Now, who's for poonch?"

Nearly opposite the old Grammar School is a long building with a row of projecting chimneys. This is St. John's Hospital, founded as a priory in 1252. It has attached to it a fourteenth-century chapel with a tower. In the reign of Henry VII it was transformed by Bishop Smythe into a hospital for poor men. The remains of another religious foundation, a Franciscan friary dating from 1229, lie behind the clock-tower which stands on the site of the Friars' Conduit. The ruins have been converted into a private house. In Johnson's day it was "an agreeable and sequestered dwelling" occupied by a Mrs. Cobb, who held the doctor in high admiration, and in 1776 entertained him and his companion at breakfast. At the north end of the city, facing the minster pool, are the recreation ground, a library, and a museum. There was a museum at Lichfield in Johnson's time, got together by a Mr. Green, an apothecary and a relative of the doctor. Boswell says that it was a wonderful collection of antiques and curiosities all neatly labelled. Johnson expressed his admiration of the diligence of the collector, but avowed his inability to emulate his zeal. "I should as soon think of building a man-of-war", he said, "as of collecting a museum." A little higher up the road was the home of another Lichfield celebrity, David Garrick. He was

Johnson's first pupil when the doctor began his futile effort at school-keeping at Edial. He went to London and along with his brother Peter started a wine business, but subsequently entered Lincoln's Inn and in 1746 abandoned the law for the stage. Pope quite early on in his career remarked of him, "That young man never had his equal as an actor and never will". He died in 1779, and, as Johnson felicitously says in his epitaph, "His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure". Johnson, in spite of his liking for Garrick, was frequently annoyed at his pleasantries and mortified by his eccentricities. "What do you think of Garrick?" he once indignantly demanded of Davies, the bookseller. "He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams because he knows that the house will be full and that an order will be worth three shillings". Yet it was Garrick who staged Johnson's unsuccessful tragedy of "Irene" at Drury Lane in 1749 when other managers had rejected it, though he anticipated its failure. He put Johnson in a rage by suggesting certain alterations. "Sir", the author indignantly complained to Dr. Taylor, "the fellow wants me to make Mahomet run mad that he may have an opportunity of wringing his hands and kicking his heels." Garrick used to say that Johnson on one of his visits to the Lichfield theatre found his chair on the stage occupied by a local innkeeper, whereupon the enraged Titan picked up the chair with its occupant and hurled it into the pit. Still higher up the street, near the entrance to the cathedral close, is the house of Erasmus Darwin (1731–1802), the grandfather of Charles. Here he employed himself in writing *Zoonomia*, and in tending a botanical garden which he had planted at Abnalls, a mile from the city. On the south side of Lichfield is Borrowcop Hill, a high mound surmounted by a small brick building put up by the Corporation in 1756. It is said to be the site of the legendary battle in which the three kings depicted on the city seal met their deaths in

288. Its chief attraction for the visitor is the comprehensive view of the neighbourhood which it commands. In the vicinity of the Burton road will be seen the steeple of St. Michael's Church, a much-restored Tudor building, in which Johnson's father is buried.

An interesting ramble is to Wall, a village two miles south-west of Lichfield. Buried beneath the ground is the Roman settlement of Letocetum, which stood at the intersection of Watling Street and the Iknield Way. A number of Roman relics have been dug up on the site and are housed in a small local museum.

CHAPTER XIII

LINCOLN

Divine thou Lincoln on thy sovereign hill.

Its situation and history—The city—The Castle—The Newport Gate—The Minster—The Minster Yard—The modern city—Its industries and outskirts.

THOSE who have never seen Lincoln will find it a rather surprising place, quite unlike any other cathedral city, and not at all what they would expect. Its chief peculiarity is the singularity of its situation. Its cathedral appears to be lifted in some weird fashion right above the roofs of the houses and looks like a mirage. This is due to an abrupt transition in the surface of the county and a change in the habits of the people. Lincoln began by perching itself upon the edge of the long ridge which runs down the centre of the shire, and then gradually slid down into the valley below. Evelyn described it as " an old confused town, long, uneven, steep, and rugged ". Since his day its citizens have tried to smooth out its incongruities by spreading it. It has broken away from its old straight formation and is now scattered over the slope of the hill almost anyhow. Like other places with a long history, its eccentricities have been the creation of circumstances. The draining of the fens has been a modern achievement, and in ancient times the population was restricted to the ridge which bridges the morass. The Romans ran a road along the top of the hill, and built a fort where it descended into the plain. A town superseded the camp, and, as its name implies, it became

a colony. The Angles must have continued it in some form, for in 876 the Danes took possession of it and made it the head of their "five boroughs"—a sort of Philistine confederacy which administered the Danelagu. A position of such importance was not likely to be neglected by the Normans, and in 1067 the Conqueror built a castle in the heart of the old Roman city to provide himself with a base for the pacification of the eastern shires. The erection of the castle destroyed the city on the hill, and the fortress became a source of trouble to some of his successors. In 1141 the Earl of Chester snatched it out of the hands of Stephen, and the King lost his liberty in trying to recapture it. In 1216 John had some difficulty in holding it against the barons who secured the town with the connivance of the citizens. In the next year, however, the insurgent barons and their French allies were ejected by the townsfolk with such vigour that the scuffle became derisively known as the Fair of Lincoln. During the reigns of the first two Edwards important parliaments were held in the city, and it continued to enjoy royal favour until 1644, when it was taken and sacked by the parliamentary forces under the Earl of Manchester.

The visitor who takes Lincoln just as it comes will not find it altogether ill-arranged for exploration, for he can garner all its sights in the course of his progress towards the cathedral. He will be in the midst of its historic associations almost from the moment of his arrival. The Midland station itself stands on the site of an extensive Carmelite friary, and if he turns for a moment to the south and descends High Street he will pass the remnants of St. Mary's Hall, the assembly room of the merchants' guild, now known as John of Gaunt's Stables. The gateway dates from 1550 and displays a sculptured cornice. In its now encumbered courtyard are the remains of a Norman dwelling. In 1537 Lord Hussey was hanged from a window in this house for being concerned in the Pilgrimage of Grace. Almost opposite is the site of the palace which John of Gaunt built for his third wife

Catherine Swynford, the mother of the Beauforts. Just below, on the east, is the church of St. Peter at Gowts, erected, it is said, by Colswegen, a Danish franklin, on land given by the Conqueror for the accommodation of the homeless people from the hill. The curious tower with its Saxon details and the south aisle are all that remain of the original fabric. Behind the houses at the back of the church is Cencil Dyke, the old city ditch which marks the line of the mediaeval walls. The Kesteven police station stands on the site of St. Catherine's Priory, built in 1148 by Bishop de Chesney for the Gilbertines. As the priory stood outside the city, it was a popular rest-house for travellers. A newly appointed bishop was required to lodge within its walls and to walk barefoot to the cathedral for installation. The body of Queen Eleanor, who died in 1290 at Harby, just over the Notts border, was brought here to be embalmed in preparation for its removal to Westminster. "I have loved her tenderly when she was alive, and I do not cease to love her now that she is dead", the King exclaimed in his bereavement; and the first of the seven crosses which he erected all the way to Charing Cross was put up at the foot of Cross o' th' Cliff hill. It was destroyed in the civil war of 1644. High Street leads southwards the suburb of Bracebridge, where there is a Norman church; but this is travelling far afield. Retracing his steps from St. Peter at Gowts to the Midland station, the visitor will find up a narrow entry near No. 333 a fine old timbered house. Beyond the level crossing is the church of St. Mary de Wigford, in front of which is a conduit built in the sixteenth century of odds and ends rescued from the ruins of the Carmelite Friary. The church has a tower resembling St. Peter's into which two early inscriptions have been built. The interior has some Norman arcades and some curious recesses in its east wall. A little higher up is the dilapidated church of St. Benedict, of which only the chancel and a side chapel remain. The nave was destroyed in the civil war. Above

the church the street is carried on its mediaeval bridge over the river. On the west is a timbered house with a fine back, and on the east is an obelisk marking the site of the chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury, which once projected from the parapet. The river flows from the large pool of Brayford on the west, which forms a basin for the barges plying on the Roman Foss Dyke—a canal stretching northwards to the Humber. Still higher up the street is the Stone Bow, a sixteenth-century structure spanning the street, erected on the site of the south gate of the Roman city. The chamber above is the Guildhall, which has a good staircase and roof. It preserves its civic regalia and its "mote bell", the use of which is indicated by its Latin inscription, "The town allows all men to sell, between the first and second bell". Beyond the Bow is the church of St. Peter Arches, built in 1721 on the site of an earlier church. It derives its title from its proximity to the Butter Market, built in 1736 out of money saved by the temporary suspension of the civic feasts. The ascent to the upper city here seriously begins. At the contracted end of High Street is the tower of St. Martin's Church, and from it the thoroughfare climbs obliquely by a narrow passage, known as the Strait, and enters the bull-ring. So addicted were the townspeople to bull-baiting that until 1827, when the sport was abolished, no butcher was allowed to sell bull-beef which had not been baited. A more ridiculous arena for such an entertainment can scarcely be imagined. On Guy Fawkes Day, 1802, a bull broke from its tormenters and dashed down High Street, scattering the market folk, who rushed with their live-stock into St. Peter's Church, where the congregation were commemorating Gunpowder Treason. "The bull was recaptured and baited till four o'clock, when it dropped down dead at the stake." At the bottom of Steep Street is the Jews' House, a two-storied structure with a Norman doorway supporting a chimney shaft, and some round-headed windows. It belonged to a Jewess who was hanged in 1284 for clipping

coin. Little St. Hugh, a child alleged to have been crucified by the Jews in 1250, is said to have lived in a neighbouring court. Few English cities can show a more precipitous thoroughfare than Steep Street. It requires almost the agility of a cat to negotiate the gradient, yet in 1732 an adventurous colonel gaily drove a four-in-hand down this giddy declivity. At the top of the street is the Harlequin Inn, a timbered hostelry, and opposite to it is the House of Aaron the Jew, who in the time of Henry II was popularly reputed to be the richest man in England. At his death his money was seized and his debts collected by the King, who lost the fortune on his voyage to Normandy.

The visitor will now arrive at the top of the platform on which the castle and cathedral stand 200 feet above the level of the river. On the west is the castle and on the east the entrance to the minster yard. Passing for the moment both of them and the old gabled house at the corner of the cross—which has a vaulted undercroft—the visitor should proceed up Bailgate, which traverses the site of the Roman city. A line of insets in the roadway indicate the bases of the columns of a Roman basilica which were unearthed some years ago. On the west side of the street, behind No. 29 and stretching to St. Paul's school, is a section of Roman walling. At the end of Bailgate, spanning the road, is the Newport Arch, the north gate of the Roman city—one of the very few Roman gateways remaining—and to the east of it is another fragment of walling. There is something impressive about this venerable and decayed relic of a bygone civilization.

> The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
> To quench it, here shines on me still the same.

Near the Training College on the Brigg road—the Roman Ermine Street—is the foss of a prehistoric entrenchment. The castle, like the cathedral, stands on the verge of the hill. Near the huge water tower which apes the appearance of a keep is a specimen of the famous Lincoln tanks

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which did such execution in the Great War. The castle is an irregular polygon enclosing eight acres, and consists of a single court. The curtain wall stands on some earlier earthworks and incorporates the gateway, keep, and two corner turrets. It was built in 1068, and 160 dwellings are said to have been demolished to facilitate its erection. Its only entrance is on the east beneath a gateway surmounted by two ruined turrets. Between this outer and an inner and earlier gate is a fine oriel window, brought from John of Gaunt's palace in 1849, and a fragment of the Eleanor cross from Cross o' th' Cliff. The castle turrets rise at the corners of the east wall, and the keep crowns a mound in the centre of the south wall. Within the court are the Shire Hall and Assize Courts erected by Smirke in 1826.

The minster yard is entered from a little court flanked on the north by the modest church of St. Mary Magdalene, and at the east by the Exchequer Gate, a three-storied structure with a triple archway. In the side passages are recesses for the sale of trinkets. Of the exterior of the cathedral it perhaps would be sufficient to say

> What could be
> Of earthly structures piled
> Of a sublimer aspect ?

Ruskin bluntly declared that "it is worth more than three other cathedrals put together", for the very just reason that it is so thoroughly representative "of the only art work that England has ever nobly done". Its merits struck even John Wesley. Its extraordinary position, its size, the nobility of its conception, and the variegated beauty of its details leave an ineffaceable impression on the mind. Its one unsuccessful feature is the huge stone screen which forms its western façade. It is like a gigantic fence of wattle work over which the towers peer inquisitively. Unsightly though it is, it is of much antiquarian interest, for it embodies some portions of the minster reared by Remigius in 1080. In the twelfth

century the Norman fabric suffered both from fire and earthquake, and in 1192 Bishop Hugh of Avalon began to build it afresh, and his namesake Hugh of Wells (1209–35) completed the nave. It was the former's reputation for sanctity that led twenty years later to the great eastward extension of the choir to form his mausoleum. The south galilee porch is peculiar; the east end, with its deeply buttressed chapter-house, is imposing; and the three towers are superb. The central lantern, rebuilt by Bishop Grosseteste (1235–93), rises 271 feet and was once crowned with a leaden spire which reached to the stupendous height of 525 feet. The interior is equally beautiful. Its most obvious defect is its disproportionate width and the large span of the arcades. If, however, the piers had been multiplied the ingenuity of the builders would have been taxed to invent a new form, for they are all different. The retention of Remigius' west wall was both an artistic and constructional mistake. It is not strictly at right angles to the rest of the building, and the defect has necessitated the lowering of the vault and the deflection of its axis. The old curiously wrought Norman font of black basalt remains, and so do the magnificent fourteenth-century stalls, but most of the old glass is gone. What its effect would have been can be judged from what remains in the fine rose-windows in the transepts with their "mosaics choicely planned" of thirteenth-century workmanship. The beauty of the church culminates in the Angel choir. Sir G. Scott thought that "it would have been perfect if it had been a little loftier". Nothing can exceed the refinement of its decoration, to which a touch of humour has been given by fashioning the terminal of one of the vaulting shafts into the figure of the famous Lincoln imp. The appealing beauty of the building was quite lost upon the iconoclasts. Henry VIII plundered its treasures, Bishop Holbeach overthrew its shrines and statuary, and the pitiless Puritans smashed the windows and tore up the brasses. The building itself was only saved from destruction by the passionate entreaties of

the mayor. St. Hugh's shrine, which Henry VIII stripped of its jewels and 2,500 ounces of gold, is now only represented by its pedestal. Of "Good Bishop" Dalderby's (d. 1320) tomb, from which the greedy monarch obtained 4,000 ounces of silver, only a few shafts remain, and even Queen Eleanor's monument was not spared, though it has lately been surmounted by a bronze effigy. The great St. Hugh is said to be actually buried beneath one of the table tombs behind the high altar, and little St. Hugh, who "by cursed Jews was slaine", rests, it is supposed, in the south choir-aisle. There is a monument to Catherine Swinford, erected by her son Cardinal Beaufort, on the south side of the presbytery, and opposite to it an Easter sepulchre carved with the figures of some Roman soldiers. Grosseteste's tomb only exists in fragments. The worn state of the pavement round the Burghersh tomb at the east is not to be attributed to the devout knees of pilgrims, but to the profane feet of choir boys who used to amuse themselves by "jumping off the monument". A grandmotherly Chapter had the canopies removed for fear that the sportive youths might hurt themselves as much as the flooring. In one of the neighbouring chapels are some holes likewise due to the gambols of these *enfants terribles*. In the Angel choir is an elaborate monument to Bishop Wordsworth, and a seated figure of Bishop King in the south-east transept. On the south of the Angel choir is the tomb of two Lincoln painters, P. de Wint (1784–1849) and W. Hilton (1789–1839), on the panels of which are carved representations of their works. Hilton was a painter of historical subjects and De Wint was a water-colour artist. A small range of cloisters, built in 1296, stand north of the two northern transepts. The north walk, destroyed by fire in 1609, was rebuilt by Wren in the classical style and carries a library. On the east side is a vestibule giving entrance to the fine polygonal chapter-house. A slab in the cloisters has an incised portrait of Richard of Gainsborough, the master mason who built the central tower.

The cathedral precincts have one or two interesting features. Adjoining the Exchequer Gate is the subdeanery, once occupied by Paley, the theologian. Next to it is the Cantelupe Chantry, and beyond are the grounds of the palace, containing Bishop Alnwick's tower and the ruins of Bishop Hugh's great hall, destroyed in 1644. A little to the east of these is the gateway and a few remaining houses of the Vicars' Court, the residence of the choristers, dating in part from the thirteenth century. Near it are the Greesen Steps leading down to the city. Facing the east end of the cathedral is the chancery, bulit by Chancellor Bek in 1315. It has a good entrance porch and an oriel window, and in its garden overlooking a lane is a portion of the close wall and its bastions. Just below, on the slope of the hill, is the only other remaining gateway of the close, the Potter's Gate, a picturesque structure carrying an upper chamber with a chimney worked into one of its turrets. At the north corner of the close is the Priory Gate, erected in 1815 on the site of an earlier gate-house. Beyond it, in the centre of a little green once occupied by the old Dolphin Inn, is Watt's bronze statue of Lord Tennyson erected in 1909. The poet was born at Somersby Rectory—" the dullest of dull places "—in 1809. He is here depicted as " solid-set and moulded in colossal calm " in the act of contemplating the " flower plucked from the crannied wall ". The poet must have been thinking of mediaeval Lincoln when he wrote of

> A mighty hill,
> And on the top, a city walled, the spires
> Pricked with incredible pinnacles into heaven.

The east gate of the Roman city stood across the road near the statue, but was wantonly destroyed in 1740. Leading from this road, and opposite the deanery, is St. James' Street—a quiet court once known as Vinegar Lane, containing some old mansions, one of which has curiously incorporated some twelfth-century arches.

Having surveyed old Lincoln the visitor will want to wind up his tour by making some acquaintance with the modern portion of the city, and he will find even in it things old as well as new. The direct descent is the Greesen Steps or by Lindum Road. But there are two relics of antiquity on the eastern outskirts of the city which might be comprehended in a single ramble. Near the cricket ground, on the Wragby road to the east of the cathedral, are the scanty remains of St. Giles' Hospital, founded by Bishop Remigius for the minster servants. By passing from these along the Greetwell road, and then skirting the Arboretum, the city's prettily laid out park, the visitor will discover on south side of Monks' Road the ruins of a small chapel once belonging to a small community of Benedictine monks attached to St. Mary's Abbey at York, and locally known as the Monks' Abbey. Returning by Monks' Road the visitor will enter the top of Broadgate at the spot which he would have reached by descending Lindum Road. Broadgate is a spacious thoroughfare running parallel with High Street, with which it is connected by several cross streets. In Clasketgate is Wesley Chapel, the head-quarters of the local Methodists. John Wesley was a Lincolnshire man, the son of the rector of Epworth. He first preached in Lincoln in 1780 in the castle yard, where his father a quarter of a century earlier had been imprisoned for debt. At the bottom of Broadgate, near St. Swithin's Church, is the Museum, which occupies the refectory of a Franciscan friary founded in 1230. The building, as well as its contents, is of considerable interest. The undercroft has a vault supported on piers, and the upper story a good roof. Behind the Museum is the Carnegie Library. On the south side of the river are the ironworks, which have superseded the cloth trade, for which the city was once notable, as the chief local industry. Foster's works, where the military tanks were made, are near Brayford. There are two large commons on the outskirts of the city which serve as its pleasure-grounds. The south common is a

fine open expanse on the slope of the hill to the south-east. Southey thought the view of the cathedral from here particularly fine. At the north-west corner of the common once stood a leper hospital, founded by Remigius and known as the Malandry; and near it was the little Bargate, an outwork of the city's defences, removed in 1730. The west common, at the north-western extremity of the city, is the racecourse, and can be reached from the centre of the city by West Parade.

CHAPTER XIV

NORWICH

To stout St. George of Norwich,
St. Thomas, too, of Canterbury.

Yet still entire the abbey stood
Like veteran men left unsubdued.

Its character and history—The Castle—The "Norwich School"—Ecclesiastical history—The Cathedral and Close—The city—The public buildings and churches—The city walls—Local industries—Mousehold Heath.

NORWICH has been described as a gloomy city, but the casual visitor will not be disposed to endorse this verdict unless he happens to arrive on a gloomy day. Norwich is a large manufacturing centre, and no large manufacturing town can be otherwise than depressing under lowering skies. The narrow streets of Norwich are no doubt sunless enough, but the city as a whole is lifted well above the mists that cling to the river. Its situation is really bold and commanding. It stands upon a plateau through which the sinuous Wensum has scored itself a channel on its way to join the Yare, and the town only descends into the valley to climb the slopes of the opposite ascent. But if Norwich cannot be pronounced a gloomy city, it is certainly a tortuous and confusing city. It seems to have grown up anyhow, with a supreme disregard for town planning. It is a bewildering network of cramped streets and crooked courts and alleys, in which a stranger at once loses himself. But this is only a testimony to the city's antiquity and to the casual character of its

history. It had for its founders not the orderly Romans but the untutored barbarians whom the North Sea was always discharging on the eastern coast. The Angles sailed up the valley of the Yare as early as 624, and established a settlement of some sort on the hill overlooking the Wensum. The Danes subsequently came to disturb their peace, and when Alfred made with Guthrum his enforced partition of the kingdom, Norwich became one of the chief towns of the Danish confederacy. The "gates" which are so prominent in local nomenclature are merely the "gats" or streets which threaded their city. Sweyn, in his plundering campaign of 1004, assailed Norwich and burnt it.

The city began a new but not less troubled career when William of Normandy built a stronghold on the hill and enterprising Norman colonists flocked to its shelter. In 1136 the lax hand of Stephen allowed the turbulent baronage to break loose, and Hugh Bigod seized the castle and entrenched himself in it. It was not until twenty years later that Henry II forced him to surrender it. In 1265, after the fall of De Montfort, the remnants of his party came from the fens and pillaged the town. The tone of the city was always democratic, and in 1381 the rebellion of Wat Tyler evoked a sympathetic outburst of popular feeling at Norwich. John Litester, a dyer, gathered together a "band of rustics and rebels", and calling himself "King of the Commons", raised a tumult in the city. His followers were dispersed in a skirmish at North Walton, and Litester himself was captured and hanged. There was a similar outbreak of local disorder in 1549 when Robert Ket, a tanner of Wymondham, collected an army of several thousand men and encamped on Mousehold Heath. An attempt to arrest him led to his seizure of the city, but again the rebels were defeated and their leader was executed.

The castle round which much of this discursive history gathers will be the visitor's first objective. It can hardly be otherwise, for it towers aloft in proud pre-eminence

above the city. Whatever else has to be looked for in Norwich, there is no difficulty in finding the castle, which " huge and square from its high rock looks grimly down ". Prince of Wales' Road, the finest thoroughfare in Norwich, leads straight up from the station to it. The fortress stands on a lofty mound on the summit of the hill and is the geographical pivot of the city. It is a rectangular structure of Norman masonry some 100 feet square by 70 feet high. The walls are in fine preservation and are plentifully adorned with wall arcading. The outworks have been removed, the moat made into a public garden, and the building itself has been roofed and turned into a museum. The castle probably owes its present form to Hugh Bigod, but only the shell remains to indicate its internal arrangements. The entrance was on the first floor and is protected by a fore-building. In one corner is a newel staircase, and at the opposite angle a round-headed arch and a piscina indicate the position of the chapel. A series of brick annexes have been erected in the castle yard to house the miscellaneous exhibits, which are excellently arranged. The contents include a good collection of pictures with some good examples of the " Norwich School ", of which J. Crome (1769–1821) and J. S. Cotman (1782–1842) are the acknowledged masters. " Old Crome ", as he was familiarly called, was born in humble circumstances and apprenticed to a sign-painter. He picked up drawing in an informal way, and in 1804 he exhibited in the Royal Academy. Crome's unaffected naturalism secured for him a national as well as a local reputation. He painted the broad landscapes of his native county with a simplicity and sincerity which appealed to the popular taste. Cotman was a much more subtle though scarcely so consistent an artist, but he possessed a technical skill to which Crome could lay no claim.

Looking down from the elevated platform on which the castle stands upon " the murmuring city's tumult " beneath, the spectator will at once discern amongst the bewildering medley of buildings which surrounds him the

majestic spire of the cathedral. The castle and cathedral are the two poles between which the activities of the city in times past revolved. The church has contributed as much to the history of the town as the fortress, and it has been quite as much a storm-centre. At Norwich, as so often elsewhere, the existence of the castle led to the building of the cathedral. In 1094 the Norman bishop, Herbert de Losinga, removed the episcopal throne from Thetford to Norwich. Two years later he founded a Benedictine priory and began to build for it a minster grand enough to serve him as a cathedral. It was finished by his successor, Eborard (1121–46). As the monastery grew in wealth and power friction arose between the priors and the townsfolk about the payment of tolls and the control of the markets. In 1272 the dispute culminated in a furious riot. Blood was spilt on both sides. The prior, enraged by the seizure of some of his monks, is said to have let loose upon the city "three barge-loads of mercenaries", who plundered the burghers' houses. The citizens retaliated by attacking and sacking the monastery. The city was in consequence placed under an interdict until restitution was made. A severe visitation of the Black Death, which carried off fifty thousand people, led to a temporary suspension of the quarrel; but in the middle of the next century the growth of corporate feeling caused the flames of popular passion to break out afresh, and again the cathedral was stormed by a frenzied mob. This renewal of disorder was penalized by the withdrawal of some of the city's privileges. In spite of the unpopularity of the clergy the Reformation found in Norwich some strenuous opposition. The chief upholder of the old Faith was Thomas Bilney, a Fellow of Trinity Hall, who, after championing the new doctrines with a vehemence which led to his imprisonment, recanted and devoted himself with the same enthusiasm to defending the religion which he had sought to destroy. His zeal met with a similar reward. In 1531 he was apprehended and burnt. In 1538 the monastery was dissolved, and

from that time onward the cathedral was despoiled of its treasures. In the civil war of 1643 it was desecrated and its fittings almost completely destroyed by the Puritan soldiery and the city rabble. The glass was shattered, the statuary defaced, and, says Bishop Hall, " vestments, copes, surplices, and service books were carried to the fire in the market-place. A lewd wretch walking before the train in a cope trailing in the dirt, and with a service book in his hand, imitated in impious scorn the tune and words of the Litany, and the cathedral was filled with musketeers drinking and tobaccoing as freely as in an alehouse ".

If anything in Norwich can be called gloomy it is the precincts of the cathedral. No cathedral in England displays itself to less advantage than Norwich. It is unfortunate alike in its situation and in its setting. Its position is the very antipodes of that of the castle. It stands on a tongue of low-land looped in by the river, and it is so closely enveloped by its surroundings as to be, with the exception of its noble spire, almost completely obscured. As the soldiery occupied the hill, Losinga had to be content with the valley, and pitched his cathedral amongst the marshes. It is approached from the castle by descending into the spacious area known by the dismal name of Tombland, which has been selected as the site of the city's memorial to Nurse Cavell, who is buried near the cathedral in a spot called Life's Green. On the western side of Tombland there is a quaint gabled dwelling known as the Samson and Hercules House from the curious figures which support its porch, and opposite are the gateways giving access to the cathedral close. One is the graceful flint archway built by Sir Thomas Erpingham, " the good old knight " who was Henry V's companion at Agincourt. The other is the Ethelbert Gate, a more massive Decorated structure with " flush work " in its gable, which gives access to the lower close. A pleasant pathway leads down from this to the Water Gate overlooking the river. The cathedral should at once be

approached through the Erpingham Gate, for little is gained by a weary ramble round the precincts in the hope of making a closer acquaintance with the cathedral's exterior. Inside the upper close is St. John's Chapel, used since the Reformation as a Grammar School. It is a small Decorated building standing on a vaulted undercroft. Opposite is a statue of Nelson, one of the school's most famous pupils. The west front of the cathedral is unpretentious and uninteresting, and has been rendered tamer by injudicious restoration. Behind it, from a massive Norman tower, springs the graceful central spire, rising to a height of 315 feet. It was erected by Bishop Goldwell (1472–98). The interior of the nave, though differing in detail, has a general resemblance to that of Ely, though the gorgeous vaulting inserted by Bishop Lyhart (1463–72) redeems its severity and gives it a graciousness which the nave of Ely does not possess. In the centre of the " long drawn aisle and fretted vault " is a circular opening through which, it is said, a white dove was set free at Whitsuntide and a silver angel with a swinging censer was let down on Trinity Sunday. Losinga's work apparently terminated at the two fluted columns, and the piers on each side of the screen were once similarly fashioned. The two Tudor arches on the south side of the nave were insertions by Bishop Nix (1501–35), who meant them for the accommodation of his chantry chapel. The ironwork which was to hold the sanctus bell can still be discerned above them. Nix seems to have been unfortunate in his projects. He was a " passive resister " to the Reformation, and found his opposition both ineffectual and expensive. In 1527 he bought up the stock of Tyndale's New Testament and committed it to the flames, only to find that he had furnished the translator with funds to reprint it, whilst his royal master fined him heavily for his contumacy with regard to the Royal Supremacy. Even his mortuary intentions miscarried, for his chantry was never erected and his body was buried elsewhere. The ritual choir is beneath the tower and pro-

jects two bays into the nave. It contains its early stalls and the fine array of canopies with which Bishop Wakering (1412–25) covered them, and a pelican lectern. The presbytery offers a striking contrast both within and without to the nave. Originally it was part of Losinga's fabric, but the fall of the spire in 1326 demolished the clerestory, and opportunity was taken of the accident by Bishop Percy (1356–62) to gain additional height and light by lifting the roof and inserting larger windows. Bishop Goldwell a century later not only vaulted the presbytery but made a very unsuccessful attempt to convert Losinga's massive arcade into a Perpendicular one. Losinga's triforium still remains, and so does his apse, which not only forms with "its deep-set windows stained and traced" a charming eastern termination to the choir, but preserves the unique feature of an early episcopal throne behind the altar. The real antiquarian interest of Norwich lies chiefly in the fact that it retains so largely its Norman formation. The long nave, the tower, the transepts, the short presbytery with its radiating chapels are all intact. It has lost, however, one of its transeptal chapels and its thirteenth-century eastern lady chapel, which was destroyed in the riot of 1272.

The cathedral has one or two curiosities. The north apsidal chapel retains its altar slab with cavities for relics; in the north choir is a sort of bridge on which relics were exposed; and in the south aisle—the entrance archway to which is filled with tracery—is a curious fourteenth-century painted re-table. The "sculptured dead", amongst whom is Sir Thomas Erpingham—"the knight grown grey in years and honours"—lie chiefly in the choir-aisles. Bishop Losinga, of whom it was said that "those who knew him not might guess that he was a bishop only by looking at him", reposes as founder in front of the altar. "Round the cool, green court" on the south of the cathedral "there runs a row of cloisters" of mixed architectural styles with an elaborate doorway, but the chapter-house and domestic buildings have disappeared.

From " this squared lawn " the only satisfactory view of the exterior of the nave can be secured. The far more picturesque choir with its bold flying buttresses does not come into the picture. In the close are some piers of the infirmary. The palace, with its massive gate-house and extensive walling, quite obscures the other side of the cathedral. Whilst the visitor is in the neighbourhood of the palace he should take a walk down Bishopgate to view St. Giles' Hospital, founded by Bishop W. de Suffield in 1250. With it is incorporated the church of St. Helen, which is now partly converted into dwelling-rooms for the inmates and partly used as a chapel. Attached to the hospital is a small range of cloisters.

The stranger who attempts to explore the city without some sort of clue to its arrangement will find himself hopelessly entangled in a mazy labyrinth of streets. The main cause of his perplexity is the pivotal position of the castle. He cannot help wandering round it in a vicious circle only to arrive again at the place from which he started. It is difficult to suggest any systematic method of exploring such a large and baffling place. The nearest approach to a method is to follow the points of the compass in turn from the castle as a centre. The city runs back westwards along the ridge round which the river coils, and dips down northwards into the valley. A beginning should be made with the market-place immediately to the west of the castle. It contains on the north the flint-faced Guildhall, built in 1453, and at its south is the handsome church of St. Peter's, Mancroft, founded in 1082 but rebuilt in 1430. Its most conspicuous external features are its fine tower, pierced by archways, and its numerous clerestory windows. Within, it has a good timber roof and an elaborate font canopy. The sacristy behind the altar contains several antiquities. In the side chapel is a monument to Sir Thomas Browne (1605–82), to whom there is a statue in the centre of the Haymarket. Browne was an Oxford physician who settled in Norwich in 1637 and made his fame by his *Religio Medici*, a book

full of quaint learning. The site of his house in Orford Place is marked by a tablet. Up an entry on the east side of the Haymarket is a sixteenth-century house with a panelled interior. It once belonged to John Curat, a Norwich citizen who was sheriff in 1529. Though Norwich is a busy manufacturing city, it is also a large agricultural centre, and if the visitor will swing round from the Haymarket into Orford Place he will make his way into the great cattle market immediately below the castle mound on the south. It is filled to overflowing on fair days with herds and flocks driven in from the Norfolk pastures. On the north side of the enclosure is the Shire Hall, erected in 1822, but enlarged in 1914; and on the south is the Agricultural Hall, which contains a portrait of "Coke of Norfolk", the famous farmer. To this group of public buildings must be added the most interesting of all, St. Andrew's Hall, the public assembly room. But this lies on the north slope of the city, and may be reached from the castle down St. Andrew's Hill, or from the cathedral through Tombland and up Princes Street. It is a stately Perpendicular building, which was once the nave of the church of the Dominican friars, and still has attached to it its cloisters. At the dissolution it was sold to the city for £81, and its chancel (known as the Blackfriars Church), which also survives, though the connecting central tower does not, was subsequently leased to the Dutch refugees. Opposite the hall is the modernized mansion of the Sucklings, whose effigies are in St. Andrew's Church close by. Between the castle and the hall are the churches of St. Peter's, Hungate, and St. Michael at Plea, both interesting; and leading to the east from the former is the picturesque old thoroughfare of Elm Hill.

From St. Andrew's Hall the visitor may commence his exploration of either the northern or the western quarters of the city. There is nothing of much interest in the north except the churches of St. George, Colegate, which has a monument to "old Crome"; St. Miles,

Coslany, which has some fine flint flush work; and St. Mary's, Coslany, which has a round tower. These are worth seeing, but if the visitor is bent upon tracking down all the ancient and interesting churches in Norwich his time will be fully occupied, for there are thirty-five of them. He will find another series of them scattered about the western section of the city, and some other antique things besides. He should start this western tour by inspecting the Strangers' Hall in Charing Cross. It was built in 1530 by Nicholas Sothern, who attained to the mayoralty nine years later, and it was subsequently greatly enlarged. The building lies behind a modern house with an antique door, and is of the greatest interest both in itself and on account of the collection of curiosities which it contains. Another old and historic house, but rather far afield, is the old Dolphin Inn, at the extremity of Heigham Street, leading out of Charing Cross. It was once the residence of Bishop Hall (1574–1656), but has been considerably modernized. Hall became Bishop of Norwich in 1641, and had to face all the troubles of the civil war. He was imprisoned and his revenues were confiscated. He is buried in St. Bartholomew's Church farther along the road. The three main thoroughfares running west are St. Benedict Street, Pottergate, and St. Giles' Street, which are parallel with one another, and are connected by a number of quaint and narrow alleys, of which perhaps Lower Goat Lane is the most notable. The neighbourhood abounds in queer old houses. In St. Benedict Street are the churches of St. Lawrence, St. Margaret, St. Swithin, and St. Benedict. At the commencement of Pottergate is St. John's, Maddermarket, with its chancel projecting over a court; and at the far end of St. Giles' Street is St. Giles' Church and the fine modern Roman Catholic church of St. John. In Willow Lane, lying to the north of St. Giles' Street, is Borrow's House, now turned into a museum of relics. Borrow was born at East Dereham, but he was educated at Norwich and spent his earlier years there. His linguistic talents, his Bohemian pro-

clivities, and his keen eye for whimsical characters made him one of the most remarkable figures in literary history. A stranger agent the Bible Society surely never employed, yet Borrow rather fancied himself in the part, and actually translated the *Book of Homilies* into Manchu. St. Stephen's Church in Rampant Horse Street, south of the Haymarket, claims notice, and there is a curious old house at the corner of St. Stephen's Street and Surrey Street.

To " see " the southern section of the city the visitor should get into Ber Street, which runs almost due south of the cattle market. Near its entrance are the churches of All Saints' and St. John, Timberhill. A little farther down is St. Michael at Thorn, which has a Norman doorway; and at the southern extremity of the street is the conspicuous tower of St. John's Sepulchre. Ber Street is not a very attractive locality, but it is a wide, quaint thoroughfare with an old-world " atmosphere " still clinging to it. On lower ground and parallel with it is King Street, which connects with Tombland and likewise contains some old churches—St. Peter's Parmentergate, St. Julian's, St. Ethelred's, and a fragment of the demolished church of St. Peter's, Southgate. St. Julian's has a round tower, and on its north side are a few traces of the hermitage of St. Julian, the famous Norwich mystic. In inspecting the cathedral and its immediate surroundings the visitor will have seen most of what the eastern side of the city has to show, but there is still something to see along the eastern outskirts, and this may be viewed in the course of a ramble along the river bank. The pedestrian who has already traversed Ber Street should descend towards the river by Carrow Road; he will notice as he goes that the descent is alongside a still existing section of the old city wall, and if he crosses the river by the swing bridge, he will notice also that the wall ends when it reaches the bank of the stream in a boom tower. Carrow is one of the chief industrial districts of Norwich. Here are Colman's extensive mustard works, which employ about three thousand hands. The late Mr. J. J. Colman was a

great benefactor to the city, and it is said that on the occasion of one of Mr. Gladstone's visits to Norwich the employees desired Mr. Gladstone to present their employer with some token of their appreciation. The meeting was duly convened, and when the late-comers had at last taken their seats, the Grand Old Man looked round the assembly and blandly inquired, "Now, are we all mustered?" The river walk passes also the ironworks of Bolton and Paul. These enterprises are, of course, of quite recent growth, and so, comparatively, is the manufacture of boots and shoes, which is now one of the staple trades of the city. Originally Norwich was a great cloth town. The woollen trade was established here in the thirteenth century, and was vastly extended by the Flemish weavers who settled in the town in 1331, and whose numbers were considerably augmented later on by refugees from the Netherlands during the religious persecutions. The riverside walk should be extended to the old Boom Tower at the north-east of the city, for the spectator will be rewarded by a charming view of the cathedral across the fields when he arrives opposite the old abbey water-gate. He can return to the city by the Bishop's Bridge. In the grounds of Carrow House are the remains of a nunnery founded in 1146.

The city has several open spaces. There is a pretty little park at Chapel Fields to the west of the castle, and a much larger recreation ground at Eaton Park farther west; but the great "lung" of the city is Mousehold Heath on the north-east, an extensive tract of open moorland some 180 acres in size, where much of the flint which forms the fabric of the local churches was quarried. The heath commands a splendid view of the city and is itself the subject of one of Crome's most popular pictures.

CHAPTER XV

OXFORD

Ancient Oxford, noble nurse of skill,
A city seated rich in everything:
Girt with woods and water.

Its origin—The growth of the University—The Castle—Christ Church and the Cathedral—The Folly Bridge and Broad Walk—Magdalen College—The High—St. Mary's Church and University Buildings—Broad Street—St. Giles'—The parks and walks—Godstow Nunnery and Osney Abbey.

OXFORD is only in a subordinate way a cathedral city. Its primary interests are not ecclesiastical but academical. So much is this the case that to discover the cathedral the visitor will have to search for it amongst the colleges of the University. Yet the Church was in a way the *alma mater* of the University, though the beginnings of the University are most obscure. Oxford knows everything but its own origin. It cannot be said to have been founded, it simply grew. Culture of some sort was in the air and might lodge anywhere, but it was in the congenial soil of Oxford that the floating seeds of European scholarship somehow managed to germinate most fruitfully. It was not as a place of learning that the city itself began, but as the seat of a nunnery. Of the origin of the nunnery we have only a fairy tale, but it is a fairy tale in the Oxford manner. It is the story of a young and pious princess named Frideswyde who, disliking the idea of being "subject to her inferiors" elsewhere, persuaded her father to build for her a nunnery of her own at Oxford. The odour of sanctity which surrounded this superior young person appears to have arisen from the fact

that she was able to baffle the unwelcome attentions of a persistent and sprightly young prince by the somewhat conventional expedient of smiting him with blindness—a malady from which, proverbially, few lovers are exempt. If the lady had married her suitor, she would probably have opened his eyes. After a life of single blessedness she died, and was buried in her own church in 739.

Round this nunnery a town collected, and as it stood near the ford of the cattle drovers it soon rose to importance. In 912 it was captured by Edward the Elder, and his sister Ethelfleda fortified it. In 1002 it became notorious for the wholesale massacre of the Danes on St. Brice's day. At the Norman Conquest it fell into the possession of Robert d'Oilgi, who built a castle on the site of the Saxon burgh. The Saxon nunnery was replaced by a Norman monastery, and wandering scholars found their way to the town, drawn thither perhaps by the fame of some teacher who carried on a wordy warfare with the monks, or else by the accommodation which the place afforded. In 1120 Theobald of Etamps, who regarded a monastery as "a prison of the damned", is said to have had from sixty to one hundred clerks under his tuition. Their number was subsequently swollen, possibly by some sudden migration of students from Paris or elsewhere. Beginning as a guild of teachers, the University by 1214 had become a highly organized body with the power of conferring degrees, and the colleges grew up as hostels provided by the charitable for the maintenance of poor students.

The subsequent history of the city, apart from the efforts of the civil and academical authorities to adjust the strained relations always existing between the populace and the students, was uneventful, and was only twice of national importance. In 1258 the Great Council of the nation assembled in the city and put forth the famous "Provisions of Oxford", and in the seventeenth century, during the great rebellion, it was for four years the Royalist head-quarters.

Oxford is of itself a goodly city, but for the visitor its two outstanding objects of interest are, of course, the cathedral and the University. The cathedral can be found without much difficulty, but the puzzle is to find the University. It is everywhere and it is nowhere. It is everywhere, for the whole city can say *La Université est moi*. It is nowhere, for it is a society, not an edifice, and so far as it has any outward and visible form at all, it will be found in the whole collection of buildings by which it discharges its functions. The colleges which give the city its charm are the homes of the various societies which in combination constitute the University. The city itself is laid out on fairly regular lines and its arrangement is easily grasped, but the colleges are not so readily located, for they are very numerous and unsystematically grouped. They form " an involved mass of monuments, Gothic and Greek, quadrangles and porticoes all profusely but gracefully distributed in quiet streets terminating in trees and meadows ". The fascination of Oxford for the casual visitor does not lie in the splendour of its architecture, for much of it is debased and some of it bad ; and the buildings abound everywhere in the crudest incongruities. It consists in this very medley of tastes and styles upon which Time has laid its mellowing and reconciling hand, and brought it all to one grey and reverend picturesqueness. The city stands on a broad peninsula between the Isis and the Cherwell. The main thoroughfares run north and south down the length of the promontory, and east and west from river to river. Some of the colleges are in the main streets, and some are in side streets or mere courts. The best way to see the city is to make a general survey of it and then to explore each of the four sections at leisure.

The visitor on his arrival will begin the story of Oxford almost at the beginning. The approach to the city from the station leads past the Saxon mound and the Norman keep of the castle, from which the Empress Maud, after a three months' siege, escaped in 1142 from the clutches

of Stephen, clad in a white sheet, across the frozen river. In the centre of the city, at the intersection of the streets, is the tower of Carfax Church (*Quatre Voies*), the bell of which used to summon the townsmen to their periodical affrays with the gownsmen. The church has been demolished, but the tower remains as a civic landmark. To get to the cathedral the visitor must resist for the moment the fascinations of the famous "High" and descend St. Aldate's Street to Christ Church. Christ Church is the link between monastic and modern Oxford, for its associations are both ecclesiastical and academical. It is at once a cathedral and a college chapel. To found "the House" Wolsey in 1524 suppressed the priory of St. Frideswyde and appropriated its revenues. From a shrine of devotion it became a seat of learning. As some compensation for this act of confiscation Henry VIII gave the city a bishop, and the priory church ultimately became his cathedral. It was an economical but an unsatisfactory arrangement. The church is small and ill-planned for a cathedral; for Wolsey destroyed three of the bays of the nave with the intention of building a more splendid edifice. Wolsey's ambitions, however, outran his means, and the building remains much as he left it. The fine roof of the choir is his memorial. The church was built by Prior Robert de Cricklade (1141–80). To give the interior an appearance of height he carried the outer arches of the arcade round the triforium story, a device which gives to the building a touch of originality. In plan it is a simple cross with aisles, but there is a cluster of chapels at the north-east corner which makes it irregular. One of them is the north aisle of the choir; the central one—Early English in style—was intended for a lady chapel, but on second thoughts was turned into a chapel for St. Frideswyde. The outer one was built in 1350, and in the following century fitted with a wooden chantry, which served also as a watching chamber for St. Frideswyde's shrine. The woodwork, with this exception, is modern, but there is some fourteenth- and sixteenth-

century glass and some notable windows by Burne Jones. There are a few mediaeval effigies and a large number of academical memorials. The shrine of St. Frideswyde is "a marvel of disjointed things". It has been cunningly put together from scattered fragments. Not content with destroying the shrine, the reformers with satiric humour buried Peter Martyr's wife in the saint's grave. Adjoining the church on the south are three sides of a cloister court, and a thirteenth-century chapter-house with an earlier doorway. Of the college itself the most remarkable features are the Tom Tower, which Wren added to Wolsey's gateway, and the great hall, one of the finest chambers in the kingdom, with a splendid roof. It has witnessed state pageants, was the scene of Cranmer's degradation, and has resounded with the music of "giant Handel's" concerts. Acting on the motto *Mens sana in corpore sano*, the first portion of the edifice which Wolsey completed was the kitchen, a circumstance which mightily amused the college wags at the time:

> The butcher's son, to other works o'ertop,
> A college planned, but built a cooking shop.

Opposite Christ Church and behind St. Aldate's Church is Pembroke College, which began its career as Broadgates Hall, but was refounded in 1624. It is chiefly notable as the college of Dr. Johnson. Dean Prideaux had described it as "the fittest college for brutes", and here Johnson matriculated in 1729. He was "an idle fellow and was generally to be seen in tattered gown and dirty linen lounging about the college gate". "You have sconced me twopence", he once said to his tutor, "for missing a lecture which was not worth a penny". His room, just over the gateway, when the writer last saw it, was occupied by a Scotsman. George Whitefield was also a servitor at Pembroke, whom the students pelted with dirt and whom the authorities threatened to expel "for visiting the poor". If the visitor, after leaving Pembroke, will descend St. Aldate's Street to the Folly Bridge, he will

pass a fine old gabled house which was once the palace of the first bishop of Oxford. On returning from the bridge before again reaching Christ Church, the visitor should turn into the lane which leads to the Broad Walk. A path to the right runs down to the Isis and the barges, but the main walk goes eastwards in the direction of the Cherwell. The view from this parade is only comparable to the " Backs " at Cambridge. In close and appropriate proximity to Aedes Christi is Corpus Christi. " Nothing ", said Ruskin, when he was made Fellow of Corpus, " would induce me to leave the House of Christ except the opportunity of attaching myself to the Body of Christ." Next to Corpus is Merton, the oldest college in Oxford, distinguished by its handsome tower. In its gardens are some fragments of the city walls. Crossing the meadows into Rose Lane, the visitor will come out into High Street immediately in front of Magdalen, the most picturesque of all the colleges. Magdalen was founded in 1457 by Bishop Waynflete on the site of an old hospital, and its tower, one of the loveliest in England, was erected in 1507. Nothing in Oxford is more beautiful than the view of the College and the bridge. The Chapel and Hall form one side of a quadrangle, and " the wall ", as the Duke of Wellington put it, " against which King James ran his head ", connects the outstanding tower with the rest of the building. Near the founder's tower, over the inner gateway, is an open-air pulpit, and to the north of the quadrangle is a stiff block of classical buildings intended as a sample of what " men of taste " in the eighteenth century proposed to substitute for this delectable college if they could have secured the funds. By the side of the river in the college grounds are some charming walks, of which one is Addison's Walk, " Maudlen's learned grove ", as Pope called it. The famous " High " now unfolds itself before the visitor. It is a stately street, but its praises have been so lustily sung that some people survey it with a measure of disappointment. Its eastern and more academic end, where it curves round from St. Mary's

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

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Church to Magdalen Bridge, is its finest section. Long Wall Street, on the north, marks the termination of the ancient city boundary, and it is still flanked by a section of the old wall. On the south side of High Street are the Schools, a Renaissance building designed by Jackson in 1882. Beyond this is University College, the chief interest of which for the casual visitor is Onslow Ford's monument of Shelley, staged in rather sensational fashion under a cupola. It is a curious instance of the children building the sepulchre of a prophet whom their fathers had persecuted, for Shelley was expelled from University for atheism, much as Gibbon had been ejected from Magdalen for Roman Catholicism. Queen's College, on the north, is a classical building erected by Wren and his pupil Hawksmoor on the site of a mediaeval hall founded by Robert Eglesfield, Queen Philippa's chaplain. The college still retains some of its old customs. The Fellows are summoned to dinner by a trumpet. On Christmas Day a boar's head is carried in state into the hall, and on New Year's Day the Bursar presents to every guest a needle and thread with the injunction, "Be thrifty". This is said to be a pun on Eglesfield; but only a profane legendary explanation after the manner of an allegory has been found of the ceremony of the boar's head. A student of Queen's, when wandering in Shotover Wood, was attacked by a wild boar; he escaped by cramming a volume of Aristotle down the creature's throat, exclaiming, "Pass that, I am bored enough"! A philosopher is, after all, only "a learned pig". The lane beside the college leads round to William of Wykeham's great foundation, New College. On the east side of the lane is St. Edmund Hall, the last of the small halls, which were once a common feature in the city; and higher up is the interesting church of St. Peter, which, amongst other peculiarities, preserves its crypt. New College, like Magdalen, happily retains a large portion of its ancient buildings. In its garden is a fine section of the city wall. In High Street, beyond Queen's, is All Souls', a very conglomerate block

of buildings remarkable for the elaborate reredos in its chapel. In the centre of the High is St. Mary's Church, the University " pulpit ". If any building can be said to represent the University it is this, for in it the earliest University functions were held. It is a fifteenth-century building with a charming spire, and a beautiful Renaissance portico, erected by Dr. Owen, Laud's chaplain, in 1637. " In a high niche, alone, but crown'd, the Virgin-Mother of the God-born Child " gave great offence to the Puritans and formed one of the articles in Laud's impeachment. The interior is much disfigured by its galleries. The old Congregation house at the north-east was built by Adam de Brome in 1320. This belongs to the University, but the church itself was used from an early date for meetings of the University, and its various chapels were assigned to the different faculties. The students are said to have disputed for their " testamurs " in the chamber above the porch. The church has been the scene of many striking and dramatic incidents. It was here that Cranmer in 1555 was brought to make his public recantation and astounded his hearers by springing to his feet and exclaiming, " Forasmuch as this right hand hath offended, it shall be the first to be punished ". In 1560 it witnessed the funeral of Amy Robsart, who had died mysteriously at Cumnor. The Vice-Chancellor lost the favour of Leicester by infelicitously alluding in his sermon to " the unfortunate lady as having been pitifully murdered ". The dust of dead controversies lies thick at St. Mary's. Here Laud was denounced both as Papist and Protestant, and the University authorities described as " dumb dogs ". From its pulpit Sacheveral preached his notorious sermon on Schismatical Universities, and Wesley " delivered his soul ". Here Keble started the Tractarian movement by his famous Assize sermon on National Apostacy, and Newman, " with peculiar sweetness of manner ", delivered the " Parochial Sermons " which made such a deep impression on the public mind by their suave sincerity. Facing St. Mary's across the High is Oriel, the college so

closely associated with the Oxford Movement. Its old buildings are, however, behind the stodgy front which has recently been put up with Rhodes' benefaction to his old college. Behind the University Church and stretching across to Broad Street are grouped some of the older University buildings, the graceful dome of the Radcliffe camera, the quadrangle of the great Bodleian Library, the Sheldonian Theatre, and the Clarendon Building. The Bodleian began in the chamber above the beautiful Divinity school which forms the west wing of the "old School's" quadrangle, but has now annexed the quadrangle itself and its pedantic tower. The Sheldonian Theatre was designed by Wren in 1669 for Archbishop Sheldon. It is a galleried, U-shaped building of unpleasing aspect, but a marvel of constructional skill, for it is capable of holding four thousand people. The "Encaenia" is held within its walls every June. Near it are the Clarendon Buildings, erected in 1713 out of the proceeds of Lord Clarendon's *History* as a home for the University Press, and the Ashmolean Museum. Brasenose College faces the Ratcliffe Camera, and opposite are the ugly hybrid towers which Hawksmoor put to All Souls' quadrangle. Above All Souls' is uninteresting Hertford. In Turle Street, a narrow lane connecting High Street and Broad Street, are Lincoln, Jesus, and Exeter Colleges; the latter has a chapel designed by Sir Gilbert Scott.

In Broad Street, which may be reached from High Street either by the short-cut through Turle Street or by completing the progress down "the High" to Carfax and turning into Cornmarket Street, are Balliol and Trinity Colleges. Balliol is more remarkable for its academical distinction than for the beauty of its buildings. Once it was the abode not only of the Scot but the sot. Its reformation under Dr. Jenkyns was the subject of many gibes. It came to be known as Dr. Jenkyns' academy. Under Jowett it achieved great fame. Browning was elected an honorary Fellow. "What would you like to be", Jowett asked him, "if you were not a poet?"

"Why, of course, the Master of Balliol", the poet replied. "Ah", murmured Jowett, not unmoved by the compliment, "a little fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind". Trinity has some fine gates, and a classical chapel decorated by Gibbons' carvings. Kettle Hall, an old house near Trinity, was built in the seventeenth century by an eccentric president whose pet aversions were the short clothes of the ladies, "who came to the chapel half-dressed like angels", and the long hair of the students, which he used to "bob" unceremoniously with the scissors he carried in his muff. Opposite the corner of Balliol is St. Mary Magdalene's Church and the Martyrs' Memorial. The latter stands on the spot where Ridley and Latimer were burnt at the stake in 1551, and where Cranmer was committed to the flames six months later. The door of their prison is preserved in the church, but the prison itself—the Bocardo Gate—was opposite the church of St. Michael in Cornmarket Street, and from its window Cranmer is said to have witnessed the sufferings of his companions. St. Michael's tower, sometimes called Saxon, is said to have been built by Robert d'Oilgi. In the broad tree-planted thoroughfare of St. Giles is St. John's College, which has some fine gardens and a picturesque garden front built by Laud and designed by Inigo Jones. In Beaumont Street are the Taylorian Buildings containing the University's art and antiquarian treasures; and at the bottom of the street is the rather forbidding entrance to Worcester College, which has a pleasant garden with a lake. The Clarendon Press, now a gigantic concern, may be reached from Worcester by Walton Street. If St. Giles' Street be followed, a lane will be found opposite St. Giles' Church leading eastwards to Keble College, one of the fruits of the Tractarian revival. At the time of its erection the building was regarded almost as an outrage on Oxford traditions, for it is built of coloured brick, but now that it has mellowed Oxford has grown used to it and rather likes it. It has a fine but somewhat garish chapel. Oxford has far worse

things than Keble to shock its susceptibilities. Opposite are the University Museum, Library, and laboratories, a very motley collection of architectural achievements. Behind these recent erections are the Parks, a large stretch of meadows bordered on the east by the Cherwell. Returning from Keble by Park Street, the visitor will pass Wadham College, a pleasing specimen of seventeenth-century Gothic of a West-Country type. Sir Nicholas Wadham, its founder, was a Somerset man, and Admiral Blake and Sir C. Wren were amongst its Fellows.

A road at the eastern end of Holywell Street, past Holywell Church, leads to a pleasant footpath along the banks of the Cherwell, which eventually brings the pedestrian back to Oxford through the suburb of St. Clement's and across Magdalen Bridge. There are walks, of course, also along the banks of the Isis from Folly Bridge. Amongst the longer rambles in which the neighbourhood abounds is the walk along the upper reaches of the Thames from Port Meadow—the Oxford freemen's ground—to Godstow Nunnery, where Fair Rosamund found an asylum. King John is said to have built her tomb, but Bishop Hugh of Lincoln ordered it to be destroyed and her body cast out of doors. There are now only some portions of the abbey wall remaining. There are also some degraded fragments of Osney Abbey remaining near the river-side to the south of the Great Western Railway station. When the diocese was first created by Henry VIII Osney Abbey was for a year or two the cathedral church of Oxford. After it lost its dignity it speedily fell into decay, but its bells still hang in Christ Church tower. By the side of the canal which crosses Hythe Bridge Street is a doorway once belonging to Rewley Abbey, another of the city's monastic foundations.

The casual visitor will carry away with him pleasant if confused memories of " this incomparable place ", but he will not understand the sort of mystic enthusiasm with which Oxford men speak of Oxford. He cannot of course, for her magic consists neither in her books nor her buildings,

but in something incommunicable. Not even her sons can impart the secret until they " go down ", and then it will have escaped them, for that secret is youth.

Know ye the secret none can utter,
Hers of the book and triple crown ?
Still on the spire the pigeons flutter,
Still by the gateway flits the gown,
Still on the street from corbel and gutter
Faces of stone look down.

CHAPTER XVI

PETERBOROUGH

In Saxon strength the abbey frowned
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate row on row
On ponderous columns short and low,
Built 'ere the art was known
By pointed aisle and shafted stalk
The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone.

Its origin and history—The Cathedral—The Close—The city and Museum—Castor.

PETERBOROUGH, in spite of its present-day commercial activity, is still in aspect very much what it was when the Saxons called it Medeshamstede, the homestead amongst the meadows. It stands on the verge of the great fenland, and it is surrounded on all sides by flat and fertile fields. As a set-off to its unromantic situation it has a rather sensational history. The early chapters of its story are concerned with a murder and a minster, and the minster is the one thing which gives distinction to Peterborough to-day. As traditionally reported, the tale runs that when Peada, the son of Penda, the strenuous but unscrupulous King of Mercia, became a Christian, with the proverbial zeal of the convert he set about building a monastery on the banks of the Nene. But those whom the gods love but their wives hate die young; before the scheme could be brought to maturity Peada was murdered at the instigation of his spouse. His brother Wulfere, moved, it was alleged, not by brotherly love but by remorse at having in a fit of passion slain his

own sons, not only completed the church but lavishly endowed it. "This day", he said, "do I freely give to St. Peter and to the monks of this monastery these lands and waters, these moors and fens". Some aver that the story is not only legendary but calumnious. Bede regarded Wulfere as a Mercian hero who, having achieved the political independence of his people, led them into a higher liberty: "Being thus set free with a king of their own, they rejoiced to serve Christ, the true King". However, whatever its origin may have been, the abbey in 870 was totally destroyed by the Danes and all the monks were slaughtered. So completely was the abbey wiped out that its very site would have been forgotten if the pious monks of Crowland had not marked it out by a monumental stone. In the reign of Edgar, Bishop Aethelwold of Winchester was moved by a dream to seek for the spot. After a prolonged and tedious search he at length found it and rebuilt the monastery. The Saxon church which he reared lasted till 1116. In Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake* there is a spirited account of the raid which Hereward and his gang of outlaws made upon the abbey in 1071. The monastery itself survived, however, until the beginning of the next century. Its energetic abbot, John de Sais (1117–25), built upon its site a much grander church, and it is this edifice which gives Peterborough its interest for the visitor to-day. Though the abbey had no local saint or martyr of its own, it had a great store of relics, first gathered together by the industry of Abbot Elsinus (1006–55), who seems to have ransacked every dustbin in Europe. These treasures, which included the imperishable arm of St. Oswald, seem to have survived the conflagration, and were augmented by Abbot Benedict (1177), who brought with him from Canterbury some fragments of St. Thomas' clothing and two phials of his blood. So extensive and miscellaneous was the collection that the abbey earned from its envious neighbours the title of "Peterborough the proud", and a pilgrimage to its altar was regarded as meritorious as a

journey to Rome. The pride of the house was, however, humbled to the dust at the Reformation. Its relics were scattered and the arm of St. Oswald was lost. The minster itself only escaped destruction because for the moment it happened to possess a relic more valuable on the occasion than all the others. This was the tomb of Queen Catherine of Aragon. The Queen had died at Buckden in 1586 and had been brought to Peterborough for burial. When it was suggested to the King that he might with propriety erect a monument to her memory he slapped his hands together and with bluff heartiness replied, "I will leave her the goodliest monument in Christendom". So the church which he had doomed to destruction was spared, and Peterborough was created a bishopric. The soke or liberty of the town was bestowed upon the bishop, and in his hands it remained until it was transferred to the Crown in the reign of Elizabeth. The Puritans, however, had less respect for monuments than even the bluff king. In 1643 Cromwell's soldiers, who were quartered in the city, burst into the cathedral and defaced and spoiled the choir and "break down the seats and stalls". The soldiers discharged their muskets at the Majestas in the choir roof, and Cromwell himself, "espying a little crucifix in a window which the soldiers had scarce observed, got a ladder and break it down with his own hand". The tomb of Queen Catherine was the first to be demolished. "They displaced the gravestone that lay over the body and left nothing remaining of her sepulchre but the monument of their own shame and villainy". The cathedral itself was handed over by Cromwell to his relative St. John, who converted it into a parish church, and demolished the lady chapel to obtain material for the repair of the fabric.

Peterborough is a bright and pleasant town, but it contains few objects of interest for the visitor beyond its cathedral. Its geography is very simple. The city essentially consists of a long central street swelling out in the middle into a spacious market-place. The visitor

has only to make his way into the market-place and he will find all that he wants to see close at hand. The gateway to the cathedral close and the Guildhall stand on opposite sides of the market square. Like the abbey itself, this outer gateway is Norman; but it was refaced in the fourteenth century, and now only betrays its real character by the arcading of the archway. Passing under it, the visitor will have in front of him the famous façade, "the pride and glory of Peterborough". No feature of any English cathedral has received such unstinted praise and its beauty is undeniable. It has been unreservedly pronounced "the finest portico in Europe". Borrow declared that "nothing in architecture could be considered more beautiful". And certainly these three lofty arches with their delicately fashioned gables form a composition of singular grace and charm. But no one who looks at it can escape the uncomfortable feeling that with all its beauty it is a misplaced bit of architectural embroidery. It would have suited Lincoln admirably, but it is altogether out of keeping with this stout Norman minster. It is not only a misfit, but a work of supererogation. One has only to take a side glance at it to see that a well-conceived west front was already in course of construction when the builders, captivated by a pretty fancy, abandoned in a hurry their first intentions and clapped this fairy thing to their fabric without even troubling to complete their contemplated towers. It is ascribed to Abbot Acharius, who came here from St. Albans in 1195, but the upper chamber of its central porch is a fifteenth-century addition, and a boss in its roof shows, it is said, that its constructor was a freemason. The cathedral itself is very well displayed. An uninterrupted view of it may be obtained on all sides except from its south-west corner. It is a building of rude nobility, but it is ill-proportioned and lacks the saving grace of picturesqueness. In plan it is a plain Latin cross, but in elevation it exhibits two peculiarities. Two small transepts are thrown out at the west end, and at the east the choir-aisles are prolonged round the original

Norman apse to form a square-ended retrochoir. The buttresses of this eastern extension are capped with figures instead of with pinnacles. The lady chapel, as at Bristol, stood in the angle between the north transept and the choir, and the marks of its gable still adhere to the transept wall.

The earliest portion of the fabric is the choir, which retains its Norman apse almost unaltered. It was begun by Abbot John de Sais (1117–25), and the building was virtually completed by the end of the twelfth century. The "new building" was put up by Abbot Ashton in 1440, and ceiled with its elaborate fan-vault by Abbot Kirton three-quarters of a century later. The interior furnishes no surprises. It is cast in the same mould as the exterior and presents the same archaic grandeur. With the exception of the narrow, pointed arches at the west end, its Perpendicular windows, its ambulatory, and the "high embowed roof" of its choir, there is no break in its uniformity. It is one long gallery of massive arches piled tier on tier till they reach the ceiling, and if it were not for the yellow tint of its stones and its abundance of light it would be unendurably gloomy. The "new building", with its large windows and rich roof, is in striking contrast to the studied simplicity of the nave, and very effective, too, are the cross lights of the western transepts. The baldachin Pearson erected over the altar to replace the "stately and well wrought screen rising as high almost as the roof of the church", which the Puritans destroyed, is a little too Oriental to be altogether suitable, but it has the merit of not obscuring the pleasing view of the apse. The stalls, though modern, are admirable, and there are some confused fragments of ancient glass in the eastern windows. The memorial stone of the monks of Crowland is preserved in the "new building". A pathetic interest attaches to the burial-places of the two unhappy queens interred by old Scarlett—the sexton of "strength and sturdye limn", whose repellent picture disfigures the cathedral. A modern slab has been placed on the

desecrated grave of Catherine of Aragon in the north choir-aisle. On a pier in the south choir-aisle is fixed a tablet commemorating the tercentenary of the death of Mary Queen of Scots. She was buried here after her execution by Elizabeth in Fotheringay Castle in 1587, and the letter issued by James I authorizing the removal of his mother's remains to Westminster is hung above her temporary resting-place. The last pitiful scenes in the ruthless quarrel between the two wilful women was a piece of play acting worthy of these adroit dissemblers. Elizabeth, to prevent it being thought that she gloried in the death of her rival, in a fine assumption of rage threw the warrant which she had just signed for her cousin's death upon the floor and left to her ministers the odium of executing it. It was Mary's policy, on the other hand, to pose not as the loser in a personal quarrel, but as a martyr for her faith. "Do not weep", she said to her ladies as she laid her head upon the block, "I die a good Catholic". Not far from Mary's grave the remnants of Sir H. Orme's monument, savagely hacked in pieces by the Puritans because in his inscription he called it an "altar", still testify "to the elegance of the rest of the work". The south-eastern aisle contains a good statue of Thomas Deacon, and the recumbent effigy of that witty and eloquent prelate, Archbishop Magee. Magee was an Irishman, and his spirited defence of the Irish Church made Disraeli say: "We must have that man in England". It could not be said of him, as Bishop Creighton said of himself when he was appointed to succeed him: "Now I have ceased to be a human being". People complained that Magee was almost too human. A stranger once accosted him as he was passing from the palace to the church and inquired with a pronounced nasal intonation: "Say, I guess you are the overseer of this edifice?" To which the Bishop lightly replied: "Oh, there is no reason why you should not see over it yourself." On another occasion, on his return from a holiday on the continent, his butler said to him blandly:

"I hope your lordship has benefited by the rest and change", to which his lordship gruffly answered: "I don't know about that; the waiters had the change and the hotel proprietors had the rest. I should have done better if I had stayed at the see."

The close is a sad rather than an interesting sight. The chapter-house has been destroyed, and only a few thirteenth-century wall shafts and the remains of a fifteenth-century lavatory remain to mark the extent and character of the cloisters. At the south-east corner of the minster are the ruined arcades of the infirmary, absorbed, as at Ely, by canons' residences. The palace, a pleasant-looking house, is at the south-west, and is approached from the cathedral by a gate-house. Another gateway opposite leads into the deanery garden and exhibits the rebus of Abbot Kirton. At the north-east corner of the great gateway is the fourteenth-century chancel of the chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Its nave, which was built by Abbot Benedict, was demolished, according to common repute, to provide material for the rebuilding of the parish church. The chancel until recent years was occupied by the King's School, now removed to more spacious premises in King's Road.

The parish church itself will be found in Cowgate, behind the Guildhall. It is a large Perpendicular edifice with a vaulted south porch. It was built in 1402 to replace an older church which stood on low-lying ground to the east of the minster. The parishioners complained that owing to the frequency of the floods it was inaccessible, and they prayed the abbot to allow them to remove it to a more convenient site. If it is true that he not only granted their petition, but allowed them to demolish St. Thomas' Chapel to complete their fabric, the cult of the Canterbury saint which Abbot Benedict had introduced must have fallen at the time into disuetude. The Guild-hall stands in the centre of the market-place, and was practically rebuilt in 1669. It is a picturesque structure mounted on arcades, and its lichen-covered roof is prettily

broken by a gable and some dormer windows. The arched basement is used as a butter market, and above is the Council Chamber and Court-room. The city, though a Parliamentary borough, did not obtain its Charter of Incorporation until 1874, and up till 1790 it was governed by its feoffees. In front of the Guildhall is the High Cross, and behind it is the Corn Exchange. The Public Library and Technical Institute form a group of buildings in Broadway, and in a side street behind is the Museum, which has a modest but singular collection of curiosities. Its chief exhibitions are some cases of models ingeniously constructed by the French prisoners interned in the neighbourhood during the Napoleonic wars. The articles are constructed out of wood and straw, and some out of the bones, it is said, given to them in their rations. Especially noteworthy, however, are the Roman relics brought from Castor. Castor, the Roman Durobrivae, was not only the centre of an extensive villa district, but also one of the principal seats of the manufacture of Romano-British pottery. This Castor ware, though following Celtic models, copies in its decoration the imported Samian ware, but the local potters, instead of impressing their patterns on the clay with a stamp, applied the designs with a tube after the fashion of iced-cake makers.

Peterborough is extensively planted with trees, and there is a pretty park on its northern outskirts. In its modern industrial development it has not lost altogether its earlier rural character, for it is still an important mart for the disposal of agricultural produce. The Petermas and Bridge Fairs held respectively in the summer and autumn, are scenes of lively activity, for the streets are crowded with country folk, and live-stock are driven helter-skelter through the traffic. These fairs are survivals of the ancient fairs held under licence from the abbot, who received the tolls. The Petermas Fair was held in connexion with the feast of the patron saint, and the autumn fair followed the Michaelmas festival.

The Nene, a sluggish, reedy stream, flows along the

south side of the city. To the east it takes a straight course by an artificial channel to the Wash, but on the west it comes meandering down its natural bed. Both up and down the stream it is much used for boating. In the suburb of Fletton, across the modern iron bridge, is a Norman church, and in the adjoining district of Woolston is one which is said to have been founded in Saxon times.

No visit to Peterborough would be complete without an excursion to Castor, four miles away. It occupied a position on Ermine Street, the great north road which ran from London through Lincoln to York. The road to Castor lies along the valley of the Nene, and affords one of the pleasantest rambles in the neighbourhood. It is true that there are now but few traces except some earthworks of the Roman station of Durobrivae at Castor, but there is a most interesting Norman church, and at Milton —half-way—there is a very pretty stretch of river. Castor has an indirect association with Peterborough, for a Saxon monastery was established there as well by SS. Kyniburgha and Kyneswith, the sisters of Peada and Wulfere.

CHAPTER XVII

RIPON

" Oh ! what a scene were here ! " he cried,
" For princely pomp and churchman's pride.
On this broad brow a lordly tower,
In that soft vale a lady's bower,
On yonder meadow far away
The turret of a cloister grey."

Its situation and history—The Minster—The city—The Prebendal houses and hospitals—The spa—Fountains Abbey.

RIPON is situated on the verge of the delightful district of the Yorkshire dales and can justly claim a share in their celebrity. Wood and water have combined to endow it with much of the gentle beauty of the garden of Yorkshire. The city stands well on the crest of a knoll which divides the valleys of the Ure and the Skell. The city is worthy of its setting, for it is a town of engaging gentility and takes an obvious pride in itself. It even keeps its railway station at a respectful though rather inconvenient distance. The visitor's resentment at the length of this approach will be tempered by its pleasantness, for it lies acrosss the many-arched bridge that spans the vale of the Ure. Ripon to-day chiefly flourishes on its varnish and its visitors. Once it concerned itself with the manufacture of woollens, and was famous for the spurs which were as proverbial for their quality as Toledo blades—" as sharp as Rippon spurs ", they could, it was said, " strike through a shilling ". The townsfolk, however, seem to have shrunk from using the spurs " to prick

RIPON MINSTER FROM THE SKELL

the sides of their intent", for both industries eventually languished. Leland complained of the Ripon of his day "that idleness was sore increased, and cloth-making about decayed". Its visitors, like its business, too, have in the course of time changed. As it had since the days of Athelstan possessed the right of sanctuary, it was once the resort of fugitives. By the side of each of its eight main approaches stood a cross to mark the limits of the pale of security—"Yair pees at Ripon, on ilke side ye kirk a mile". To-day Ripon is not a "sanctuary" but a spa, and it is not the vagabond but the valetudinarian who seeks its repose. If the visitor as he leaves the station will turn aside and pass beneath the railway viaduct, and proceed along the Sharrow road instead of crossing the bridge, he will find at the top of a rise the stump of one of these crosses. The diversion will be rewarded by a fine view of the city. But this is, of course, only a hint to the leisured pedestrian. The "man in a hurry" will be more interested in the Jubilee clock-tower beyond the bridge, for there, though he had gained the suburbs, he has not reached the city. Higher up the hill things wear a less modern aspect, and if the visitor before he reaches the market-place peeps down the contracted entrance of All Hallowsgate, he will look upon what is said to have been the outlying residential quarter of old Ripon. It is now a mean street remarkable only for the irregularity of some of its dwellings. The city, in fact, is much more antique in its general arrangement than in its details. The old houses have mostly disappeared, but the quaint ordering of its streets remains. Even the great market-place, though not radically reformed, has been rejuvenated. Most of Ripon's secular history centres in this spacious square. In it the Scottish army encamped and held the citizens up to ransom when, after Bannockburn, Bruce chased Edward II to the gates of York. In it Sir Ninian Markensfield and Sir Roger Norton were executed on the collapse of the northern rebellion of 1572; and in 1643 it was the scene of a scuffle between the

Parliamentary troops and the King's Horse, who drove their opponents from the city. In the centre of the square now stands a huge obelisk, erected in 1781 by William Aislabe, once M.P. for the city and owner of Studley Royal. More interesting but less imposing than the obelisk is the modest black-and-white house at the south-west corner of the market-place with its pretty gables. It dates in part from the thirteenth century and was the official residence of the Wakeman whose duty it was to keep watch and ward in the unwalled city over the property of the citizens. He was a sort of chief constable, and had to patrol the city and arouse the sleeping burghers when their peace was in danger of being disturbed. He was held responsible for any damage that might accrue through his negligence. A blast on a horn at nightfall announced his assumption of office, and this custom of horn-blowing is still continued every evening as a sentimental tribute to the city's ancient traditions. When at the beginning of the seventeenth century the city obtained a Charter of Incorporation the Wakeman's house became the residence of the mayors of Ripon. It now contains an interesting collection of antique odds and ends. The town hall has a more prominent position in the square a few doors higher up. It was built by Wyatt in 1801, and had a classical façade bearing a motto reminiscent of the authority it has superseded—" Except the Lord keep the city, the Wakeman waketh but in vain ".

The minster stands on the brink of the hill at the end of Kirkgate. Its history, which is long and involved, is intimately associated with the zealous and irrepressible Wilfrid. Though its patron saint, he was not really its founder. The earliest Christian pioneers in the district were some monks from Melrose, who built a small timber church here. Of this cell Cuthbert was once hostillar, and here he entertained angels unawares. In the tenth century Ripon was one of the temporary resting-places of his body in its uneasy wanderings. The obstinacy of the Celtic monks in the Easter controversy lost them the favour of

the Northumbrian King, and Wilfrid was appointed abbot. After his consecration to the Northumbrian see he built at Ripon (though perhaps not on the same spot where the Celtic church stood) "a basilica of polished stone", which was consecrated in 670. Wilfrid's minster was destroyed in 948 by King Eadred, and Leland states that shortly afterwards "Odo, Archbishop of Cantewarbyri, cumming ynto the northe partes hod pitie on the desolation of Ripon Church, and began or causid a new work to be edified wher the minstre now is". Odo's church in turn made way for the present fabric, whose earliest stones are attributed to Archbishop Thomas of York (1070–1100).

In spite of its rather huddled appearance, on the whole the cathedral is a dignified building, and its details are full of interest. Like York, whose prelates were its builders, it has a central and two western towers, but the central lantern scarcely rises above the crossing. Nowhere does the church appear to greater advantage than from the banks of the Skell, where,

> O'er the lowly roofs around
> It lifts its grey belfry.

The western façade is stiff and severe, and was the work of Archbishop Walter de Gray (1215–56). It has been rendered tamer by the senseless removal of the tracery which once filled the central lancets. The towers, according to Leland, once carried "pyramids" of lead. In the fifteenth century the fall of its spire necessitated the rebuilding of the south and eastern faces of the central lantern, which are now Perpendicular in character. It will be noticed that the parapet of the north transept (put up possibly in consequence of the Scottish incursions) are pierced with eyelets for the discharge of arrows. The eastern portion of the church stands out very effectively and is chiefly Decorated. The interior is distinctly pleasing and repays close study. The original nave was built by Archbishop Roger (1154–81) and was transitional Norman.

As can be seen from its eastern and western bays, it had no aisles. In the fifteenth century it was reconstructed, and the aisles and arcades were erected. Roger's transepts and the bases of his tower survive, but the eastern arch of the tower was remodelled by the Perpendicular builders, who seem to have contemplated refashioning the western arch. They only succeeded, however, in casing its southern pier, which still remains in its unfinished condition to irritate and perplex the beholder. The choir was built by Archbishop J. Romanus (1286–96) and is very gracefully and successfully treated. Unlike the nave, it has a fully developed triforium and carries a stone vault. The minster is fortunate in preserving both its sedilia and its vigorously executed stall-work, though the screen has been deprived of its statuary. The most curious feature of the church is the rude Anglo-Saxon crypt beneath the central tower. It is a small, barrel-vaulted chamber, and, as bones were found in it, it was possibly the reliquary of Wilfrid's basilica. It is quite unlighted, but one or two niches for candles occur in the walls. The famous aperture, known as St. Wilfrid's needle, is on the north side and communicates with a passage which apparently formed the original entrance to the crypt. It has been made by removing the back from one of the candle niches, and was perhaps intended to light the passage. It has now become a *sors matrimonii*, for popular gossip will have it that spinsters who can pass through the eye of the needle are destined to a speedy marriage. Needless to say, no one essays the feat except those whose hopes in this respect hang on a slender thread. Another peculiarity of the church is the position of the chapter-house and lady chapel. They form a projecting block of buildings adjoining the south side of the choir. The chapter-house has a thirteenth-century vault and arcade, and opens at the east into a Norman apsidal chapel. Below it is an undercroft. Above the chapter-house is the Lady Loft, entered by a stone staircase from the south transept. It is believed to have been erected by Archbishop Thoresby

(1352–74), and is now used as a library. The chapter-house and chapel date from the episcopate of either Archbishop Thomas or Archbishop Thurston (1114–40), but the vault was added a century later. Another early relic is the roughly hewn font bowl beneath the south-west tower. A discarded fifteenth-century pulpitum, said to have been once attached to the screen, is in the north transept. There are some recumbent effigies of the Markenfields in the transept aisles, but the treasured shrine of St. Wilfrid, over whose bones Canterbury and Ripon fiercely disputed, is represented only by the few sculptured fragments which form a curb to the Consistory Court at the west end of the nave. There is a curious altar-tomb in the nave on which are incised the figures of a man and a lion lurking in a grove of trees.

The cathedral has an extensive graveyard but no close, for until the establishment of the bishopric in 1836 it was merely a collegiate church. The deanery, a dignified seventeenth-century house, with an earlier doorway in its garden wall, stands on the north of the minster. To the east rises a large tumulus, topped by a tree. Its origin is problematical. It is supposed to have been thrown up by the Danes during the occupation of the district in the tenth century. On the south the ground falls away sharply to the valley of the Skell, and from below this borrowed height greatly enhances the cathedral's impressiveness. From the farther side of the stream its low towers and high-pitched roof come into such charming grouping with the foliage and surrounding cottages that it forms a picture which is almost worthy of being set alongside those of Durham or Lichfield.

The city itself contains few notable things. Its scale is too small and its planning too artless to need detailed description. Its narrow streets seem to wander aimlessly from the market-place out into the country, but somehow manage eventually to find their way to the principal towns in the neighbourhood. Ripon's most antique features are to be found by descending the steep little

street which leads in front of the minster down to the river. Near the bottom of it, to the south-east of the cathedral, is the Thorpe Prebend House, now transformed into a museum of local antiquities. It is an unpretentious and not very picturesque building, but it is said to have once been one of the sojourning places of Mary of Scots on her journey to Bolton Castle, and to have more than once entertained some English royal visitors. It dates in part from the sixteenth century, and in addition to its collection of curiosities has some panelled chambers worthy of inspection. Near it, in St. Agnesgate, are the ruins of a small fourteenth-century chapel once attached to the hospital of St. Anne founded by one of the Nevilles in the twelfth century. The adjoining almshouses still continue the traditions of the benefaction. There are more than one of these charitable institutions in Ripon. One of them, now completely modernized, is in Skellgate. Another, which has likewise discarded its ancient chapel —the bell of which is in the museum—is at the north-east end of the city not far from the Ure bridge. This chapel, by the way, dates from the thirteenth century and still retains its stone altar slab and one or two other features of antiquarian interest. It may be conveniently inspected on the visitor's return to the station. Just beyond St. Anne's Chapel and opposite the flight of steps which ascend to the minster yard is St. Agnes House—another of the old prebendal residences, which has, however, undergone some alterations. Two bridges in the neighbourhood span the Skell. The ugly iron structure, which has superseded one of Ripon's three ancient bridges, leads to the suburb of Bondgate, associated with the luckless Eugene Aram. The manufacture of roof-trees, one of the old industries of the city, is still carried on in this locality.

Ripon can, however, bring out of its treasures things new as well as old for the entertainment of its visitors. The lighter side of city life will be found at the west end. A little way along Westgate are some prettily-laid-out

public gardens, containing a statue of the late Marquis of Ripon. Here is the pump-room, in virtue of which Ripon proclaims itself a spa. The sulphur water supplied is, however, not a native product, for it is imported from Aldborough, three miles away. At the lower end of the gardens there is a pretty walk back to the city through a delightful dingle, known as Borrage Glen. Those who are fond of a longer ramble will also find some charming scenery along the course of the Ure. Ripon is peculiarly fortunate in its surroundings. Everywhere the Nature-lover can garner " the harvest of a quiet eye " without much trouble.

Ripon may claim not only to have annexed the springs of Aldborough, but to have gathered within its embrace the noble remnants of Fountains Abbey. Though the city has not actually brought the famous ruins into its public gardens, it provides the visitor with plenty of facilities for viewing them. They are well within the compass of even a pedestrian's powers, for they are only three miles away and the ramble is a pleasant one. The ruins, which are amongst the most extensive monastic remains in the Kingdom, are in a situation of great beauty on the banks of the Skell, a mile beyond the entrance to Studley Royal Park. The finest approach to them is through the park from Studley village. The abbey was founded in 1132 by a party of discontented monks from St. Mary's Abbey at York, who were attracted by the austerity of the Cistercian rule. The spot chosen for their settlement was at the time " a dreary waste, thick set with thorns and brambles, fenced in with sloping hills and rugged rocks ; more fit as a lair for wild beasts than for the habitation of man ". The industry of the monks soon transformed it into " a garden of the Lord ". To-day it is still a paradise of " grey stones and unmolested grass "

> Where the rude torrent's brawling course
> Was shagged with thorn and tangled sloe,
> The ashlar buttress braves its force.

The church occupies the centre of the vale, and retains its walls, arcades, and tower. "A ruin, yet what ruin!" A large portion of the domestic building is likewise still left standing on the south side of the minster in a wonderful state of preservation. Nowhere can the arrangements of a mediaeval monastery be better studied, and there are few places where Art and Nature have combined to produce a picture of greater charm. Behind the monastery there is a stately Jacobean mansion built largely out of its stones. Seldom has destruction left behind it so pleasing an apology; and there are few rambles which will disclose within so small a compass such a medley of changing tastes and ideals, or a scene where the beauties of Nature are so inextricably blended with the romance and tragedy of history, as a walk through Studley Park.

CHAPTER XVIII

ROCHESTER

> Oft have I looked round
> With joy in Kent's green vale, but never found
> Myself so satisfied in heart before.

Its character—Dickens' Rochester—The Castle—The Cathedral—Boley Hill—Restoration and Eastgate Houses—Old houses—Fort Pitt—The river.

EXCEPT to those who are interested in shipyards, there is nothing very attractive in the string of towns which border the estuary of the Medway from Strood to Gillingham. A modern visitor's "impression of them will not differ in any material point from that of other travellers who have gone over the same ground". They form a succession of depressing mercantile depots which no one would think of entering except on business. The commodities exposed for sale are perhaps no longer what they were three-quarters of a century ago, "chiefly marine stores, hard-bake, apples, flat fish and oysters", but the dirt which was once "a leading characteristic" still "forms a gratifying indication of their traffic and prosperity". There is little visible distinction between these river-side towns—they merge imperceptibly one into another; Rochester is the only one that exhibits any marked individuality, and Rochester is hard put to it to prevent itself sinking to the same commonplace level as the rest. Though "an ancient city and an ecclesiastical city", it has been ruthlessly modernized. Yet a certain air of ancient dignity still clings to it, and it cherishes a few

antique things as a proof of its pedigree. As a matter of fact it is as old a town as Canterbury. The early history of both was much the same. They both rose on the ruins of Roman stations, and they both alike owed their ecclesiastical dignity to Augustine. Nowadays Rochester is almost as popular a place of pilgrimage as Canterbury used to be, but its pilgrims are of a different kind, and come from a different land on a different errand. It is not to a saint but a man of letters that the modern pilgrims flock to pay homage at Rochester. Rochester is the metropolis of Dickens-land, the Mecca of the faithful followers of the prophet of Gad's Hill. It is not only "the enchanted land of Dickens' boyhood," but "the birthplace of his fancy". It is the old city with which "he wished his name to be more and more connected", and in whose "little cathedral graveyard at the foot of the castle wall he hoped to lie". Visitors (chiefly American) scrutinize its streets to see if it comes up to "the market town" of their *Great Expectations*, and plunge into the dark recesses of its cathedral in the hope of solving the mystery of *Edwin Drood*. But "Time has done business" at Rochester since Dickens was there. It requires almost as much imagination as Dickens himself possessed to see in the busy, noisy Rochester of to-day the "drowsy" Cloisterham whose streets were "so silent that the sun-blinds scarcely dared flap in the wind", or the market town where "the watchmaker was the only man whose business seemed to engage his attention". Even Mr. Pickwick would not have known it. *The Bull*, where Mr. Jingle was entertained with "broiled fowls and mushrooms", and where Mr. Winkle had his disconcerting interview with the irate Dr. Slammer, it is true, survives, but it is no longer the stage-coach which drives in through its archway, and the bridge on which Mr. Pickwick leaned as he waited for his breakfast has been replaced by an enormous iron structure, whilst alongside it, over a still more hideous erection, the London trains go thundering across the Medway. The balustrade of the old bridge,

which was removed in 1856, now flanks the pleasant river-side esplanade, and opposite to it are the ruins of the chapel attached to a still earlier structure.

The two most prominent features of Rochester are its castle and cathedral. Together they summarize the story of the city, and comprise most of what the city has to show. The military station of Durovernum was founded by the Romans to guard the passage of the Medway. The castle occupies one corner of it and the cathedral the other. But a good deal of history was enacted at Rochester between the abandonment of the Roman castrum and the building of the castle and cathedral. The latter are Norman structures, and before the Normans came both Jutes and Danes had settled there. The castle was built to give the city the security which its exposed situation required. Some obscurity hangs over the origin of the stronghold. Gundulf, the first Norman bishop and the creator of the Tower of London, is popularly supposed to have been its builder, but this is not certain. Rufus, it is said, after wresting Rochester from the hands of Odo, insisted on Gundulf's fortifying his domains, and the tower embedded in the walls of the cathedral is his; but he may have contented himself with that, for Henry II was so dissatisfied with the defences that he transferred the custody of the city to Archbishop de Corbeuil. The erection of the present fortress was perhaps the result of the change. It was destined to a stormy existence. In 1141 Stephen got possession of it and imprisoned Robert of Gloucester within its walls. In 1216 John besieged it and captured it, but in the following year it fell into the hands of the Dauphin. In 1264 it successfully resisted the assault of Simon de Montfort, and in the popular revolt of 1381 Wat Tyler made a futile effort to seize it during his march upon London. In recent years it has been rescued from decay and its courts have been turned into a plesaure-ground.

The visitor cannot, of course, expect the castle "to walk from its foundations and to station itself before the

coffee-room window for his inspection". He will have to go to it, and will not need the writer's "fatally precise directions" to find it. It stands out a sufficiently emphatic landmark. It is still very much as Mr. Jingle in his syncopated style described it: "Fine place—glorious pile—frowning walls—tottering arches—dark nooks—crumbling staircases". Its walls were once remarkable for their exuberant display of wild pinks. The pinks are still to be found here and there in its crevices, but it is no longer "bathed though in ruin with a flush of flowers". The ruins consist chiefly of the shell of a large rectangular keep, the walls of which on the river-side rest upon the concrete foundations of the Roman castrum. The entrance was on the first floor, and was protected by a forebuilding. The interior of the fortress is divided vertically by a wall pierced on the second floor, where it crossed the great hall, by arches. The ramparts command a splendid view of the city and its surroundings. Pepys, on his visit to inspect the Chatham fortifications in 1668, had the curiosity to climb the battlements with "three pretty mayds", but the giddy man preferred the company to the prospect. "Lord", he exclaims, "to see what a dreadful thing it is to look down the precipices, for it did fright me mightily, and hinder me of much pleasure which I would have made to myself in the company of these three."

The cathedral is within a bow-shot of the castle to the east. The visitor will not expect to find this also exactly as Mr. Jingle's vivid imagination led him to depict it. There are no "little Saxon doors" or "confessionals like money-takers boxes at theatres", and its "earthy smells" have been dissipated by a succession of restorations. If anything it has been too severely renovated. It has been purged of many things besides earthy odours. It is not, however, Mr. Jingle but Mr. Jasper that we shall expect to find haunting "the old cathedral". He meets us at once, for the precincts are entered by the Chertsey gate-house, a simple archway with a gabled superstructure of timber. There is another timber-mounted gateway near Gundulf's

Tower—the Sextry Gate—and also a third—the Priory Gate—with an upper story of fourteenth-century masonry. "Mr. Jasper's own gate-house", from which "his red light burned steadily," with its groined roofs and rooms of "no describable shape which seemed to have been dug out of its ancient massive walls", and which Mrs. Tope had until the arrival of Mr. Datchery "offered in vain to an unappreciative city" as something "odd and out of the way", must have been sketched with a certain poetic licence, for though the adjoining premises are "venerable, architectural, and inconvenient", they contain only panelled rooms with oak beams.

The "kinfreederel" is a heavy, unsymmetrical edifice with a low central tower and dwarf spire. It lies within a loop of the river, and has rather a hump-backed look. It has shared in the troubled history of its neighbour, and it may be said of it, as of the fabric which it superseded, "No marvaille if the glory of the place were not at any time very great. The means of the bishop and the canons were not large, and the calamitie of fire and sword were in a manner continual." The first church was founded by Augustine's lieutenant, Justus, in 625, and a college of secular canons was subsequently established, but did not flourish. Gundulf, on his arrival in 1077, found the church "wretched, empty, and destitute of all things within and without". Gundulf erected a new cathedral, of which the crumbling tower on the north is a fragment. His fabric was refashioned by Bishop Ernulf (1115–24), and Ernulf's work forms the substance of the present building. The one conspicuous feature of the exterior is the handsome west doorway, which Freeman declared to be the finest Norman doorway in the kingdom. Gazing into the interior was, Mr. Grewgious said, like looking down the throat of old Time, and certainly devouring centuries have swallowed much of Ernulf's as well as of Gundulf's labours. Just after its consecration in 1133 it was damaged by fire. John's troops pillaged it, and the knights of pious de Montfort careered round its altars

on horseback and "filled the church with filth and all uncleanness". The nave is not more engaging than the generality of plain Norman interiors, and no pains have been taken to preserve its uniformity or disguise its incongruities. The Norman arcades carry a Perpendicular clerestory, and abruptly terminate in two rather ugly Decorated bays. The choir and presbytery are Early English, and are far away the most comely and cheerful features of the church. The choir, which contains some of its ancient stalls, is separated from its aisles by solid walls, the remnants of the original choir retained and refaced for wall-paintings, the faded vestiges of which still survive. The lady chapel occupies a peculiar position at the west end of the south transept. The fullness of the monastic treasury at the moment no doubt explains the richer character of the later work. In 1201 the abbey had an unexpected piece of good fortune. A pious baker of Perth, "in charity so abundant that he gave to the poor the tenth loaf of his workmanship, and in zeal so abundant that he promised to visit the places where Christ was conversant on earth", was murdered outside the city on his way to fulfil his pious intention by his servant, a foundling whom he had befriended. The monks buried his corpse in the north choir transept, and he "soon wrought miracles so plentifully" that pilgrims flocked to his tomb in countless numbers, and in 1266 he was canonized. His shrine has disappeared, but a slab is said to mark the site, and the pilgrims have left their footprints on the steps of the north choir-aisle. With one exception the "cold grey tombs of centuries" which the cathedral contains are more singular than beautiful. The tomb of Bishop John de Sheppy (d. 1306), on the north side of the presbytery, owes the fine condition of its sculpture and colouring to the fact that it was concealed until 1825. Gundulf lies on the south of the altar, and on the north is the effigy of Bishop St. Martin (d. 1274), who procured St. William's canonization, and near it is the sarcophagus of Bishop de Glanville (d. 1214), who hailed from the

north, " the region ", his monks declared, " whence cometh all evil ", though it had blown them no ill wind when it sent the Perth baker on his travels. In the north-east transept is a monument to Bishop Walter de Merton (d. 1277), the founder of Merton College, which has undergone a strange transformation. It was originally ornamented with Limoges enamel, but in 1598 it was found in such a state of decay that it was removed and replaced by an alabaster effigy in which the mediaeval prelate is represented as vested in Elizabethan robes. The crypt is one of the most perfect in England, and consists of two Norman bays with a thirteenth-century extension. The " lines of light " which filter in through its windows only intensify " the masses of black shade " in the obscurity of which Jasper and Durdles hid their guilty secret. On the walls are traces of paintings, one of which is " one of the old 'uns with a crook ".

Bishop Hamo de Hythe's (1319–53) elaborately carved doorway in the south-east transept opens into a modern chapter-room, but the ruins of Bishop Ernulf's original chapter-house survive amongst the very few relics of the conventual buildings which stood on the south side of the choir. The cloister doorway is embodied in the wall of the street leading from the Priory Gate. Opposite to it stood the old Episcopal palace, whose last occupant was the martyred Bishop Fisher (1535), who had " the notablest library in England ". South of the close is Minor Canon Row, a dignified rank of old-fashioned brick houses " harmoniously toned by time " where " the china shepherdess " resided with her son, the Reverend Septimus Crisparkle.

On the north side of the cathedral is the church of St. Nicholas, in whose graveyard Dickens wished to be buried. The church was built by the monks in 1423 to satisfy the townsfolk who clamoured to worship in the minster, it retains but few of its original features. South of the castle is the slight eminence of Boley Hill, which had a jurisdiction independent of that of the city, a relic

possibly of the time when it was the settlement of a Danish community. The " black pagans " were fond of raiding the banks of the Medway, and Pepys declared that in 1661 the cathedral doors were still " covered with the skins of Danes ". On the top of Boley Hill is Satis House, once the mansion of Master Richard Watts who founded the modest little hospital for " poor travellers other than rogues and proctors " in High Street. The house is said to derive its name from the single word in which Queen Elizabeth expressed her gratification at the entertainment which the merchant provided for her on her first visit to the city. At St. Margaret's Church, in the adjoining suburb, Dr. Johnson witnessed a Freemason's funeral, and was for the first time in his life " affected by musical sounds " when he heard some French horns. How was he affected, one wonders, by the weird skirl of Scotch pipes. The churchyard commands a fine view of the river.

On leaving Boley Hill the fervid Dickensian will, of course, make his way across the Vines—" the Monks' Vineyard " of *Edwin Drood*. At the eastern end of the green, almost facing " the elm-trees near the cathedral " where " Rosa raised her face to Edwin's " for the last time, is Restoration House, a picturesque Tudor manor house " of old red brick set in a courtyard ", where Charles II passed a night on his return to his throne in 1660. But it has a greater claim to distinction on " the dismal abode " of the heart-broken Miss Havisham, into whose sombre recesses Pip was admitted by the scornful Estella when he came " to play ".

Though historically and in point of importance the castle and cathedral came first, geographically in a progress from the station they come last. The visitor will have to traverse the length of High Street to reach them, and in the course of his pilgrimage he will almost at once come across some more of the stage properties of *Edwin Drood*. The first is the noble Eastgate House which as a seminary for young ladies appears both as the Nuns' House of Miss Twinkleton, and the Westgate House of

Miss Tomkins in the garden of which Mr. Pickwick had his ridiculous adventure. This "venerable brick edifice", which dates from 1590, has now been converted into an interesting public museum, and has also as an educational companion a Technical Institute. High Street has still further "deteriorated" through other things besides "a partiality for light and air". The old gabled dwellings with "their beams and timbers carved into strange faces" are now few, but two specimens still remain near the Museum. One is the rough fourteenth-century hostelry, now a curiosity shop, and the other is Mr. Sapsea's house, "over against the Nuns' House", which likewise did duty as "the peppercorney and faranaceous premises" of Mr. Pumblechook, dating from 1684. Turning aside for a moment from fiction to history, the visitor will find a fine section of the old city wall and its bastion at the bottom of Free School Lane, in which is Williamson's Mathematical School founded in 1701. In Eagle Court is a fragment not only of the city wall but of its Roman predecessor. Round Watts' Hospital opposite Dickens wove his story of "the seven poor travellers". The Gordon Hotel is an old Jacobean mansion, and from Sir Richard Head's house (now a bank) James II escaped by a back door to a lighter in the river on his flight to France. The *King's Head* and the *George* occupy the sites of ancient inns, the latter preserves a crypt. "The queer old clock" of the Corn Exchange still projects over the pavement, and near it with its cupola and weathervane is the Guildhall, a stately structure, said to have been designed by Wren, but which Dickens described as "a mean little heap of bricks like a chapel gone demented", whose "pews higher than those of a church" so unpleasantly impressed poor Pip. Opposite is the *Bull*, which, like the Guildhall, has memories of Hogarth as well as Dickens. Along with four companions, the painter partook of a dinner which would have evoked the envy of even the Pickwick Club, and which makes Mr. Jingle's entertainment at the same establishment seem meagre.

It consisted of "a dish of soles and flounders with crab sauce, a calf's head stuffed and roasted, the liver fried and its appurtenances minced, a leg of mutton roasted, and well-dressed green peas with good small beer and excellent port". By way of a digestive to the Gargantuan feast the diners played hop-scotch under the colonnades of the Guildhall, and then "walked to Chatham, bought shrimps and ate them".

On his return to the station the visitor should ascend Star Hill to Fort Pitt, one of the series of obsolete fortifications constructed for the defence of the estuary during the early years of last century. It is scarcely so secluded a place as it was when Dr. Slammer assured the disconcerted Mr. Winkle that their little "affair could be conducted there without fear of interruption". It is now a public recreation ground, and commands an extensive and impressive prospect of the river and the neighbourhood. In front, to the north, stretches "the dark flat wilderness" of marshes, with its fringe of cement works, round which the river twines itself; on the right are the masts of the shipping and the forest of tall chimneys springing from the dockyard; whilst on the left beyond the roofs of the city "the bright flowing Medway" comes "rolling onwards with a sweepy sway" down the smiling valley which it has scooped for itself amongst the chalk downs. It is a rich and varied panorama, full of strange but softened contrasts, but not perhaps quite so fascinating or so intimate as the view which Mr. Pickwick contemplated, from the parapet of the bridge, of the stark ruins of the castle, the swirling tide, and the distant pastures and cornfields. To behold it is to realize how vivid and versatile an artist Rochester had for its interpreter.

CHAPTER XIX

ST. ALBANS

When Verulam stood
St. Albans was a wood;
Now Verulam is down
St. Albans is a town.

The foundation of the Abbey—The Cathedral—Verulam—Lord Bacon—The city and its buildings—The battles of St. Albans—Sopwell Nunnery.

ST. ALBANS may be considered a prospective if not an actual suburb of London. Already an advance-guard of business people occupy it, and the metropolis is slowly but surely stretching out its greedy tentacles towards it to embrace and absorb it. As yet, however, a good many vacant and verdant miles stretch between it and its ultimate destiny, and it still makes a sufficient show of retirement to entitle it to call itself a country town; though there is nothing pronouncedly picturesque in its situation, its surroundings are diversified. It stands on an elevated plateau above the valley of the Ver, and is a pleasant and healthy place. Its episcopal traditions go no further back than 1877, when it was made a bishopric; but no city has a longer ecclesiastical pedigree, and in spite of its recent improvements it has not quite lost a look of venerableness. Its history is, in a way, unique, for it is a link between the Christianity of Roman days and that of the Middle Ages. Other cities have had their saints and martyrs, but these with few exceptions have been incidental to their story. The history of St. Albans begins with its martyr, and with the very first of "the

noble company " whose blood has been the seed from which much of our mediaeval Christianity sprang. The story of its foundation, as told by Matthew Paris, has many legendary accretions, but it has probably some basis of fact. It is to the effect that in 303 Alban, a Roman soldier, was put to death for shielding and embracing the faith of a Christian deacon, Amphibolus, during the Diocletian persecution. In the eighth century King Offa of Mercia, as a penance for his many sins, undertook to search for the scene of the martyrdom, and not only found it but recovered the martyr's remains. He thereupon built a monastery on the spot. Possibly Offa did nothing more than endow and rebuild an existing monastery. But whatever may have been its origin, the abbey became the premier monastery in England. It is its minster that serves as the cathedral to-day.

The church has many claims to distinction. Its origin, its size, its screen, its Roman brickwork, and even the ruthlessness of its restoration are all duly insisted on, but attention is seldom drawn to one particular in which it excels. It stands on higher ground than any other cathedral in England—320 feet above sea-level. The fact, however, does not advertise itself, for the church seems to stand merely on a slight knoll on the western side of the city. In one other respect its outward appearance is misleading. Though there is no doubt about its elevation, there is a slight popular misconception about its length. No other cathedral looks so inordinately long, yet Winchester is really 6 feet longer. It is the length of its nave—284 feet—which is so prodigious ; and in this respect it is *facile princeps*. Even in its palmy days the abbey could never have been anything more than what Evelyn called " a dull, heavy, monkish pile without any just proportion or beauty ", but it was at least an historic monument. As it is now, it is a huge characterless thing of a singularly mottled aspect, due to the quantity of Roman bricks in its walls ; the tower is almost entirely built of them. The transepts have been

reconstructed on entirely fanciful lines, and the west front is new. The mediaeval builders contemplated a fine façade but never got beyond the doorway, which is incorporated in the present unmeaning structure. No cathedral in England has been so entirely the plaything of architectural innovators. The restorer has always been at work upon it, introducing his own pet fancies. Nowhere else is exhibited such a complete disregard for uniformity. It is a "thing of shreds and patches", of the highest antiquarian interest indeed, but, except in its details, absolutely devoid of beauty. The building was first erected as a church of the usual Norman type by Abbot Paul de Caen in 1077. It was built largely of Roman bricks in a singularly primitive and uncouth style, and six of the original bays still remain on the north side. The first abrupt change was effected by Abbot John de Cella, who in 1193 pulled down the west end, but erected in its stead nothing but the western doorway. His successor, W. de Trumpington, in 1220 had the task of filling up the space which his predecessor had left, and this he did by erecting the four northern and five southern Early English bays. In 1323 two of the Norman bays on the south collapsed, and Abbots de Eversden and Mentmore took down the south side as far as the screen and rebuilt it in the Decorated style. The result is that this stark Norman interior breaks out into florid patches, as if it were intended to be an architectural museum. To complete this exhibit of architectural fashions, the pre-Conquest balusters of a previous church have been preserved in the triforium of the south aisle. Like Norwich, the abbey still retains the primitive arrangement of its choir. The rood-screen stands two bays forwards in the nave; the screen itself dates from the fourteenth century, but the stalls are modern. A fragment of the rood beam still adheres to the face of one of the piers. The Presbytery is Early English, and was rebuilt by Abbots de Hertford and Norton. It is terminated at the east by the great screen, the glory of the abbey, projected by Abbot Wheat-

hampstead, but erected by Abbot Wallingford in 1484. All the statuary upon it is modern. Except for its gruesome altar-piece it is very handsome, and in design closely resembles that at Winchester. On each side of the altar is a chantry chapel full of delicate details. The one on the north is Abbot Ramryge's, and the other on the south Abbot Wheathampstead's. On the floor of the latter is the large Flemish brass of Abbot de la Mare. Behind the altar is the feretory containing the shrine of St. Alban. The reliquary itself has, of course, disappeared, but the pedestal which supported it has been pieced together in a most marvellous fashion out of more than two thousand gathered fragments. On the upper portions of it are sculptured scenes in the story of the martyrdom, and in its base are apertures for the insertion of diseased limbs. It is of fourteenth-century workmanship, and was erected by Abbot de Marynis. On the north side of the chapel is a watching chamber somewhat similar to the one at Oxford. On the south side is a fine thirteenth-century iron grille, and above it the monument of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, which cost the abbey over £400. "The good Duke Humphrey" died mysteriously at St. Edmundsbury in 1447, and it was reported, probably without truth,

> That he traitorously was murdered
> By Suffold and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.

He was a great book collector and a patron of the abbey. In Shakespeare's *King Henry VI* he is represented as exposing a "lying knave" who pretended that though blind from birth he had received his sight at St. Alban's shrine, by the device of getting him to identify colours. "If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightest as well have known all our names as thus to name all the several colours we do wear." Some fragments of the shrine of St. Amphibolus are in the adjoining aisle. At the east end of the church is the lady chapel, built in the fourteenth century by Abbot de Eversden. For three cen-

turies after the dissolution of the abbey it was used as a schoolroom, much to the mutilation of its sculpture, and a public passage was driven through the building. The boys have now been banished to the gate-house and the right-of-way closed. On the piers of the nave are some frescoes and an inscription to Sir J. de Mandeville, the traveller, about whose existence there is some doubt; and there are the tombs of two other supposititious persons, Roger and Sigar, two local hermits of the time of Stephen, the latter of whom is said to have banished the nightingales from Northaw wood because they disturbed his devotions. Some excellent panelling, the foundations of the cloisters, and the great gate-house, built in 1363, to the west of the cathedral, are all that now remains of the abbey's extensive domestic buildings.

Though it had precedence of all the other abbeys in England, St. Albans had a rather unfortunate history. Its huge revenues were insufficient to cover its expenses, and it was heavily taxed and badly managed. It was always in financial difficulties, always at variance with the townsfolk, and sometimes drawn into political squabbles. Abbot J. Moot was the implacable enemy of Richard II, and was one of the few witnesses of his secret burial. In 1381 Wat Tyler with a mob at his heels broke into the abbey, and after trying to force from the abbot a charter of popular rights, threw the abbey court rolls into the flames. In the Wars of the Roses the abbey was spared by the Yorkists, but plundered by the Lancastrians, Queen Margaret herself carrying off its most valuable jewel. The abbey was renowned for its orthodoxy, and narrowly missed the honour of having trained the only English Pope. Nicholas Breakspeare, who was born of humble parentage at Abbots Langley, craved admission within its walls, but was rejected, it is said, for his want of learning, and the monks had the mortification of seeing him elected Pope in 1154, as Adrian IV. In 1414, however, the district became a hotbed of Lollardy, and three years afterwards Sir J. Oldcastle was discovered in hiding near

the city. But the chief glory of the abbey was its school of chroniclers. Matthew Paris, Thomas of Walsingham, Matthew of Westminster, and Roger Wendover were amongst its scribes, and one of the earliest printing-presses in England was set up within its gate-house before 1480.

After inspecting the cathedral the visitor should proceed to the site of the Roman city of Verulam, not only because it lies near at hand, but also because of its close connexion with the abbey's origin, and because it furnished much of the material out of which the fabric was constructed. What remains of the city lies to the south-west of the abbey, and is reached by a lane leading down to the little Ver brook. By the side of the streamlet is an old half-timbered octagonal house, known as the Fighting Cocks on account of its former connexion with this amusement. It stands on the foundations of the abbey fish-house and has a quaint interior. A footbridge across the brook gives upon the old Roman causeway, running through the marsh which the monks converted into fish-ponds but subsequently drained. Upon the sloping edge of this marsh the Roman city stood. It is supposed to have occupied the site of a British encampment, upon the embankments of which its walls were reared. Julius Cæsar is said to have captured this British stronghold in 54 B.C., but the Roman city of Verulam was not founded until the campaign of Aulus Plautius in A.D. 43 put Britain finally into the possession of the Romans. The Roman city itself was in turn stormed and destroyed in the revolt of the Iceni under Boudicca in 61, but it was rebuilt and became a municipium. In size and form it is said to have resembled Pompeii, and was in all probability like it a purely residential city. It stood on Watling Street, the Roman road to Chester, and was doubtless a country town to which Roman officials resorted. It has never so far been systematically excavated, but several relics have from time to time been unearthed on its site. The walls form roughly a semicircle, with the river as an arc, and several dilapidated sections both of walling and

embankments are standing. The wall is well seen in the leafy lane leading up the hill-side from the causeway, and from the site itself a good view of the abbey can be obtained. Almost in the centre of the enclosure, standing in ironic contrast to this departed civilization, is the little church of St. Michael, a suggestive symbol of the institution which superseded the empire that tried to destroy it, and rose to power on its ruins. The church has a modern tower, but is itself of much antiquarian interest. Amongst other things it has a good Jacobean pulpit with an hour-glass stand; but its most remarkable feature is the fatuous monument of Francis Bacon—"large browed Verulam"—in the chancel. He is represented as reclining in lackadaisical fashion in a chair with his hat on. What a theme for moralists is here. The great philosopher—"the first of those who know"—"whose even threads of life the fates spun round and full out of their choicest and whitest wool", resting in the sombre shade of this little church overshadowed by deep disgrace; his works immortalized, his character despised. "I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I am very guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defence", was the only answer he could give to his accusers. "My name and memory", he said, "I leave to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations and to future ages." Yet though stripped of honour and dismissed from the service of the State he devoted himself with unabated assiduity to the advancement of learning. It was in an attempt to ascertain the effects of cold in arresting putrefaction that he stopped his coach one snowy night and caught the chill which sent him to his grave. He was buried here at his own request. His home at Gorhambury, two miles away, lies in ruins; and as if to testify to the vanity of all human greatness its portals still bear medallions of the Cæsars.

> Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
> Athirst for wealth and burning to be great;
> Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call:
> They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.

The visitor can find his way back from the church to the city by crossing the bridge into Fishpool Street. Halfway up is St. Michael's Manor House. Ascending the hill known as Romeland, the road passes to the north of the abbey toward the centre of the city. The triangular ground on the right was the scene of the execution of George Tankerville, a baker of the city who in 1555 was burnt at the stake for heresy. In George Street—a thoroughfare abounding in old houses—is the George Inn, once the abbey guest-house. It dates from 1401, and contains some panelled chambers. Another memorial of the abbey's departed greatness is a house at the entrance of the cloisters. It stands upon the site of the Waxhouse Gate of the monastery where the tapers were made, and is said to have been built by Wren's master mason.

In spite of its modernity the city has a pleasant sprinkling of old-fashioned things and an antique core. High Street has largely lost its ancientry, but at the entrance of the market-place is the fifteenth-century clock-tower with a curfew bell, which still bears its Latin inscription: "Sent from realms ethereal, I bear the name of Gabriel". The summit of the tower commands a fine view of the city. The drinking-fountain in front marks the site of "the verie statelie" cross erected where the funeral cortège of Queen Eleanor rested on its way to Westminster. At the other end of the islet which splits the stream of traffic is a picturesque old house dating from 1637. Round the clock-tower are assembled some of the most curious and interesting features of the city. On its western side is the quaint and narrow French Row, which derives its name both from its occupation by the French troops in 1216 and from the circumstance that King John of France was detained in temporary custody here in 1356. It contains two picturesque specimens of the many old hostelries in which the city abounded, the *Fleur de Lys* and the *Old Christopher*. Chequers Street, on the eastern side, was likewise famous for its inns. At the *White Hart* established in 1548, Lord Lovat stayed on his way to his

THE CLOCK TOWER, ST. ALBANS

CITY OF WESTMINSTER

trial in 1747, and had his portrait painted by Hogarth. At the corner of Dagnall Street is the ancient Moot Hall, and opposite to it is the town hall, a classical building erected in 1829, when its predecessor had fallen into disrepair. At the corner of Spencer Street is a degraded Tudor mansion once belonging to Lady Alicia Jennings. Not merely local but national history has been enacted in this tangle of ancient streets, for it opens out into the broad thoroughfare of St. Peter's Street, which twice over has had the fortune or misfortune of being the scene of a famous battle.

> Saint Albans' battle won by famous York
> Shall be eternalized in all age to come.

In each case the actors were the same, for it was a Battle of the Roses, and the result was the same, a complete rout; but the rôle was changed. In 1455 Warwick "the kingmaker" was the victor; in 1461 he was the vanquished. The cause which brought about the result was likewise much the same, viz. a sudden attack made from an unexpected quarter. In the first battle the King held the city; Warwick's troops forced the barriers and, suddenly falling upon the Lancastrians in St. Peter's Street, completely defeated them. The King was wounded and captured by his foes. The Duke of Somerset, the Red Rose commander, who had been warned by a soothsayer "to beware of a castle", was killed in front of the Castle Inn.

> So, lie there—
> For underneath an alehouse paltry sign,
> The Castle of St. Alban's, Somerset
> Hath made the wizzard famous in his death.

On the second occasion Warwick attempted to bar the advance of Queen Margaret upon London by throwing his army across her path at St. Albans. This time the Yorkists were taken by surprise, for the Lancastrians, finding it impossible to force their way down St. Peter's

Street, suddenly altered their tactics and, turning round unexpectedly, attacked Warwick's main position on Bernard's Heath to the north of the city, and threw his army into disorder. As Margaret reminded the "long-tongued" Warwick, "When you and I met at St. Alban's last your legs did better service than your hands". The unfortunate king was recaptured, and after the fight the queen's motley and undisciplined army ran amok in the city and ravaged the houses of the citizens. St. Peter's Church, at the bottom of the street, is a large building chiefly Perpendicular in style, but much altered and restored. It contains some Flemish glass, and a monument to Edward Strong, Wren's master mason. Near the church are Pemberton's almshouses, founded in 1629. Half a mile beyond St. Peter's Church, on the Luton road, is Bernard's Heath, the scene of Warwick's discomfiture, but it retains little of its native wildness, and seems as guiltless now of historic and tragic happenings as St. Peter's Street. On the east of the city, at the bottom of Hatfield road, is another open space, Clarence Park, the city's prettily ordered recreation ground. But the visitor who desires to complete his survey of the more historic features of the city should retrace his steps through the central thoroughfare to Sopwell Lane. At the corner of the lane is a queer old house, and almost immediately opposite is a singularly composite edifice, Ivy House, the explanation of whose incongruities no one seems to know. There is nothing odd about the house externally, but beneath it are some massive foundations partly constructed by Roman bricks. Near it once stood Holywell House, the residence occupied by the great Duke of Marlborough before he removed to Blenheim. The mansion was demolished in 1837. On the eastern side of the road, a little lower down, is a stone in a field covering a holy well, which in primitive times had a great reputation for its healing virtues. Lying near the river, at the bottom of the valley on the south-eastern outskirts of the city, are the remnants of Sopwell Nunnery, founded in 1140. It is one of the places popularly associated with the secret

marriage of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, but the actual circumstances of the ceremony are not known. After the dissolution of the house, the buildings were converted by Sir R. Lee into a residence. It is now an ivy-mantled but not very picturesque heap of ruins. By crossing the fields from the nunnery and climbing St. Stephen's Hill, the visitor will reach St. Stephen's Church, the third of the churches founded by Abbot Ulsinus in 948. It was rebuilt in the fifteenth century, but preserves a Norman arch. It has a curious wooden belfry, and contains a fine sixteenth-century lectern brought by Sir R. Lee from Scotland. Roman remains have been found in the churchyard, and in the wall is a Roman milestone. Watling Street passed across the hill and descended to Verulam, but the monks of St. Albans are alleged to have deliberately diverted the road in order that they might profit by the tolls which they could impose upon merchandise passing through the city.

CHAPTER XX

SALISBURY

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend.
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend.
Who can forsake thy walls and not admire
The proud cathedral and the lofty spire.

Its origin—The Cathedral—The Close—The Poultry Cross and market-place—The city—Old Sarum—Bemerton.

SALISBURY is as much a city of waters as Wells, but in a different way. Here there is no bubbling up of springs from stony hills, but a series of languid streams threading their way through low pasture lands. The whimsical pedantry of Fuller put into popular circulation the phrase " the English Venice ". He borrowed it from an epitaph on a Mr. Hill who " was born in the English Venice and did die in the Italian Salisbury ". It was a far-fetched conceit anyway. What resemblance this city of green meadows bears to the " queen of the Adriatic " it would be difficult to say, except perhaps that it is occasionally waterlogged. Salisbury is not so destitute of attractions or so devoid of individuality as to need clothing in the favours of a very different place. Oliver Wendel Holmes spoke of it as " the apple of the eye of England ", and Coulon, the French Jesuit, declared it to be " one of the most beautiful cities in the world ". The visitor who declines to indulge in these superlatives will at least allow that it is a clean and comely city. It is laid out with a trans-Atlantic regularity very unusual in cathedral cities. This chequer-board arrangement is a proof that town-

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL FROM THE RIVER

planning was practised in the Middle Ages whenever the authorities had a free hand and an unencumbered site. There was nothing fortuitous in the formation of Salisbury. It did not grow, it was transplanted. Its creators were able to place it on a virgin site untrammelled by the crabbed traditions and uncomfortable legacy of former years. From the first it was an ecclesiastical city, pure and simple, and its origin reversed all precedents. The early Norman prelates had a fancy for seeking the shelter of walled cities, and frequently removed their seats from the country to the town. It was left to Bishop Richard Poore to transfer his cathedral from the town to the open country. His predecessors had shared the customary episcopal liking for security, and had built their church on the fortified heights of Old Sarum in close proximity to the castle. But the position had its disadvantages. It was destitute of water, and the clatter of the winds drowned the chants of the choristers. These inconveniences were, however, only the trifles which filled the cup of the bishops' discontent to overflowing. The real cause of the bishops' dissatisfaction was the constant friction between the military and the ecclesiastical authorities. The fortress became a prison-house. The quarrel culminated in an act of insolence on the part of the soldiery. One bleak and windy night during Rogation-tide, when the clergy were returning from their procession, they were shut out from their cloisters by the castellan. "What has the Lord's House to do with castles?" cried Peter de Blois. "In God's name let us descend to the plain." Complaints were made to Pope Honorius, and leave was eventually obtained by Bishop Richard Poore to "seek fresh fields and pastures new". The old cathedral was abandoned and "in the yeare of grace twelt hundred and to and twenty" the "verste stone" of a new building was laid in "the vaire place" where it still stands. The site of the new edifice must, however, have been chosen in desperation. No position could have been less adapted for the erection of so great a church as was contemplated. It was a patch of swampy ground at the

confluence of the four streams which unite to join the Hampshire Avon. Water was at any rate here in abundance. "Salisbury", said Bishop Douglas, "is the sink of Wiltshire, and the Close is the sink of Salisbury". Some apology was deemed necessary in after years for the selection of so unsuitable a spot. But the apology has not always taken a consistent form. It is said by some that the place was revealed in a vision to Bishop Poore by the Virgin, to whom the church was to be dedicated. It was to be Mary's Church in Mary's Field. Others declared that the site was determined by the flight of an arrow—a *sors divina*—discharged from the ramparts of the castle. But the probable explanation is that the bishop, failing to obtain a more convenient situation, had to build the church on the "mere", or boundary, of his own domain. The foundations were said to have been "laid on wool packs", which might well be the case if the sheep which browsed on the downs were made to furnish the fabric fund.

Whatever inspiration the builders lacked when they chose their site was granted to them in fullest measure when they came to design their church. Its architect is said to have been Elias of Dyrham. Fuller said that "the most curious and cavilling eye can discern nothing lacking in this building but an ascent". Evelyn described it as "the completest Gothic church in Europe", and Pepys protested that it was "handsomer than Westminster". It may be doubted whether artistically it would have gained anything by being placed on a higher platform than it occupies. Rising from this "land of streams", it presents a very perfect picture as it is. Its soaring spire redeems the flatness of its situation. The cathedral has always been a favourite subject with painters. Constable made many studies of it, and Mr. Pecksniff's pupils were accustomed to make "elevations of it from every possible point of sight". When the beauty of the view it presents from the Bemerton water meadows was pointed out to Norris, the Platonic rector, he replied with unphilosophic despondency, "Alas! it is the only

prospect I have in life ". Its most alluring aspect is from the opposite bank of the river.

The visitor should inspect the cathedral first, and should proceed to it from the station by a lane leading southwards from Fisherton Street, for by so doing he will pass in Crane Street the Church House near the bridge. It is a fine fifteenth-century building, and was once the home of John Webbe, a wealthy wool-stapler, who on one occasion entertained Henry VII. Turning into the High Street and passing under the embellished gateway, the visitor will enter the close. Just inside the gateway is the charmingly designed Matron's College, dating from the seventeenth century. The cathedral is splendidly displayed. Few other buildings stand so generously free from their surroundings. Its green measures half a square-mile in area. The view from all sides is unobstructed, and it is worthy of this exposure, for the exterior is a great architectural achievement. Its almost classical symmetry, however, leaves some people cold. Highbrows have sneered at it as " faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null ". Motley deemed it " too neat ", some have even ventured to call it " banal ". The truth is that it has the defects of its qualities. One cannot have stateliness and eccentricity. If it is architecturally uninteresting, it is because it has no peculiarities. Wyatt purged it of its incongruities when he destroyed the Beauchamp and Hungerford chantries. But it has the high intellectual interest of a fine theme finely worked out.

> No single parts unequally surprise,
> All comes united to th' admiring eyes.

It seems conventional just because it set the mode. It is the typical Gothic church of popular imagination. Like some striking and original phrase, it has become trite through too frequent quotation. Its one glaring defect is the " false front ", which serves as its façade, for it is a mere jumble of ill-judged decoration, " simplicity tortured by art ". Curiously enough the tower and spire, which

are the crowning glory of the building and which even Leland admired as a "noble and memorable piece of work", were an afterthought; they are the only Decorated features of the church. The steeple which rises to a height of 404 feet was daringly added in 1300 in defiance of all prudential considerations. Though it has fallen some 30 inches out of the perpendicular, and still causes occasional misgivings, yet time has justified the audacity of the enterprise. Its designer is said to have been Robert de Farley, a Wiltshire man. The scaffolding by which it was constructed still remains within it, and in 1741 it was set on fire by lightning, but the flames were extinguished before any mischief was done. During the subsequent repairs the capstone was found to contain a small leaden box enclosing a supposed relic of the Virgin. In days gone by it was a favourite frolic during the Whitsun fair to climb the steeple, and when George III visited the city a lad stood on his head on the top. The king anticipated a modern maxim and sensibly refused to reward his temerity on the ground that it was a monarch's business to secure the safety of his subjects and not to encourage their rashness.

The interior of the cathedral perhaps scarcely fulfils the high promise of the exterior. The monotonous regularity of the design, the polish of its multitudinous Purbeck shafts, and the glare of its colourless windows render it rather cold and lifeless, whilst its emphatic division into separate stories impairs the impression of coherence. With Wyatt's pitiless parade of monuments beneath its arches, it has the appearance of a stately marble mausoleum. The curious plinth on which the tombs now stand is merely a device which the builders adopted to distribute the weight of the fabric more evenly over the faulty foundations. There is a similar bench table running round the aisle walls. Salisbury and Exeter have been set together as the two most symmetrical and uniform of our cathedrals, but in all other respects they offer a marked contrast. "Exeter", says Dean Stanley, "is all glorious

within, and Salisbury all glorious without", but the comparison may be carried farther. There is a comfortable feeling of warmth and cosiness about Exeter which is in marked contradistinction to the chill severity of Salisbury. Exeter, though dominated by a single idea, was the work of several generations, Salisbury of only two. Exeter interests us by its details, Salisbury impresses us by its outline. The plan of Salisbury is a double cross with single-aisled transepts and an eastern lady chapel. The latter, with "its cluster'd shafts so trim", looks bare and exiguous, though it has several beautiful details, and is the earliest part of the church. Traceried stays are thrown across the transepts to give additional support to the tower. Fuller, who was once a prebendary of the cathedral, called it an "architectural almanack", for, he said, "it hath as many marble pillars as there be hours in the year, the doors and chappells equal the months, and the windows the days". The cathedral was commenced in 1220 by Bishop Richard Poore and finished in 1258 by Bishop Giles of Bridport. The stone was brought from the neighbouring quarries of Chilmark, and the detached marble shafts which are so lavishly employed came from Portland. Except for the destruction of its glass, the cathedral suffered but little from Puritan iconoclasm. It fortunately had friends in high places, but their names were never allowed to transpire. Instead of destroying it, workmen were engaged to keep it in repair, and they refused to divulge the names of their employers. "Our masters", they said, "will see that we be paid; trouble not yourself as to who they be". Unfortunately the fabric subsequently fell into the hands of less discreet friends. In 1759 Wyatt set to work to renovate the cathedral. His instructions were elastic, but he exceeded even their limits. "His activity was demoniacal, he swept away screens and porches, disfigured the lady chapel, levelled the bell-tower on the north side of the graveyard, destroyed the tombs of nobles and churchmen, and carted loads of painted glass to the city

ditch." A Salisbury glazier light-heartedly informed a London customer that he might have as much glass as he liked for the asking. "I have sent you", he wrote, "a box full of painted glass, it is the best I can get at present. But I expect to beate to peceais a great deal more very sune, as it his of no use to me. If you want more you can have what there is, if it will pay for taking out, as it is a deal of trouble to what beating it to peceais is." The tombs which Wyatt did not destroy or "mislay" he rearranged with a splendid disregard for the congruity of their details. The effigies were jumbled up and then distributed with contemptuous indifference to the pedestals which belonged to them. The monument which chiefly attracts attention is that of the "Boy Bishop" on the north side of the nave. It represents a boyish figure habited in full episcopal vestments, and though explained by some as the memorial of "a heart interment" it is just as likely to be a memento of the mediaeval frolic of electing a mock bishop from amongst the juvenile choristers, who if he died in his year of office was, it is said, entitled to be buried in his robes. Under the south nave arcade is the extraordinary monument of Lord Stourton, the best service to whose memory would have been to forget it, for he was hung "with a silken cord" in the market-place in 1556 for the murder of his steward. There are a number of other extremely interesting but less sensational monuments in different parts of the building, and two fine chantries in the presbytery. The military effigies in the nave—the most notable of which is that of William Longespée, fair Rosamond's son—afford fine illustrations of the development of mediaeval armour. Of the ecclesiastics the most remarkable tomb is that of Bishop Giles of Bridport in the south-east transept, on which are depicted events in the bishop's life. Somewhere beneath the flagstones of the church are the remains of the Countess of Pembroke, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother", for whom Ben Jonson wrote an epitaph, and to "the lovely April of whose prime" Shakespeare makes complimentary

reference in his sonnets. There is a large cloister garth on the south side of the nave, with a chapter-house projecting from the east walk. These external buildings were commenced by Bishop Walter de la Wyle in 1264 and were finished twelve years later. Leland spoke of the cloisters as "the largest and most magnificent in Britain". They are certainly stately on account of their uniformity, but the tracery is a little staring. The chapter-house is a very fine chamber, and has some interesting sculpture above its arcading.

In 1326 the canons obtained a licence from Edward III to wall in the close and to obtain material for the purpose from Old Sarum. The walls and three gateways are still standing. Ranged round the green are several dignified and interesting buildings, all in quiet harmony with the cathedral. Facing the west front of the cathedral is a remarkable group: Mompesson House, the quaint fifteenth-century Wardrobe, the stately Deanery, and the beautiful fourteenth-century King's House, once the lodging-place of the monarchs who visited the city and where Richard III is said to have stayed before he marched northwards to his doom on Bosworth field. In fiction it plays a part in Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*. Leden Hall in its original state is said to have been the home of Elias of Dyrham. On the north-west corner of the green itself there once stood a bulky and detached bell-tower which Wyatt ruthlessly demolished. To the south-east of the cathedral is the bishop's palace, a large and rambling pile of buildings containing a fifteenth-century dining hall. On the south side of the close the visitor will pass under the Harnham Gate, of which only the archway now remains. At the corner of the road beyond the gate is St. Nicholas Hospital—"Hiram's Hospital" of *The Warden*—founded in 1227 by Ela, the widow of William Longespée. It forms three sides of a quadrangle with "gabled ends and old brick chimneys", but retains only a portion of the original structure. On the islet in the middle of the river, which the bridge links with the city, once stood the

chapel of St. John. From the top of the hill across the bridge "a footpath leads by a rustic bridge over the meadows to the other side of the cathedral" and forms a very popular ramble "round Watery Harnham". But this is a digression. Fielding, whose grandfather was a canon of the cathedral, lived for a while in a house on the south side of the close, but removed later to a still existing house in St. Anne's Street. Not satisfied with this, he migrated to Milford Hill. It was in the house at Milford that he commenced *Tom Jones*. His first wife, Miss Craddock, was a Salisbury beauty, and is said to have "sat for the portrait" of Sophia Western. Coleridge declared that "no one could rise from the perusal of *Tom Jones* without feeling a better man". To the east of St. Nicholas Hospital a short but pleasant walk extends along the riverside. Proceeding, however, northwards up Exeter Street the visitor will arrive at St. Anne's Gate, "an old arched gateway" carrying a small chapel—"St. Cuthbert's little church". This gives access to the northern side of the close flanked by the Theological College. It is impossible not to associate the close with Anthony Trollope as well as with Fielding and Addison, who was a pupil at the Grammar School, though Trollope was only an occasional visitor. For Barchester, "the quiet old West of England town", is Salisbury, yet, as Trollope himself admits, it might as well have been Wells. Trollope was an official in the London Post Office, and gathered his experiences of provincial life in the course of his hunting recreations. A flying visit to Salisbury moved him to write *The Warden* in 1855, which he followed up with *Barchester Towers* two years later. Genius with him was certainly "an infinite capacity for taking pains". So far from waiting for inspired moments, he devoted himself to novel-writing, with much the same mechanical regularity that he discharged his ordinary clerical duties, for he made a practice of writing three hours a day and of turning out two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour. In spite of this clockwork method of production, his characters are

not mere lay figures, but very live personalities, who have secured for themselves a permanent place amongst the creations of English fiction. In the "Melchester," of Thomas Hardy's Wessex novels we get another picture of Salisbury from the pen of a different master.

From the north-east corner of the close the visitor may conveniently commence his peregrination of the city. Salisbury has not had a very sensational history. It was a free city from the first, for Henry III in 1227 granted the city which was rising round the new cathedral a special charter of rights and privileges. In 1338 a parliament assembled here in which the Duke of Lancaster was accused of plotting against the life of Richard II. In 1484 the Duke of Buckingham was executed for conspiring against Richard III—"someone take order Buckingham be brought to Salisbury". In 1644 Charles I held a Council of War here, and the close was the scene of a skirmish between the royalist and parliamentary forces. Ten years later Penruddock made an effort to involve the city in his ineffectual effort to retrieve the fortunes of the Crown, and in 1688 James II, who had come to bar the advance of William of Orange, had hastily to leave his lodging to his antagonist.

The visitor will hardly feel inclined to explore all the parallelograms into which the city is mapped out; but before proceeding from Exeter Street northwards to the market-place, round which most of its picturesque features are grouped, he should turn eastwards down St. Anne's Street to the Museum, which contains an excellent collection of prehistoric relics. Adjoining it is the interesting Joiners' Hall, which has some carved timber work. Along with the Tailors' Hall, in Milford Street, now a store, it is the only surviving memorial of the old city companies. Farther east is St. Martin's Church, the oldest church in the city, dating from the thirteenth century, but not otherwise notable. From St. Anne's Gate, St. John's, Catherine, and Queen Streets form a direct route to the market-place, which occupies the centre of the city.

The market-place itself is a spacious square, and if the visitor shares Mr. Tom Pinch's notion that Salisbury is a "desperate sort of place, a wild and dissipated city", "the delusion must have been assisted by the circumstance that he saw it on market day", when the thoroughfares about the market-place "were filled with carts, horses, baskets, wagons, garden stuff, meal, poultry, and hucksters' wares of every description and possible variety of character", to say nothing of motor vehicles of every shape. On such occasions "young farmers and old farmers, with brown great-coats, red great-coats, leather leggings, wonderful shaped hats, hunting-whips, and rough sticks" still "stand about in groups or talk noisily together at the tavern doors", and the dogs are still "strongly interested in the state of the market" and add to "the confusion of tongues". A "stroll about the streets" even on other than market days will confirm the visitor's "vague and not unpleasant idea that they abound in all kinds of mystery", for he will come across all sorts of queer old gabled houses displaying a fancy for shingled fronts. The market-place itself preserves much of its former antique appearance, but unfortunately the quaint old Guildhall was burnt to the ground in 1788 and has been replaced by a modern Council House. In front of it stands a statue of Lord Herbert of Lea (1810–61), who was at the War Office during the Crimean campaigns. A statue of the blind Postmaster-General, Henry Fawcett (1833–84), has also been erected as a memorial of his birthplace in Queen Street. The finest civic feature of the city is the hexagonal Poultry Cross to the west of the market-place. It is crowned by a central sundial supported by flying buttresses, and is appropriately surrounded by some fine old dwellings. To the south of it is the handsome church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, founded in 1240, but largely reconstructed in the Perpendicular style. The only other church of note is St. Edmund's at the north-east outskirts of the city, a very spacious building, which was once a collegiate church, founded in 1268, but its

college has disappeared. Before, however, visiting this, there are one or two other things to be seen in the centre of the city. In the Canal behind the market-place is the Halle of John Halle, erected in 1470 as a civic banqueting chamber by a wealthy woolstapler, whose independent temper secured the confidence of his fellow-citizens as much as it irritated higher authorities. He was soundly denounced as a man of "right seditious, wilful and unworthy spirit", but in spite of this character he was four times elected mayor and thrice M.P. Salisbury once possessed a number of old inns, of which perhaps the *George* in High Street is now the most notable. It dates from 1406, and in the seventeenth century it was the city playhouse. In 1668 Pepys stayed at the house, "lay in a silk bed", and was provided with "a good diet", but confessed with his usual frankness that he "was mad at the price" which he had to pay for this entertainment. The *White Hart* in St. John's Street, the *Dragon of Wantley* of Trollope's *Barchester*, has a portico like a town hall's, and has in its time been patronized by George III, Nelson, and Pitt. Just below it is the house where Charles II assembled his followers when he was in hiding in Hele House. The *Saracen's Head* was the *Blue Boar* where Buckingham was executed on "a new scaffold", and where his headless skeleton is said to have been disinterred from the kitchen floor in 1838. It is not easy to enumerate or overrate the charms of this interesting city.

Those who make a prolonged stay here should pay a visit to Old Sarum, two miles to the north of the city on the Amesbury road. It is a detached and craggy eminence the summit of which is enclosed by a series of huge earthen embankments within which is a ring of solid masonry, the remnants of the Norman fortifications. The site was occupied both in prehistoric times and by the Romans. It was refortified by the Saxons and Normans, and in 1072 the bishop's stool was removed here from Sherborne by Bishop Herman.

Bishop Osmund twenty years later built a castle and the cathedral which was demolished in 1331. The foundations and the crypt of this church have now been exposed on a piece of level ground between the Norman walling and the earthworks. The city was forsaken when the new cathedral was erected, but though even in Leland's time there was " not one inhabited house neither within nor without it ", it continued to be " a rotten borough " down till 1832. Larks abound in great numbers on the hill-side, and their carols incongruously blend with the drone of the aeroplanes which rise from the neighbouring aerodrome and circle overhead. Bemerton, George Herbert's parish, is just outside the civic boundary on the west. There is little to see there, however, except the unpretentious little church in which the poet is buried, and " the more pleasant than healthful parsonage " in which he died. It overlooks the Nadder, and bears above its portal some lines which Herbert is said to have inscribed above the chimney-piece in the hall.

CHAPTER XXI

SOUTHWELL

The soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt
And sought a refuge from their hopes laid.

Burgage Manor and Lord Byron—The Saracen's Head—The Cathedral and Chapter-house—The Archbishop's Palace.

THOSE who find rambling about our larger cathedral cities a rather fatiguing business will discover in Southwell something of a rest cure. It is a placid little place, the exploration of which will not prove a very strenuous task. There is little to see beyond the cathedral, and that is easily apprehended. Its history is not involved, and its architecture is not complex. The name of the city is simplicity itself. Southwell is the south well—or rather wells, for there are four—in contradistinction to the north well at Norwell, seven miles away. The situation of the city, too, is soothing. There is nothing very stimulating in the surrounding scenery. It is a pleasant stretch of typical English country-side rolling away in billowy undulations to the fringe of Sherwood Forest, and threaded by the streamlet "along whose rippling surge" the youthful Byron was wont to disport himself. This fleeting association with the wild and wayward poet is the only disturbing thing about Southwell. The visitor is reminded of it as soon as he enters the city. The road from the station skirts a sloping green shaded by trees. Overlooking the upper end of the

sward is a formal-looking white house with a portico. This is Burgage Manor, which Mrs. Byron rented in 1804 when her husband, "Mad Jack", had dissipated her fortune and left her too poor to stay at Newstead. In 1805 her son, a limping, moody lad who had succeeded to the title and sadly encumbered estates, left Harrow for Trinity College, Cambridge. He spent some of his vacations with his hysterical mother at the manor, but his relations with her were not too happy. On one occasion, when she threatened him with the poker, to escape her violence he fled. His chief intimates here were a Miss Pigot and her brother, who resided in the town; and, encouraged by the young lady's appreciation, he published a volume of juvenile poems, but on the advice of a more mature friend he committed them to the flames. In 1808 he settled at Newstead, and his connexion with Southwell came to an end. The city never had much place in his affections, and it had still less in his verse. Though he complained of the dullness of the town, he appears to have thought it sufficiently lively to meet the less exacting requirements of a friend. "I know", he said, "of a small town where you may have the advantage of very genteel society without the hazard of being annoyed by mercantile affluence." From the latter embarrassment he was at least himself painfully free. "Byron", said Tennyson, "gave us good poetry; what have we to do with his life?" Most of us would be content to forget the man and enjoy the poet, but the casualness of his sojourn in the city, and the indifference of his muse "to the subtleties of association", make him at Southwell scarcely more than a name.

The city is a modest collection of houses gathered together near its minster at the junction of the Newark and Nottingham roads. It is only memorable in history as the scene of Charles I's surrender to the Scottish forces in 1646. The *Saracen's Head*, where this took place, is a rambling hostelry of no very antique appearance in the centre of the main street. After his defeat at Naseby,

Charles found himself in desperate straits. He was without an army, and the only weapon that remained to him was his talent for cajolery. He trusted to his own astuteness to save the situation. "I am not without hope", he declared, "that I shall be able to draw either the Presbyterians or the Independents to unite with me by extirpating one another, and that I shall really be king again." In the spring of 1646 the Scottish army was laying siege to Newark, and the King, fancying himself a match for the canny Scots, opened negotiations with them, through the intervention of Montreuil, the French agent, who was then at Southwell. To make terms with them Charles, unknown to his friends, set out from Oxford in disguise for Southwell. He found to his dismay that Leslie received him not as a negotiator but as a prisoner. If any bargaining was to be done, it was to be between the two sections of his foes, with his own person as the trump-card in the game. So, "like men in a dream", unable to believe their good fortune, the Scots marched him off in triumph to Newcastle.

The ecclesiastical history of the place goes back almost to the beginning of English Christianity. Bede says that in 627 Paulinus came from York and baptized converts in the Trent. The erection of a church at Southwell may have been the outcome of this missionary effort—at any rate, by the beginning of the eighth century there was a college of secular clergy at Southwell connected with the diocese of York, and the town came to serve as a sort of ecclesiastical capital for the southern end of the see. Archbishop Putta (1025–51) did much for Southwell and died there. Archbishop Aldred (1070–75) endowed the church with prebends, and Archbishop Thomas II (1108–14) replaced the Saxon church by a Norman minster. It remained a college of secular clergy till the Reformation, and the chapter, after some suspensions, was not finally dissolved till 1840. In 1884, on the creation of the bishopric, the minster became a cathedral, but the prebends were not restored.

The cathedral stands in the centre of an extensive and slightly sloping graveyard. Two of the wells are within its precincts. Externally it is a grim and not very attractive building, but it looks imposing from a distance. The west front is bald and flat, and not at all improved by the addition of the pyramidal spires which crown its towers. The huge central window, inserted in the fifteenth century, likewise does not please some critics, though it affords a welcome relief to the sombreness of the façade. The circular windows of the clerestory are unique, and the north porch is unusual, for it has an upper chamber, one of the turrets of which serves as a chimney. The doorways are all very richly moulded, and the doors themselves are ornamented with some handsome scrolls. The choir is the most pleasing portion of the exterior, though it is rather spoilt by its roof, the pitch of which was lowered in the fifteenth century. The interior impresses the spectator much more favourably than the exterior, though the nave appears cavernous and stilted owing to its very pronounced triforium gallery and the absence of a central vault. The details of the building are not without interest. There is some deeply cut wall-arcading in the interior of the north porch, but none in the aisles, and there is a difference in the form of the piers of the tower. The Norman apsidal chapels of the transepts have been removed, but for the one in the north a rectangular chapel has been substituted. This has been fitted up as a memorial to the Air Force, and the altar and its furniture manufactured out of captured German aeroplanes. In the south transept are some old stalls, beneath the floor of which is a Roman pavement *in situ*. The choir is charming, and was built by Archbishop de Gray (1216–56). It is Early English throughout, and is very gracefully executed, and exhibits some peculiarity of detail. A continuous bench table runs from pier to pier, and the triforium is worked into the clerestory. The east end is lighted by a double tier of quadruple lancets, the lower series of which are filled with fifteenth-century glass rescued from

THE CHAPTER HOUSE, SOUTHWELL

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
PUBLIC

a Paris rubbish heap. Another importation is the handsome fifteenth-century lectern, which belonged to the abbey of Newstead. At the dissolution of the abbey some documents were thrust inside it, and it was thrown into the lake. It was subsequently recovered, and in 1805 purchased from a Nottingham dealer and presented to the minster. The choir-stalls are modern, but there is some old work at the back of the handsome but rather stiff choir-screen.

The intimate connexion between York and Southwell is shown by the monuments. Only two of these are ancient. One is a mutilated effigy of some unknown prelate in the south choir-aisle, and the other is the tomb of Archbishop Sandys (1516–88) in the north transept. Sandys was one of the translators both of the Bishop's Bible in 1565 and of the subsequent edition of 1572. He was himself twice translated, passing from Worcester to Lichfield and from Lichfield to York. There is a fine kneeling figure of Bishop Ridding, the first bishop of Southwell, in the south choir-aisle.

The *chef-d'œuvre* of the cathedral is its unrivalled chapter-house, which Ruskin pronounced to be "the gem of Gothic art". It is a small but beautifully fashioned octagonal chamber vaulted but without a central pier. It was built by Archbishop Romanus (1286–96), and its charm consists in its exquisitely sculptured details, which are designed with the greatest verve and spirit, and undercut with marvellous delicacy and dexterity. It stands to the north of the choir, and is approached by a narrow vestibule upon which the same artistic skill has been lavished. Its general design was subsequently copied at York.

The churchyard has three plain gateways. Somewhere in it is buried the carrier of Southwell, whose propensity for carrying "his can to his mouth well" was satirized by Byron. At the north-west angle is the Grammar School, which has a very long history and which was originally held in the demolished chantry of St. John

Baptist near the north-west corner of the nave. At the east end of the graveyard is the Vicars' College, a group of brick houses forming three sides of a quadrangle. The old Vicars' Court was removed in 1780. On the south side of the cathedral is the Bishop's Palace, adjoining which, on the north-east side, are the ruins of the old palace of the Archbishops of York. It was "a goodlie mansion house", built in the fourteenth century in the form of a quadrangle with battlemented walls and round turrets. Some portions of it are incorporated in the new and unpretentious see-house, but some roofless gables still stand to bear witness to its early magnificence. It was out of repair in 1530, for Cardinal Wolsey, when forced to abandon his political offices and retire to his archbishopric, was unable to find a lodging in it, and occupied a house belonging to one of the prebendaries. He stayed here from Easter till Whitsuntide, and sang High Mass in the minster on Corpus Christi. It proved to be his last Mass, for on proceeding to York he was arrested on the eve of the day appointed for his enthronement, and died at Leicester Abbey. William Mompesson, the vicar of Eyam, was made a prebendary in 1671, for the heroism he displayed in ministering to his flock during the plague of 1666, which was carried to that remote village by some patterns of tailor's cloth. Robert Sanderson occupied one of the stalls before the outbreak of the civil war. A ramble may be taken round the city, but it yields no features of special interest. Southwell is little more than a village.

CHAPTER XXII

TRURO

Know all the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof.

And in one part, a minster with its tower
Substantially expressed.

Its situation—The city—The Cathedral—Kenwyn—The river.

LONG before the phrase "the Cornish Riviera" was coined to attract the tourist, people who went west of the Tamar were said "to go abroad". The traveller through "the delectable duchy" who to-day looks down from the viaduct upon the city of Truro beneath, may therefore be pardoned for thinking for the moment that he is crossing the Continent. There is something rather un-English in the appearance of Truro. The illusion springs from the foreign look of the many-towered cathedral wedged in amongst the roofs huddled together in the valley below. Truro covers the bottom of a basin-like cleft opening towards one of the many arms of the Fal river. Two little streams descend from the hills and mingle their waters in the creek. It is a sheltered but inconveniently crowded situation, and not at all calculated to display an imposing edifice to advantage. Yet the selection of the city in 1876 as the seat of the newly founded Cornish see was both natural and wise. Its central position on the main line of communication made the choice inevitable. It is, however, a place of more antiquity than renown

and has no traditional claim to spiritual or secular pre-eminence. The old Cornish see, at least during the tenth century, was associated with St. Germans; Bodmin was regarded as the county town, and had also some shadowy episcopal associations. Since attaining ecclesiastical supremacy Truro has now ousted Bodmin from its leadership and has virtually become the capital of the duchy. It received its Charter of Incorporation as early as 1135, and from 1295 until the redistribution of seats in 1885 it returned two members to Parliament, though it contributed but little to the making of national history. Nearly the only sensational event in its annals was the defeat of the Royalists in 1646 by Fairfax at Tresillian bridge.

The city as it stands to-day is more remarkable for its vigorous public spirit than for its intrinsic interest. It is a network of grey stone streets spanning the water-courses which thread the valley, and has little picturesqueness and no historic savour. It once had a castle, a stronghold of the Earls of Cornwall, but it was "clene down" in the time of Leland, and its traditional site near the top of Pydar Street (reached likewise by a climb from Frances Street) has been turned into a cattle market, which occupies a singularly exalted position. An abrupt descent leads down from the station to the chief thoroughfare, Boscawen Street, in the centre of the city, which is spacious enough to serve the purposes of a general market-place. The only other street of any dignity is the steep thoroughfare of Lemon Street which mounts the hill-side on the south-west, and at the top of which stands a column to commemorate the city's connexion with the African explorers John and Richard Lander, who were natives. Richard, the elder and more distinguished of the brothers, was mortally wounded in 1834 in a skirmish with the natives in the course of his journey along the Niger. Foote, the commedian, was another Truro celebrity, and unfortunately lost his leg by an accident. His forte was the personation of notabilities, and he once threatened to "take off"

Dr. Johnson on the stage. The irate lexicographer, however, waited at the theatre door with a stout cudgel, and Foote, on reflection, thought discretion better than valour. The city, amongst other public institutions, possesses a market hall, a good museum, and a library, but they are of no particular architectural merit. There are two contiguous and pretty little gardens laid out at the western end of the valley.

The visitor who comes to Truro comes not to see the city but the cathedral, for the cathedral is what confers upon it its special distinction. It is otherwise very much as other Cornish towns, " cramped, cabined, and confined ". The erection of the cathedral was a great achievement, and affords the inhabitants of Truro a legitimate apology for that " pride " for which an old writer complained that they were once so " discommendable ". It was a surprising thing not only that so small and impoverished a county could in so short a time provide itself with so fine a church, but that so restricted an area could be made to accommodate so large a building. It springs up in the very centre of the city in lofty and commanding form, a worthy monument of the zeal and enterprise of Cornish men. It has, of course, the defects of its situation. It is so closely enveloped by surrounding houses that no complete view of it can be obtained. This congestion only serves to emphasize its curiously foreign aspect, which is one of its chief characteristics. The " neatness " which Norden regarded as a praiseworthy feature of " the buyldinges " of Truro is certainly one of the outstanding merits of the cathedral. No cathedral in England rises with such fine clean lines. It soars aloft in tall trim grandeur, like an aspiration made visible. Though it follows ancient models in its arrangement and style, it is not a servile imitation, but a lively and vigorous expression of mediaeval principles in a new form, and conveys the impression of springing from a genuine artistic impulse. Its architect, J. L. Pearson, is said to have made it his aim to design a church " which would bring people to their knees ", and he has certainly

succeeded in making the building artistically and devotionally satisfying.

When the Cornish see was founded there was no building in the city at all adequate for embodying the new ecclesiastical ideals or for housing the new ecclesiastical organization. The old parish church of St. Mary had to serve for a time as the cathedral. The new bishop, Dr. Benson, at once set to work to stimulate the zeal of Cornish churchmen to furnish him with a suitable episcopal throne. In 1880, only three years after his appointment, he laid the foundation-stone of the new cathedral, and in 1887 the choir and transepts were consecrated. In 1903 the nave was dedicated, and now the cathedral is complete in all its parts, and wants only its chapter-house and cloisters.

Within, the cathedral is more conventional, though there are one or two indications of original treatment. The baptistry—an exceptionally fine structure erected as a memorial to Henry Martyn, the missionary, who was a native of the city—and the western gallery are the two most unusual and striking features. A sense of continuity with the old ecclesiastical associations of the town is given to the new building by the retention of the south aisle of St. Mary's Church, which was worth preserving, if only for its pleasing exterior. The rest of the church was removed to make room for the cathedral which occupies its site. The aisle still does duty as a parish church, and has been furnished with a tower of its own, which adds considerably to the general picturesqueness of the cathedral. The effort to retain this antique feature has, however, led to one unfortunate result. It has caused a considerable and disfiguring deflection in the axis of the cathedral. As even the most casual spectator may observe, the nave and chancel arcade are not in a true row. The old church impinged upon the street, and the street has a twist in it, so the line of the nave had to be altered accordingly. Some people have claimed this defect as a merit and have tried to justify the deviation as improving the appearance of the church by giving variety to the perspec-

tive—an ingenious but rather lame apology. As a set-off to the foreign look of the church the fabric has largely been compacted of local materials. Cornish granite, porphyry, and serpentine have been used in its construction, and the clock tower is roofed with native copper. The furniture is good and dignified, but the massive and elaborately sculptured reredos seems out of keeping with the general style of the building. Some seventeenth-century monuments—notably one of the Robartes family—removed from the old church, have been fixed against the wall of the north transept, and there is a modern brass to Archbishop Benson near the baptistry. In the north choir-aisle is a finely modelled terra-cotta panel by Tinworth of the Way to the Cross, and in the old church is a notable eighteenth-century marquetry pulpit. With the exception of the remnant of St. Mary's, the parochial churches of Truro possess little antiquarian or architectural interest.

Like the cathedral the city is a little difficult to envisage as a whole. The hill-sides crowd upon it closely and afford few unobstructed viewpoints. The most comprehensive prospect, perhaps, is the one from the viaduct; but a picturesque though distant glimpse of it may be obtained from the top of Mitchell Hill near the mile-stone. By ascending Pydar Street and taking a pleasant lane to the right, Kenwyn, which some identify with the Cenion of the Roman itineraries, may be reached. It possesses an interesting church with a quaint lych-gate; and if the return be made by the road a pretty peep at the gleaming wāters of the Truro river and its tree-clad banks will be secured.

The real charm of Truro lies in its river, which, however, only forms an introduction to the transcendent beauties of the Fal. The Truro river is a combination of the Kenwyn and the Allen, which percolate through the city. The two streamlets coalesce to make a wide and muddy estuary, walled in with hanging woods. In the time of Cornwall's prosperity tin-works are said to have existed on the river banks, but these have entirely disappeared,

though a little shipping is still done at the wharf. A road borders the estuary as far as Malpas, where the Fal may be said to commence, and a steamer plies regularly from the city quay (or at low tides from Malpas) to Falmouth.

CHAPTER XXIII

WELLS

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, through the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof or floor
Within, and anthem sung, is charmed and tied
To where he stands—so stood I.

The Mendips—The Cathedral—The Close and Palace—St. Cuthbert's—The Bubwith Almshouses—The outskirts.

UNDER the ubiquitous tyranny of the motor char-à-banc Wells has parted with some of its selectness and has become a rendezvous for the tripper. It is regarded as a mere adjunct to the Cheddar Gorge, one of the two features, that is to say, which lend excitement to a holiday on the Mendip seaboard. This confession is at least a testimony to the inseparability of Wells from its surroundings. It seems almost as much a part of the Mendips as the famous ravine itself. Its cathedral has much the same grandeur and solemnity as the cliffs, for, though it has been fashioned by the hand of men, these hills have furnished its stones, and supply the streams which both carved the chasm and gave the city its name.

The peculiar distinction of Wells, however, is not the beauty of its situation, but the completeness with which it preserves its primitive character. Of all cities, except Salisbury, it is perhaps the most ecclesiastical in aspect. Its cathedral is both its centre and its soul, the *raison d'être* of its existence. To-day the city still retains all the features of a mediaeval *enclave* except its repose, and until

now the long barrier of the Mendips has enabled it to preserve its privacy inviolate.

It was the cloisteral seclusion of the situation which led to the city's creation. In 704 a college of secular clergy established itself here beside the copious springs which gush from the stony heart of the hills, and in 909 this little retreat by the waters was chosen as the seat of the bishopric of the Somersaetas. But the remoteness of Wells caused it for a while to lose its episcopal honours. The first Norman prelate, John of Tours, in the days of Rufus, preferred the stirring activity of Bath to the tranquillity of Wells, and removed his throne to the monastery in the old Roman city. It was only in response to the appeal of the disgruntled canons of Wells that Bishop Robert of Lewis brought back his stool and restored to Wells its cathedral rank. Its dignity, however, remained for a while precarious. The wealth and repute of the neighbouring abbey of Glastonbury induced Bishop Savaric to migrate there, and nothing but the resistance of the monks of Glastonbury to episcopal domination prevented Glastonbury from being permanently associated with Bath in the title of the see. Wells has always been more distinguished for ecclesiastical pre-eminence than for commercial importance. Apart from the interminable disputes between the bishops and their tenants about tolls and jurisdiction, it has little civil history. Many of its bishops were men of affairs and great officers of state, but it has no place in our national annals. It had neither castle nor walls, and the only fortifications to be seen to-day are the battlements with which Bishop Ralph surrounded his palace to protect himself from the hostile gestures of his tenants. Even the Reformation did not issue in such violent changes at Wells as it did elsewhere. The secular character of its chapter secured it immunity from disturbance; and though its cathedral suffered somewhat from the greed and fanaticism of the times, it still retains its mediaeval environment virtually unimpaired.

The city lies gathered together at the gates of its cathedral.

THE VICARS' CLOSE, WELLS

WESTMINST

A winding street leads up from the station to the market-place ; and here the visitor will find himself at once almost back in the Middle Ages. In spite of its modernization, its old-world atmosphere still clings to this market-place. The old conduit and court-house which once stood in its midst have, it is true, gone, but the old gateways to the palace and close remain, the cathedral towers rise in the background, and the shops are really old houses with new faces. Behind the gabled *Crown* is a real bit of old timber-work. It is upon the cathedral itself, however, that the attention of the visitor will at once concentrate. He has only to pass through Penniless porch at the corner of the market square to stand in front of it. Its builders at least understood the art of presentation. No other cathedral in the country, except Salisbury, is more finely staged. A smooth and extensive carpet of green sward is unrolled before it, and the spectator can view it from far or near. The building chiefly owes its impressiveness to the magnificence of its façade. All the power of the designer's imagination and the resources of the craftsman's art have been lavished upon it. It is one great mass of statuary delicately mounted in shafted niches, and crowned at each end by a tower whose studied severity affords a fine artistic foil to the decorative exuberance below. With the exception of these two flanking towers, which were added in the fifteenth century, it is all the purest Early English. Yet though built and sculptured by English workmen it has a singularly foreign look, and, as Mr. Bond observes, it seems alien to the rest of the building. It is to some extent a gigantic screen, and may almost be regarded as an independent work of art, for it was built apart and then linked up with the rest of the fabric. But it is all so cunningly and artistically contrived that its artificiality is not apparent. After this highly ornamented façade the interior seems stiff and austere, but it is far superior in grace and delicacy to anything executed elsewhere as early, for it was built in 1181, and there is some very vigorous tooling in the capitals which are wrought

"into many a freakish knot". It has been called "improved Norman", but, as Mr. Bond points out, it is really incipient Gothic, and Wells may in consequence claim to be the birthplace of Gothic architecture. There is scarcely a trace of lingering Romanesque traditions. A Norman church had been built by Bishop Robert (1136–66), but his successor Reginald must have pulled it down when he reared the present cathedral; Bishop Jocelyn, a Wells man, added the façade half a century later. The choir is much richer and more elaborate, for it was remodelled and extended by Bishop Ralph de Salopia (1329–63) to link it up with Bishop Drokensford's outstanding lady chapel at the east. It is rather spoilt by the stone canopies to its stalls. The lady chapel is a charming bit of Decorated work with a beautiful retro-choir. The most remarkable feature of the cathedral, however, is the splendid polygonal chapter-house standing upon an undercroft and approached by an eccentric flight of steps from the north transept. Against the wall of the transept is a curious astronomical clock, which clatters out the hour by a whirling representation of a tournament within and strikes the quarter by some "Jacks" without. It is said to have been originally constructed by Peter Lightfoot, one of the monks of Glastonbury in the fourteenth century. The cathedral abounds in episcopal tombs, the most splendid being the shrine of Bishop Beckington (1443–65) under the south choir arcade. Beckington was a Somerset man and a great benefactor to both church and city. He built the gate-houses in the market-place and provided the citizens with a water supply, for which service he required them to attend in state at his tomb on the occasion of his obit. In the south transept is the tomb of Bishop March (1293–1302), whose canonization the Wells prebendaries tried in vain to secure. He was Edward I's treasurer and his methods of keeping the royal exchequer replenished made him unpopular, and it was perhaps the hope of profiting by his financial abilities that made the local clergy so anxious to add his name to the

Kalendar. In the nave are two little chantry chapels which are gems of their kind. On the south side of the nave is a fine range of fifteenth-century cloisters.

> A pillar'd shade
> High over arched, with echoing walks between.

The east walk used to open into an elaborate lady chapel built by Bishop Stillington (1466–91), but destroyed at the Reformation. Stillington was as unfortunate in his personal fortunes as he was in his work. Though a strenuous Yorkist partisan he was imprisoned by Edward IV for his opposition to Elizabeth Woodville. He again lost his liberty under Henry VII for the support which he gave to Richard III and Lambert Simnel.

To see the interior of the cathedral, however, is to see only half of what the cathedral has to show. The peculiar glory of Wells is its *entourage*. "The traveller", said Freeman, "who descends the Mendips, from Shepton Mallet looks down upon a group of buildings without a rival in this island or beyond the seas." One of the most interesting features of this group is the Vicar's Close, across the road on the north side of the cathedral. It is a quaint court of fourteenth-century houses, with projecting chimneys, connected with the cathedral by an archway—the Chain Gate—spanning the street. It was intended for the accommodation of the singers who were thus, so to speak, "kept within bounds". At its entrance is a hall and at its termination a chapel. The view of the east end of the cathedral from the commencement of the Shepton road is charming, if not as impressive or as well displayed. It is more characteristic and even more picturesque than the view from the west. The graceful outlines of the cathedral and its central tower are seen mirrored in the surface of the pool in the bishop's garden. To see the other chief feature of Freeman's "unrivalled group", the palace, the visitor will have to retrace his steps to the market-place. But before doing that he should take a look at the buildings that stand on the north side of the

cathedral green, for they are all members of the group. The one facing the cathedral is the library of the Theological College, but it was once the official residence of the Archdeacon of Wells. Opposite the lower end of the green is the deanery, a mediaeval house with a gateway and tower erected by Dean Gunthorpe (1472–98), but now incongruously lighted by sash-windows. Near it is the Brown Gate, one of the entrances to the close, which was once walled round. The canons' houses, some of which retain many of their ancient features, are in "the liberty" behind the deanery.

The Palace Gateway in the market-place—known as the Bishop's Eye—gives entrance only to the outer court. Those who pass beneath its portals will find themselves confronted by another formidable-looking gate-house, a moat, and a lofty curtain wall. These forbidding-looking fortifications were put up by Bishop Ralph de Salopia in 1340, whose relations with the townsfolk were far from cordial, owing to a covert attempt made by the burgesses to obtain a Charter constituting the city a Free Borough. The refusal of the citizens to give the bishop his due cost them dear, for they were fined £3,000 for their riotous behaviour. A picturesque corner of the palace overlooking the moat may be seen from the drawbridge. As viewed from the inner court the palace is a much more modest-looking edifice then might be anticipated. It is a sober-fronted gabled house built chiefly by Bishop Jocelyn, and contains a finely vaulted basement. Adjoining it is a chapel, and in the garden are the ruins of the great hall built by Bishop Burnell (1275–92), Edward I's trusted Minister. It was unroofed and left to decay by Sir J. Gates, to whom it had been alienated by Bishop Barlow in the reign of Edward VI. The saintly Bishop Ken,

> Whose meek and thoughtful eye
> Showed little pride of prelacy,

occupied the palace from 1685–91, but his *Morning and Evening Hymns* were written at Winchester a few years

previously. When the see fell vacant in 1684 by the translation of Bishop Mews to Winchester, it was to Winchester that Charles II turned for a successor, where Ken was a prebendary. "We will have", he said with careless good humour, "that little black fellow who refused to give poor Nelly a lodging." Ken was deprived in 1691 as "a conscientious objector", and spent his last days in retirement at Longleat. His successor, Kidder, was killed by the fall of one of the palace chimneys in 1703. In the palace grounds are the wells from which the city derives its name, and the old episcopal tithe-barn is still in good preservation in a field to the south-west of the palace.

The visitor, on returning to the market-place, should proceed down High Street to St. Cuthbert's Church, a fine cruciform church with a conspicuous and imposing tower. The building, which was the citizens' church, has been unfortunate. Originally a thirteenth-century structure, it was drastically altered in the fifteenth century, and not only was it badly damaged by the fall of its earlier central tower in 1561, but it was shamefully maltreated by the Puritans, who hacked all its abundant statuary in pieces. The interior is terribly scarred, but it preserves several interesting features, and contains some good woodwork. In Chamberlain Street is the interesting Bubwith almshouse, founded by the benefaction of Bishop Bubwith in 1424 as a hospital for the poor. It is a long, quaint building with a hall at one end and a chapel at the other, the intervening space being divided into apartments for the accommodation of the inmates. The hall was used for meetings of the trade guilds, of which there were several in the city, and eventually it became a sort of town hall where the civic authorities transacted their business.

Close by is another block of almshouses, founded in 1607 by Bishop Still and his son. There was once another mediaeval hospital for the use of travellers in Priory Road, but as this was regarded as a chantry it was suppressed at the Reformation, its revenues were confiscated, and the building was destroyed. From Chamberlain Street a

ramble might be taken eastwards round the Liberty where the canons' houses are situated, and back again to the cathedral—the visitor will then have virtually completed the circuit of mediaeval Wells and will have seen nearly everything that the city has to show. There are, of course, a number of pleasing and beautiful walks in the vicinity. The ruins of the famous abbey of Glastonbury, which may be reached by train, are only six miles away, and the Mendip hills, which rise like a long embankment behind the city, with their furrowed combes and wonderful caves, furnish a splendid rambling-ground. The Cheddar Gorge (which can also be reached by train) is nine miles to the north, and quite near at hand, within easy walking distance are the Ebbor rocks and Wookey Hole, two characteristic bits of Mendip scenery. Some of the finest views of the city can be obtained from "the grassy platform" of Tor and Dulcote hills—"an unproductive slip of rugged ground"—on the Shepton Mallet road, near the pretty village of Dinder. What a scene for the artist—the dreaming city at one's feet set in so fair a frame—and what a theme for a poet or (shall we say?) for a cynic!

> Here is the moral of all human tales,
> 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
> First Freedom and then glory—where that fails
> Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last.
> And History with all her volumes vast
> Hath but one page—and lo! 'tis written here—
> Where gorgeous tyranny hath thus amassed
> All treasure, all delights, that eye or ear,
> Heart, soul could seek or halting tongue could ask.

CHAPTER XXIV

WINCHESTER

That marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and
Huge fantastic pomp of structure.

Its attractions—The Cathedral—The monuments—Wolvesey Castle—Winchester College—Winchester Castle—The city—St. Giles' Hill—Hyde Abbey—St. Cross Hospital—St. Catherine's Hill.

AT Winchester the visitor is confronted with *un embarras des richesses*. So many things await his investigation that it will be difficult for him to do justice to them all. And nowhere is it more necessary for the full enjoyment of a visit for the traveller to come not only with time upon his hands but with knowledge in his head, for " to the unlearned and ignorant " Winchester is something of a " sealed book ". He sees only the outside of the volume. Winchester might be called the nursery of England, and its charm, like that of other nurseries, lies largely in the memories which it evokes. If, as Dean Stanley maintained, " to have seen the place where a great event happened is the next best thing to being present at the event in person ", a ramble round Winchester must be to anyone gifted with historic imagination a very stimulating experience. In these pages it will be necessary to take much of its story as familiar, for Winchester has buried its early past and it would be a lengthy business to disinter it. The Winchester upon which the visitor looks to-day is not the Venta Belgarum of the Romans, nor the Witanceaster of Cerdic or Alfred, nor the Winchester of the Confessor or the Conqueror, but the Winchester of

William of Wykeham. Not the royal Winchester of its youth, but the ecclesiastical Winchester of its prime. And to take up the tale here is to begin where Winchester left off making history at all. The Saxons took possession of the old Roman station in 495. It was as the capital of Wessex that Winchester rose to eminence, and its importance grew with the rise of that kingdom to power. It became in a way the national metropolis when Egbert decided to bestow the name of England upon the dominions over which he ruled. The prestige it had acquired in Anglo-Saxon times clung to it when the English crown passed into the hands of the Normans, and its political glory did not depart until Edward I, in a fit of displeasure with the citizens, discovered that there were other more convenient centres of administration than this time-honoured but secluded city amidst the Hampshire downs. Even when its sun had set Winchester still continued to enjoy a prolonged after-glow.

The visitor who alights at the western side of the city and makes his way to the old west gate will find the city spread out before him and sloping down into the pleasant valley of the Itchin. He will not, however, fully appreciate its position until he crosses the vale and mounts the opposite hill. From there he will behold it as a pretty picture of grey buildings blended with "knots of spired trees" and framed round with rolling downs. In the situation of the city lies the explanation of its history. Shut in between the swamps of the river and the surrounding forest land, its importance waned when its inaccessibility ceased to be of political advantage. When Winchester lost its civil pre-eminence it lost but little of its ecclesiastical prestige. After London it still takes precedence over other English sees. Yet it owed its episcopal dignity originally to a royal whim. Kenwealh had founded a church at Winchester in 648, and in 660, "weary of the foreign dialect" of Agilbert, the Frankish bishop of Dorchester, he made the city into a bishopric. In 1042 Edward the Confessor was crowned in its cathedral.

As Winchester is now so essentially an ecclesiastical city an exploration of it should begin with the cathedral. It is built on the spongy land at the bottom of the valley, a situation which has not made either for its conspicuousness or its stability. It is the shiest and, until lately, was one of the shakiest of our great churches. So screened is it from observation that a careless and casual visitor might fail to discover its existence until from the top of St. Giles' Hill he beheld it rearing itself above the roofs in the valley below. And so waterlogged is the soil on which it stands that divers had actually to be employed to underpin its foundations and buttress its collapsing walls. Well might Swithun be regarded as a watery saint when his shrine was set in a marsh. It has been complained that those who seek for the cathedral must pop through "a hole in a wall" to find it, but there is really a rather more obvious approach to it a little lower down the street. When the visitor has at last succeeded in locating it he will not be at all impressed by it. It is a long, monotonous expanse of roof and windows with a little stumpy tower protruding in the midst. It is the laziest-looking cathedral in England. It seems to spread along the ground like an outstretched and slumbering giant. It is longer than all its rivals and when Bishop Walkelin built it in 1093 it is said to have been even 40 feet longer. It was shortened when Bishop Edington commenced its transformation in the fourteenth century. It is great enough, however, to disdain outward appearances, for within the dismay with which the spectator first beholds it is turned into amazement. The view from the west end is like looking down a long avenue of interlacing palm-trees across which shafts of light fall obliquely. The only thing one misses in "this immense and glorious pile of fine intelligence" is a certain absence of religious feeling. Its atmosphere is distinctly secular. It is more like a hall for state pageantry than a shrine for worship. It is, however, both a great artistic triumph and a wonderful piece of constructive skill. The nave is no longer what

it once was, a mass of piled-up arches, but a coherently designed building of a single story. Walkelin's transepts still remain to show the rude barbaric building out of which this graceful fabric has been evolved. The Gloucester method of transformation was adopted at Winchester with even greater boldness. The Norman structure was not rebuilt, nor even merely recased, but refashioned as it stood. The arches were heightened by the removal of the triforium, the piers rechiselled, and the vault inserted. The core of the building is still of Norman masonry, and some Norman work remains in the piers near the choir-screen. This wholesale transformation seems to have been the conception of William of Wykeham, though alterations had already been effected at the west end by his predecessor Edington. Edington put up the west front—a very stiff and rigid affair—and had begun recasing the nave. Wykeham had been employed in the supervision of this work and had perhaps then envisaged its completion. He was not ordained till 1364, and on Edington's death two years later he succeeded him. But though he held the bishopric for thirty-eight years it was not until he was seventy years of age that he took the remodelling of the nave seriously in hand, and he died when only the south side had been finished. His wealthy successor, Cardinal Beaufort (1405–47), continued his labours, and Bishop Waynflete (1447–86) consummated them. The transformation of the nave, however, was only the last chapter in a long story of successive building operations. The lady chapel had been erected by Bishop Lucy (1189–1204) only a century after the Norman church was put up, and the choir had been rebuilt by Bishop Wodeloke (1305–16) a half-century before Edington set his hand to the west front. So with Walkelin's transepts still standing the great church as seen to-day is a very composite production.

The glory of the choir is its magnificent reredos—the finest in the Kingdom—commenced by Cardinal Beaufort. But besides this it contains many fascinating things. Bishop Fox (1500–8), who inserted the wooden vault, also

erected the side-screens, on which are mounted the curious mortuary chests containing Bishop Henry de Blois' miscellaneous collection of relics of kings and prelates from the crypt. Prior Silkstede's pulpit and the splendid series of late thirteenth-century stalls still happily survive the havoc wrought in the church by Puritan fanaticism. Waller's troops, after their victory on Cheriton Down in 1644, advanced upon Winchester and celebrated their triumph by defacing the cathedral.

The cathedral derives a good deal of its interest not only from its own intrinsic grandeur, but from the number of its personal memorials. "How much power and ambition", exclaimed Horace Walpole, "lie beneath a few stones", and certainly nowhere have more pains been taken to proclaim the fact than here. The mediaeval prelate seldom allowed posterity to forget, if he could help it, how magnificent a person he was. "I own", Walpole continued, "I grow to look upon tombs as lasting mansions instead of observing them as curious pieces of architecture". The Winchester sepulchres seem to have been intended as both, and very splendid they are. Even William Cobbett, who had scant respect for prelates or parsons, thought it worth while bringing his son to Winchester to show him the tomb of William of Wykeham. It is chiefly as a mausoleum of ecclesiastics that Winchester is noteworthy. Even the plain tomb in the centre of the choir which was long reputed to be the tomb of William Rufus is the exception which proves the rule, for when rifled by the Puritans it was found to contain the ring and silver chalice of a bishop. The Red King, after the tragedy in the New Forest, was buried in haste beneath the central tower, "many looking on but few grieving", and the fall of the tower in 1107 was popularly regarded as a judgment on the monks for placing in such a sacred site the body of a man who was considered worthy only of "a cord and a gibbet". Edington's and Wykeham's chantries are in the nave; at the foot of Wykeham's effigy are seated three doctors in their academical robes. On either side of the

feretory behind the high altar are the elaborate chantries of Bishops Gardiner and Fox, and farther east are those of Bishop Waynflete and Cardinal Beaufort, whose death-bed Shakespeare depicts in such sombre and exaggerated colours:

> Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss
> Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
> He dies, and makes no sign.

The Puritans held the memory of Gardiner, as "the hammer of heretics", in peculiar detestation, and, not being able to get at his corpse, they hacked the throat of the cadaver in the niche in the pedestal of the tomb. A statuette of Jeanne d'Arc has been placed at the entrance of the lady chapel as if to remind the spectator of Beaufort's share in her tragedy. The only ancient military memorial which the cathedral contains is the effigy of Sir W. St. Foix (1302) between the Beaufort and Waynflete chantries. The shrine of St. Swithun once stood on a platform at the east end of the feretory and has now completely disappeared. Swithun was bishop of Winchester in 837, and had the reputation of having been "a diligent builder of churches where there were none and a repairer of those that had been destroyed". He was originally buried at his own wish outside the early Saxon cathedral, and the delay which continuous wet weather caused in the removal of his remains to a place within the church is said to have given rise to the popular legend of St. Swithun's day, July 15:

> St. Swithun's day, if thou dost rain,
> For forty days it will remain;
> St. Swithun's day, if thou be faire,
> For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

The chantries of Bishops Orleton and Langton flank the lady chapel. Orleton's monument has an incongruous companion, Le Seur's fine bronze figure of Charles I's treasurer, the Duke of Portland, and Langton's chantry contains the chair on which Queen Mary sat during her

marriage with Philip of Spain in the cathedral in 1554. Langton chantry is remarkable for its fine display of woodwork. Orleton took an active part in the intrigues against Edward II and was largely responsible for his deposition if not for his death. Langton died of the plague on the eve of his translation to Canterbury. Edington likewise might have achieved the primacy but refused it. "If Canterbury be the higher rack", he explained, "Winchester is the deeper manger." There is some good woodwork again and some thirteenth-century frescoes in the lady chapel. At the entrance of the chapel is a half-length mural monument of Bishop Ethelmar, the rapacious kinsman of Henry III, whose heart is said to have been buried here. Isaac Walton (1593–1683), who died at his daughter's house in the city, finds a resting-place on the floor of Prior Silkstede's chapel in the south transept. His gravestone bears a rather banal epitaph by his relative Ken. Another literary celebrity, Jane Austen (1775–1817), who also died at Winchester, is buried in the north aisle of the nave, which contains a window and tablet to her memory. "This young lady", said Scott, "had a talent for describing the feelings and characters of ordinary life which to me is most wonderful. The big bow-wow I can do myself as well as anyone going, but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things interesting is denied me." Near the Austen tablet and opposite to a memorial of Mrs. Montague, the founder of the Blue Stocking Club, is a richly carved Norman font somewhat similar to the one at Lincoln. There is some seventeenth-century grille-work covering a door at the west end of this aisle, and on either side of the great west doors are Le Seur's statues of James I and Charles I. In the south transept is Scott's memorial of Bishop Wilberforce, "Soapy Sam", who was killed by a fall from his horse in 1873. In this transept is a fine old settle for the use of the monks, and there is a calefactory in the opposite transept, also intended for their comfort whilst waiting to say their offices. The curious galleries thrown across these transepts are very

unusual features. The cathedral has three crypts, the two earliest of which extend beneath the presbytery and feretory and form the basement of Walkelin's Norman minster. Each of them has an apse and between the two runs a semi-circular ambulatory. The second crypt has no aisles, but in its centre is a Roman holy well. The third crypt is of thirteenth-century workmanship and forms the undercroft of the lady chapel. The cloisters and chapter-house were demolished in 1556. They stood on the south side of the minster, and a small Norman arcade and a few fragments of the arcading are now all that remain of them. Cut through the south-west buttress of the nave is a passage, the purpose of which is indicated by an anagram inscribed on the face of an adjoining arch and buttress—" Illac precator, hac viator ambula. Sacra sit illa choro, serva sit ista foro " (" That way for the prayer, this way for the strayer. The place for the choir is not for the buyer "). The nave of a mediaeval cathedral was almost as much a place of merchandise as a house of prayer. People strolled through it as if it were a thoroughfare, and even the clerks would on occasions relieve the tedium of their offices by chaffering and chattering with the chapmen who congregated in the aisles. Bishop Curle (1632–1650) tried to put an end to this unseemliness at Winchester by this whimsical hint. The most substantial feature of the conventual buildings still remaining is the deanery, once the prior's lodging, in the centre of the close. It preserves its great hall and a thirteenth-century vestibule, and a portion of the old monastic guest-house adjoins the stables. Dome Alley, a row of gabled houses on the south of the cathedral, occupies the site of the infirmary. On the west side of the close is a house with a thirteenth-century vaulted chamber, and a gable with a rose-window. The abbey court-house, a pretty half-timbered building, stands near the south gateway of the close, which retains its thirteenth-century doors. North of the cathedral is the site of the " New Minster " founded by King Alfred, but removed in the twelfth century

to Hyde. Alfred himself was originally buried in its church.

To the east of the close, and surrounded by a continuation of its walls, is Wolvesey (Wolves Island) Castle, the residence of the earlier bishops of Winchester. Within the hall of the Saxon fortress which preceded it the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* was compiled by Alfred's scribes. The subsequent castle was built by Bishop Henry de Blois in 1136, and Matilda in her struggle for the throne strove to wrest it from him. Beaufort entertained Henry V here in 1413 when the King was on his way to Agincourt, and Queen Mary stayed in the castle on the eve of her marriage. It was finally demolished by Cromwell's orders in 1646, and is now merely a heap of ruins. A more modest residence was built in close proximity to it by Wren for Bishop Morley (1597–1684), and, though one of its wings was removed by Bishop North, it still forms a dignified house with a chapel, and may again become the home of the bishop, who now resides at Farnham Castle.

After surveying the ruins of Wolvesey the visitor should pass into College Street to inspect William of Wykeham's great educational foundation, St. Mary's College. There had been a school at Winchester from an early date, and there Wykeham had himself been educated. He conceived the idea of building a great school which should form a stepping-stone to the University, and the project occupied twenty years of his life. The school was opened in 1393, and it has been ever since one of the chief public schools in the Kingdom. The buildings took six years to complete, and, with the exception of some large and rather incongruous extensions, are still very much as their founder left them. They form an irregular block on the south side of the street and consist substantially of a forecourt, an inner quadrangle, and a range of cloisters. The chapel forms the south side of the inner quadrangle and is the most elaborate feature of the group. Its tower was erected in 1438 out of a benefaction by Warden Thorburn, but was rebuilt in 1863. In the centre of the cloister

garth is Warden Fromond's fine chantry with a scriptorium over it. The chapel has a vaulted roof, and some fifteenth-century glass in its east window containing a portrait of William of Wykeham. The other buildings are of remarkable interest and contain a number of treasures. During the great rebellion, when Waller's troopers were running amok in the cathedral a guard was left at the college gate to prevent them doing similar damage to the school when they had finished their sport in the church. It was for the use of the boys at the college of which he was a Fellow, and where he had received his own education, that Ken wrote his morning and evening hymns. To Wykehamists this will seem a tepid and very inadequate account of so famous an institution, but the college is not all that remains to be seen in Winchester, and even the most enthusiastic Wykehamist will sometimes gaily take his leave of the school for awhile.

Concinamus, O sodales,
Eja! quid silemus
Nobile canticum
Dulce melos domum,
Dulce domum resonemus.

Leaving the college and passing under the King's Gate, over which stands the curious little church of St. Swithun, the visitor should proceed up St. Swithun Street—behind which are some remnants of the city walls—and passing Christ's Hospital (founded in 1607), at the corner of Symonds Street, should make his way up Southgate Street to Winchester Castle. This great and historic fortress, built by the Conqueror, occupied the hill to the west of the city. In 1327 the popular Earl of Kent was executed within its court. No one could be induced to strike off his head but a criminal. The end of the castle came in the Great Rebellion in 1645. When Cromwell had mounted his batteries for its destruction, it was, much to his amazement, surrendered by its Royalist garrison. "God's favour", he wrote to Fairfax, "is as visible when He

comes by His power upon the hearts of our enemies, making them quit their places of strength, as when He gives courage to our soldiers to attempt hard things." Cromwell subsequently blew the castle up to prevent any further necessity for the intervention of Providence. Nothing now remains of it but a subterranean passage and the Great Hall, which was purchased by the civic authorities. The hall is a magnificent chamber divided into aisles by a thirteenth-century arcade. It is almost as famous and as fine as Westminster Hall, for it has witnessed the assembling of numerous parliaments, at one of which were instituted in 1285 the Statutes of Winchester. The last memorable scenes enacted within its walls were the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh in 1603 and of Lady Alice Lisle in 1685. Raleigh, though condemned to death, was for a while spared, but his fellow "conspirators", Watson, Clarke, and Brooke, were executed; the priests were hung, but Brooke was "beheaded like a gentleman". At the west end is hung a wheel of fortune known as King Arthur's Round Table, and the doorway still exists which communicated with the private apartments of the King. Where the adjoining barracks now stand Charles II, on the destruction of his house at Newmarket, commissioned Wren to build for him a great palace. It was to be a splendid structure crowned by a huge dome "visible at sea", but it never got beyond a stiff and formal façade which Walpole described as "a mixture of a town hall and a hospital; the worst thing I ever saw of Sir Christopher Wren". When "the merrie monarch" brought his court to Winchester in 1668 he requested Ken, who was a prebendary of the cathedral, to place his house at the disposal of Nell Gwyn. On Ken's refusal "to give poor Nell a lodging", a home was found for her elsewhere by the more complacent dean.

The visitor should commence a detailed examination of the city with the west gate, a rather cramped fourteenth-century structure. The porter's lodge once stood beside it and outside the gate was the King's hawk-house and a leper hospital. To the north, on the Romsey road, is an

obelisk erected in 1759 on the site of a cross set to mark the place where, during the plague which scourged the city in 1666, food was deposited by the country people for the relief of the citizens. The city walls north and south followed the lines of North Walls and St. Swithun's Street down to the river. High Street—once Cyp Street—the city's main artery, descends the hill with picturesque and old-fashioned irregularity, but it retains few antique frontages. Half-way down near the entrance to the cathedral is the fine old city cross, said to have been erected in the fifteenth century by Cardinal Beaufort. In 1770 it was actually sold to the paving commissioners, and was only saved from destruction by the remonstrances of the townsfolk. A little above it is the old Guildhall with a cupola and a handsome projecting clock, almost opposite to which is the Godbegot Hostel, a fine old house once belonging to the priors of St. Swithun's. Below the Cross is the Piazza, a range of houses with overhanging fronts supported on pillars. Behind the Cross is St. Lawrence's Church, a fifteenth-century building supposed by some to occupy the site of the chapel of the Conqueror's palace, of which a Norman pilaster still survives in the adjoining square. St. Maurice's, a little lower down High Street, retains a fifteenth-century tower and a Norman doorway. At the bottom of the street is the Guildhall, built by Sir G. Scott in 1873, in the hall of which is Lely's portrait of Charles II presented by the King himself to the city. In the centre of the spacious Broadway and facing up High Street is Thornycroft's statue of King Alfred ; whilst behind the Guildhall are the Abbey Grounds, an open space once the site of a monastery founded by Ealhswith, Alfred's wife, which was largely supported by tolls levied on the merchandise passing up and down the river. At the corner of Broadway is St. John's Hospital, founded in 1289 for sick soldiers and necessitous travellers. It is a neat quadrangle of brick cottages and retains its old hall and chapel. The hall was bestowed upon the city by Henry VIII and was for a long time used for the transaction

of civic business. There is an extension of the hospital on the other side of the street.

The ancient city extended beyond the river, and across the bridge will be found two of the most interesting parish churches within the civic boundaries, St. John's and St. Peter's, Cheesehill. St. John's is an almost square building of three aisles without any structural chancel. It has several antique features and contains a pulpit which Ken frequently occupied. St. Peter's has two unequal aisles divided by a transitional Norman arcade and a tower apparently of the same date. The adjoining Tudor house is said to have been the home of Chief Justice Fleming; and the mediaeval rectory, an older gabled house, stands at the corner of the street facing the bridge. St. Giles' Hill, where Waltheof was executed in 1076, rises abruptly on the east side of the river and commands a charming view of the city and cathedral. It is now laid out as a public walk, but it was once the site of the famous Winchester fair. The hill-side was covered with the booths of merchants. The fair lasted sixteen days, during which all trading was prohibited elsewhere within seven leagues of the city. It was under the jurisdiction of the prior of St. Swithun's and a special court of Piepouder was constituted on the ground for the summary settlement of all disputes, whilst sergeants-at-arms patrolled all the highways to check the approach of outlaws.

Winchester is an intensive rather than an extensive study. Though there are so many things to see, most of them lie close together and can almost be comprehended in a ramble from one side of the valley to the other and back again; but there are two outlying objects of interest, to see which the valley must be traversed lengthwise. One lies to the north and the other to the south. By leaving High Street and passing alone the ancient Jewry into Hyde Road, and then turning abruptly down King Alfred Place, the visitor will reach all that remains of the abbey which Henry I built in 1110 for the monks of the New Minster which Alfred had founded near the cathedral.

The two institutions were in such inconvenient proximity that Alfred's monastery was carried farther afield, and with it were removed the bodies buried on the old site and the relics. Though Hyde Abbey secured a mitre it had a rather troubled career and seems to have been laxly administered. It presents a very desolate and forsaken appearance to-day. Only the monastic gateway and a few fragments of walling remain on a rough patch of ground bordering the stream which turned the abbey mill. Near the ruins is St. Bartholomew's Church, which was probably attached to the abbey, and retains some Norman work.

The other ramble on the south of the city is to the famous Hospital of St. Cross. The route lies along Southgate Street and St. Cross road and traverses the site of an old Roman road. The return journey may be made by Kingsgate road, which borders the College playing-fields. The hospital is the most remarkable institution of the kind in the country and is a perfect gem. It was founded by Bishop Henry de Blois in 1136 for the support of thirteen poor men and provided a dinner for one hundred others. It was, however, reorganized by Cardinal Beaufort as an " almshouse of noble poverty ". Under his regulations there were to be thirty-five brethren of gentle birth. The hospital happily escaped suppression at the Reformation, and still presents the unique spectacle of a mediaeval institution in full working order. Like everything at Winchester the idea was carried out in princely fashion with all the lavish artistry in which the mediaeval Church delighted.

The buildings consist of a forecourt, embodying the so-called Hundred Men's Hall, and a large inner quadrangle entered through Beaufort's handsome gate-house. Adjoining the gate-house is the hall, retaining its minstrel gallery and central hearth. On the south is a noble cruciform church full of the liveliest architectural interest and exhibiting details of every style from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries. On the east and west sides

respectively of the quadrangle are the infirmary and the apartments of the brethren, a picturesque range of dwellings with tall chimneys. If the visitor should arrive at the porter's lodge sufficiently early he may be able to participate in " the wayfarers' dole " ; for a horn of ale and a slice of bread are served to all who demand it until the two gallons of ale and two loaves to which " the support " is limited are exhausted.

On St. Catherine's Hill, to the east across the river, is a prehistoric earthwork and the foundations of St. Catherine's Chapel. On the turf near the clump of trees which crowns the summit is a maze.

CHAPTER XXV

WORCESTER

But spare its relics—let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already how defaced.

Its origin—The city—The Cathedral—The Close—The Commandery—Worcester porcelain—Port Royal Park and the Battle of Worcester—Old houses—The outskirts.

WORCESTER, like Gloucester, owes its origin and historical importance to the Severn. The two cities have shared much the same political fortune, have achieved much the same destiny, and still to some extent keep company together. The reason for this is obvious. They command the chief passages across the river which runs through the heart of the western plain, and connect the Welsh marches with the rest of England. In Roman times Gloucester was the more important as the gateway to the mineral district of the Forest of Dean—Worcester was only one of a series of small forts along the course of the Severn. It, however, emerged into prominence when the Saxons pushed their way up the valley; and the Christian missionaries who settled amongst them made it their head-quarters. The influence of the Church was the dominating factor in its development. In 679 it had become a bishopric, and in 959 Bishop Oswald got into his own hands the civil as well as the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the district. In 1041 the citizens felt sufficiently independent to resist the exactions of Hathacnut, and the king in consequence punished them with a severity which forced them for a time to evacuate the city. This was Worcester's first

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL FROM THE RIVER

CITY OF WESTMINSTER

emergence into national history, and from the time of the Norman conquest onwards it became a place of great political importance. In the reigns of Stephen, John, and Henry III it had a part in the civil disputes of the day. It was subsequently involved in the Welsh campaigns of Henry IV; and in the Great Rebellion of the seventeenth century it underwent four successive sieges, and was the scene of the last decisive battle that settled the quarrel.

Worcester is to-day very much what it has always been, both a commercial and an ecclesiastical centre. In the Middle Ages its proximity to Wales made it an important mart for wool, and it became one of the leading towns in the country for the manufacture of cloth. "No town standeth more on cloth than this town doth", Leland declared. To-day the cloth trade has gone, but a number of other industries have taken its place, and Worcester is a very busy city.

Worcester is not a difficult place in which to find one's way. The river has determined its formation, for it lies on a level plain between the Severn and a ridge of high ground on its eastern bank. It has, therefore, only one great central artery, though another important street bisects it and establishes communication with the other side of the river. This is a convenient arrangement for the sightseer, for he will find most of what the city has to show strung upon a single string. The cathedral lies almost at the southern extremity of the city. The visitor will have to "take his reckoning" from the crossing, and in order to give his explorations some measure of comprehensiveness he will have to commence his progress towards the cathedral well to the north of the Cross, say at the Shire Hall, a little above Foregate Street station. This county hall is a large building with an Ionic façade and displays upon the lawn which fronts it a statue by Brock of Queen Victoria. Near it is the Victoria Institute, a brick memorial of the Jubilee which houses the Public Library and Technical School. Beyond the station the visitor will be reminded that he is in the western capital

of hop-land, for he will pass the hop-market, a quadrangle enclosed by a large hotel. To this emporium are brought for disposal every autumn from the neighbouring hop-fields thousands of pockets of hops, exceeding in value a quarter of a million of money. At the corner of St. Nicholas Street is St. Nicholas Church, an Italian structure rearing aloft "a huge dun cupola, like a foolscap crown". It was erected in 1730 by White, a native of the city and one of Wren's pupils, but preserves the crypt of an earlier structure. Another of his churches, St. Swithun's, is close by, at the top of Goose Lane, once the poultry market. The church possesses some characteristic woodwork of the period and a pre-Reformation bell. The High Cross which stood in the centre of the city was destroyed by the Puritans, but the name survives in the intersection of the streets, which here communicate with the eastern and western suburbs. White's masterpiece, the Guildhall, erected in 1721, is a little lower down, on the western side of High Street. It is a typical Queen Anne building of which the city is very proud, and possesses a large assembly room with an elaborate ceiling. On its ornate but flat-featured façade are statues of Queen Anne and the two Charleses, and over its doorway, derisively nailed by its ears, is a plaster mask of Cromwell. Just below the Guildhall is St. Helen's, the mother church of the city, containing two seventeenth-century altar-tombs. Behind St. Helen's, at the bottom of Fish Street, is St. Alban's, a small church—a good deal restored—with a Norman arcade and one or two other twelfth-century features.

Across the bottom of High Street and almost entirely concealed by it is the cathedral. The story of the building is soon told. It begins with the church which Bishop Wulfstan reared in 1084 to replace Oswald's church of a century earlier. Wulfstan was the only Saxon prelate allowed by the Conqueror to retain an English see. His popular reputation for piety stood in the way of his removal, and he proved himself amenable to Norman ideas. He set to work to build a larger and grander minster, but all

the while his simple Saxon heart cried out against the change. As he saw the demolition of his predecessor's work in progress he wrung his hands and exclaimed: "Wretches that we are, we presumptuously destroy what the saints have wrought. We neglect souls and labour only to pile up stones". Of his building, too, little but the crypt now remains. It was partially destroyed by fire in 1202 and two years later Bishop Blois commenced its restoration, but the new church was not completed till the time of Bishop Wakefield (1375–94). Externally the cathedral looks new and uninteresting, though its lofty tower and the uniform level of its roofs give it a grave impressiveness. The decay of its soft sandstone has necessitated the constant renewal of its walls; and these frequent refacings are responsible for its smooth and modern look. The graceful panelled tower, rising to nearly 200 feet, and Bishop Wakefield's handsome north porch are its chief features. That it has some signs of antiquity to show the visitor will discover when he rambles round its precincts. But these lie on the other side of the church. The interior, like the exterior, has undergone a good deal of patching, but the church is much more interesting within than without. It has a certain superficial resemblance to Lichfield and presents the same open and impressive vista. In style the nave is as a whole late Decorated, but the two western bays are Transitional Norman. The north and south arcades are separated in date by three-quarters of a century, but they are fairly harmonious, for the later builders have been at pains to copy the earlier model. The presbytery and lady chapel (which extends the whole width of the church) are Early English, and are ornamented by a plentiful display of Purbeck marble shafts and by some vigorously executed wall-arcading; some of the sculptures which the latter contain are of great beauty. The woodwork is modern but incorporates some of the original misericords. Of the numerous monuments the most noteworthy is the gilded effigy of King John in the centre of the presbytery. There

is a touch of sardonic humour about this colouring. The Board of Works seems, even in this age of reconstructed reputations, to have given up John as "a black job", whose character no one could be found to whitewash, so it has overlaid him with gilt. If the king's hunger for the precious metal did not give it a certain appropriateness, it would be said that

> It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
> The rottenness of fifty years in gold.

John died at Newark in 1216 exhausted by his desperate and disastrous effort to cross the Wash, and was at his own request brought here for burial. Though the city has espoused the cause of his adversary King Louis, John cherished some affection for it, and his desire to rest at Worcester was apparently due to his consciousness that he needed some influential sponsors. "Hell itself", it was popularly said, "would be fouler for the presence of John"; but here he is in good company, for he is laid in at least temporary security between the two great local saints, Oswald and Wulfstan, whose graves are in front of the high altar. Another royal tomb is in close proximity, for on the south side of the sanctuary is the exquisite Perpendicular chantry which Henry VIII raised over the remains of his brother Arthur. The death of this young prince, though it "made no great stir on earth" at the time, ultimately changed the whole course of English history. He had been christened with great ceremony at Winchester in 1486, and his burial here in 1502 "made some pomp", for it was one of the most gorgeous pageants which the city ever witnessed. The tomb is devoid of an effigy, for the King, it is surmised, cautiously refrained from exciting public sentiment by displaying the figure of the brother whose place he had taken and whose widow he had married. Behind the altar are some carefully preserved leaves of the Worcester Gospels of the eighth century, and in the north-east transept, under a glass case, is a portion of a door with some particles of human skin

still adhering to it which are said to have been "torn from the body of some wretch who was flayed alive for sacrilege". Bishop Wulfstan's crypt beneath the choir is of great beauty and singular interest on account of the Romanesque character of the vaulting.

The cloisters, built 1375–95, adjoin the south side of the nave and are very fine. The bosses of the vault of the north walk have a curious representation of the Virgin with attendant angels, and those on the vault of the south path are sculptured with a jesse-tree. Built over a Norman undercroft on the south side of this cloister is the refectory, a much Decorated chamber with a good Majestas on its wall. It is now used as the schoolroom of the King's School, whose buildings are on the opposite side of the College Green. In the east walk is the entrance to the chapter-house, a lovely circular room with a vaulted ceiling supported by a single column. Between the chapter-house and the south transept is the slype panelled with arcading exhibiting some Saxon columns supposed to have belonged to Oswald's church. There is another vaulted passage containing the night-stairs of the dormitory leading westwards out of the west cloister. The west cloister path contains the lavatory, and communicates with the west end of the cathedral.

> Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place,
> That every foot might fall with heavier tread
> Upon his vileness,

was chosen by the Rev. T. Morris, a minor canon who was deposed from his office for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to William III. He died in 1748, and there is

> Neither name nor date,
> Prayer nor text nor symbol graven on the stone.
> Nought but that word assigned to the unknown,
> That solitary word—Miserrimus.

The cloisters do not quite complete the tale of the monastic buildings. There are the ruins of some of the others on

the green to the south of the cloister garth. This green, which was the site of the castle, is entered by the fine Edgar Gate, built by King John as the gate-house of the castle, but subsequently appropriated by the monks. The castle has entirely disappeared, but there are still some fragments of the monastic guest-house with traceried windows behind the chapter-house, and some dilapidated cellarage near the river. The roof of the guest-house was removed last century to Holy Trinity Church, Shrub Hill. On the west of the green the picturesque old water-gate still leads down to the river, and a fine view of this noble stream may be obtained from the adjoining promenade. The deanery is to the north-west of the cathedral, but the bishop's palace is at Hartlebury. The register of St. Michael's Church in College Street contains the entry of the baptism of Lord Keeper Somers (b. 1650). Somers, who was the son of a Worcester attorney, was not only a great lawyer, but a patron of letters, and was intimate with Congreve, Steele, and Addison. Swift dedicated to him his *Tale of a Tub*. Near the church is the unique cathedral lich-gate through which the dead were once carried into the graveyard for burial.

Next to the cathedral Worcester's most prized antiquarian possession is the Commandery, a fine relic of domestic architecture, in the southern suburb of Sidbury and not far from the cathedral. For the sake of historical sequence Sidbury should be seen before the visitor explores the other ancient quarters of the city, for in the thrilling story of the last siege the most dramatic episodes were enacted here. Where the canal crosses the street was the Sidbury gate. The gateway has long disappeared, but in some recent excavations the base of one of its towers and an adjoining piece of the city wall were uncovered. Some fragments of this walling have been removed to the Commandery. This very notable building was originally founded by Wulfstan in 1085 as a hospital for travellers. How it received its name has never been satisfactorily explained. In 1524 the hospital was suppressed by

Wolsey, and the building passed eventually into the hands of Thomas Wylde, a wealthy clothier. It is now a private residence. Externally it is an unpretentious black-and-white building overlooking a little court. It consists of a fine fifteenth-century hall (across which the carriage drive has been extended by some barbaric owners) and a Jacobean wing. The hall is lighted by a large oriel window, containing some of its original glass, and retains its gallery. An Elizabethan staircase communicates with the upper chambers, and in the inner court are some slight traces of its chapel. During the siege of 1651 the Duke of Hamilton made the house his head-quarters, and on the eve of the battle he entertained Charles II here. In the ensuing fight the Duke was mortally wounded, and his body was hastily interred in a chamber adjoining the hall, but was afterwards removed to the cathedral. After the rout of his forces the King sought refuge in the house, and only managed to evade capture by escaping through a chamber in the roof and making his way back to the city. He eluded his pursuers by creeping under an upturned load of hay which barred his way at the Sidbury gate. A stirring account of his adventures is given in Ainsworth's *Boscobel*. The Commandery contains a splendid collection of old furniture. In Wylde's Lane, to the south-east of the Commandery, is Port Royal Park, a small enclosure surrounding a mound. This is a bit of historic ground, for it had a considerable share in the city's unfortunate experiences during the great Civil War. It was from this mound that Essex opened his attack on the city in 1642. From the ridge immediately behind it Waller conducted the bombardment of 1643. At the " crowning mercy " of 1651 Cromwell, after driving Charles II and his Scottish forces into the city, assailed it both from the west and from the high ground on the east. The Duke of Hamilton, in the hope of checking the Puritan advance from the east, fortified this hill, but so great was the pressure of the attack that he was forced to relinquish the position and was himself struck by a cannon ball which " broke his leg

off short". Cromwell himself crossed the river and "was the first to set foot on the enemy's ground, riding in the midst of the fire". He afterwards declared to Parliament that "for three or four hours it was as stiff a fight as ever I have seen". The Royalists lost 6,000 men and all their baggage and artillery.

Before following the subsequent flight of the King through the city the visitor should turn aside to inspect the Royal Porcelain Works behind St. Peter's Church. They were established in 1751 by Dr. John Wall, a physician of artistic tastes, who after considerable research and many experiments succeeded in producing a porcelain of great delicacy which acquired a European reputation, and which is still highly valued by connoisseurs and collectors. The works are open to visitors and all the various processes of throwing, dipping, and firing are fully explained. There is no particular mystery about the ingredients. The secret of the excellence of the ware lies chiefly in the skill and experience of the workers. Wedgewood used to say that it required four generations to make a potter's thumb. Attached to the works is a museum in which some magnificent specimens of "Old Worcester" are exhibited. The visitor will get on to the track of the fugitive Charles when he goes in search of old Worcester, or what is left of it. If after leaving Sidbury he turns into Friar Street and New Street he will be in the heart of the ancient city, for this was once its principal thoroughfare. It is full of quaint and picturesque timber houses. King Charles' House, a modest dwelling at the top of the street, is where the "merrie monarch" took refuge after his foes had forced the Sidbury gate. This was one of his many narrow escapes, for he had only just time to dash out of the back door when his pursuers presented themselves at the front. The house, as a memento of the circumstance, bears the legend "Honour the King". Though, in grateful recollection of its loyalty, Charles used to speak of Worcester as "the ever faithful city", he never visited it again. James II, however, came in 1687, but he was received with

more respect than enthusiasm. The mayor and aldermen attended him in state to the doors of the Roman Catholic Church, but when the King invited them to enter the mayor replied, "Sire, we have already accompanied you far enough", and whilst James was at his devotions the city fathers adjourned to the *Green Dragon* to regale themselves with "cakes, wine, and ale". Of an earlier royal visit a memorial also exists near King Charles' House. On "her royal progress" in 1574 Queen Elizabeth stayed in the city, and is said to have addressed the populace from the balcony of a little house in the Trinity which still bears her name, and on the front of which her portrait is displayed. In recent years it has been bodily removed a few yards from its original position to ease the traffic.

Of the suburban rambles the most interesting is the walk through Broad Street across the bridge. Broad Street is one of the principal shopping streets and contains another of White's churches, All Saints', erected in 1715 on the site of an earlier church of which only the tower remains. The interior contains some effigies, and a bust of Bishop Hough (1651–1743), the resolute President of Magdalen College, who was ejected by James II. Behind it rises the tapering spire of St. Andrew's in Copenhagen Street, a fifteenth-century building with an "engaged" tower—the finest of all Worcester's rather uninteresting parochial churches. At the bottom of Broad Street a path runs along the river bank in one direction towards the cathedral and in the other to Pitchcroft, the city's extensive racecourse and chief recreation ground. The bridge was built in 1780 to replace "the high and strange" six-arched structure of Leland's time. Facing the cathedral on the opposite side of the river is the cricket ground. From nowhere does the cathedral appear to better advantage than from these water-side meadows. The impressiveness of the view is mentioned in *John Inglesant*. Beyond the cricket ground is the Bull-ring and the Norman church of St. John, Bradwardine. In the Tything at the north end of the city is the Royal Grammar School founded in

the twelfth century by the Trinity Guild. The headmaster's house occupies the site of a Cistercian nunnery, of which a few fragments remain in the grounds.

The industries of the city are not without interest, for some popular articles of commerce are manufactured here. The principal trade of the city is gloving and is one of its oldest crafts, for there was a glovers' guild in existence before 1491. It was a flourishing industry in Elizabeth's reign, and Worcester gloves are still held everywhere in high repute. The chief factories are Dents' and Fownes'. There is little need to mention the sauce for which the city is famous to give a relish to a visit to Worcester.

CHAPTER XXVI

YORK

Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

I pray you, sir, let us satisfy our eyes with the memorials and things of fame that do renown this city.

Its situation—The Minster—St. Mary's Abbey—The walls—The Castle—The city and churches—Knavesmire—Bishopthorpe.

THE "noble town of York" occupies a neutral position at the conjunction of the three Ridings, and forms the appropriate capital of them all. It stands on the featureless and extensive plain which runs all down the centre of the shire. There is no beauty about these far-stretching meadows but their verdancy and the gleam of the silvery Ouse which threads them. The charm of the city does not lie in its setting, but in itself. It has not the glory of Nature, but of age and high renown. Few cities have had a larger or earlier place in our national story. It has from the first been to the north what London has been to the south—a focus upon which the history of the country has converged. But York has withstood to a far greater extent than London the transforming influences of modern life. It does more than retain a savour of antiquity: it is an embodiment of it. Within its walls history lies congealed. Modern innovations have, of course, invaded it, but they have not been allowed to riot there. Many of its former landmarks remain as yet unobliterated, and everywhere its ancient traditions are respected. People have complained that

York is dingy and confused, but in this mellowness lies its charm. York still enjoys " a green old age unconscious of decay ". Its wrinkled beauty has in it " some relish of the saltness of time ". The only thing which impairs its dignity is its misdirected efforts to become a modern industrial town.

Like its equally venerable rival Chester, York is a legacy of the Roman Occupation. Whatever it may have been in " the dark backward and abysm of time ", it at any rate began its historic career as the Roman military station of Eboracum. It was probably founded by Agricola, and all through its Roman days it remained the great military base behind the northern frontier. From A.D. 120, at least, it was the permanent head-quarters of the redoubtable Sixth Legion, and some distinguished Roman captains sojourned within its walls. Here the emperor Hadrian resided, and here Severus and Constantius died. At York, too, Constantine was exalted to the imperial purple in 306. Though, after the departure of the Roman troops, the tide of warfare rolled over it, the city seems somehow to have managed to maintain its continuity. So much so, indeed, that in 593 Pope Gregory proposed to make of this " altera Roma " another ecclesiastical metropolis. With the collapse of the Northumbrian hegemony Gregory's project for the time being came to an end, but it was to bear subsequent fruit, for in spite of all its subsequent vicissitudes York eventually recovered its first splendour, and to this day it remains ecclesiastically and civilly the second city in the Kingdom. Under the Danish and under the Saxon supremacy it was a great city, and it was the necessity of recovering York from the hands of Tostig and his Danish allies that indirectly led to the fall of the last English king at Senlac and the Norman Conquest. Under the rule of the Normans York again fell from its high estate. The Conqueror severely chastised the city for its obstinacy, and the memory of his barbarity is said to have kindled in him in his latter days some sentiment of remorse. In the reign

of Richard I the city achieved a temporary notoriety by an infamous massacre of the Jews; but it was the relations of the English and Scottish Crowns that regained for York its earlier political importance. Until the reign of John the quarrel had been amicably adjusted, but under the first three Edwards the sword was perpetually unsheathed, and York became not only the great rendezvous of the English armies, but for a while virtually the capital of the Kingdom. So great was the local patriotism evoked that the clergy exchanged their cassocks for suits of mail, and the battle of Milton-on-Swale was nicknamed the Chapter of Milton on account of the number of ecclesiastics engaged in the conflict. It proved to be a chapter of accidents, for "many priests and clerics were slain" and the Archbishop and the Abbot of St. Mary's only saved themselves by a hasty and ignominious flight. During the fifteenth century it was no longer the feud between rival kingdoms, but the savage faction fights for the crown between rival houses, that made the neighbourhood of the "ancient city" a battle-ground. The first blood shed in this dynastic quarrel was that of York's "noble prelate well beloved", Archbishop Richard Scrope, in 1405. After the battle of Wakefield, in 1460, the head of Richard Duke of York was fixed in derision on Micklegate Bar, and to no city did the tidings of the issue of Bosworth field bring such "grete hevynesse" as to York. Religious as well as political disputes involved the city in trouble. Henry VIII, like William I, experienced the "stern mood" of the Yorkshire men. York was captured by the "well horsed and wilful gentlemen" who captained the Pilgrimage of Grace, and Robert Aske, their leader, was executed within the city walls for his share in the escapade. In the great civil war of 1644 the city was besieged by Fairfax, and it was only when their hopes were shattered by the rout of Rupert's relieving force at Marston Moor that the citizens surrendered on condition that the minster and the churches should be spared. No other cathedral city in the country emerged so largely

unscathed from this ordeal of battle. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek, and it was fortunate for York that its conqueror was a Yorkshireman.

The best way to see York is to view its cathedral first, if for no other reason than that a short and direct road leads invitingly from the station to the minster. The entrance to the city is through a modern archway pierced in the city walls. Half a century ago the railway landed its passengers within the ancient boundaries, but the station is now altogether outside the city. York is inordinately proud of this railway station. It thinks as much of it as it does of the minster; and certainly York station has distinction, for it is built wholly on a graceful curve. The first thing one sees on entering the city is the railwaymen's cenotaph—a singularly stiff erection by Lutyens. As might naturally be expected at a regimental depot, York abounds in war memorials, and they are all equally infelicitous. One stands in the centre of a little park on the south side of the river; another, the best of the lot—to the warriors who fell in the Boer War—is in close proximity to the minster; and in the minster transepts, worst of all, there are some chapels enclosed within gaudy and unsightly iron palings. As the visitor crosses Lendal Bridge, he will notice the remains of one of the boom-towers from which chains were once suspended to block the passage of the river.

Very few pains have been taken to display the minster to the best advantage. On the south it is almost completely obscured by the neighbouring houses. Its giant bulk alone enables it to triumph over its surroundings. It is, however, fortunately placed with regard to its approach. It fronts the street corner-wise, and this position not only exhibits the church's finest feature first to the spectator, but brings its triple towers into the happiest possible grouping. York Cathedral is a great favourite with the man in the street. There is a grandeur and nobility about it which cannot fail to appeal to him, but it sometimes leaves the experts cold. They complain

of its flatness, its shortness, and of the squatness of its tower. But this critical disdain is a little unreasonable. The minster was never meant to be an elegant church. Its merits are of a different order. Its virtue lies in its girth. The more steeply pitched roofs and higher central tower for which the critics clamour would have destroyed the broad and massive effect which the builders intended to produce. The building impresses one chiefly by its vastness and virility. There is nothing petty or pretty about it. It is laid out on generous and majestic lines, well calculated to overawe, if not to inspire. Much more unanimous is the general opinion about the merits of the west front. It is far away the most successful façade in England. Though over-ornamented with what Ruskin contemptuously called "confectioners' gothic", it is, nevertheless, a superbly splendid thing. Its excellence lies in its artistic relevance. It is not a mere mask but a proper structural termination of the building. The twin towers rise naturally at the end of the aisles and flank the central gable, and the "frippery" with which it is dressed cannot deprive it of its nobility. The east end of the minster is likewise a very dignified composition, though too rigid in outline to be altogether pleasing. The clerestory of the lady chapel (which, like the "angel choir" of Lincoln, forms an unbroken continuation of the main building) is treated in an original fashion by the insertion of external tracery, and a lofty window is thrown up from the aisles to form a sort of quasi-transept where the chapel merges into the choir. Externally the appearance of the nave has been much improved in recent years by the erection of flying buttresses, which, though apparently contemplated, were never completed as being structurally unnecessary. Those who love high-pitched roofs will find them in the transepts, and nothing in that way will be found more delicately beautiful than the classical simplicity of the north transept, but here the roof is adapted to the character of the architecture. "Other times, other manners." The minster, though

harmonious, is not an homogeneous design, and herein lies much of the infelicity of the criticism levelled at it. Like the majority of our other cathedrals, York is a piece of patchwork, the joint product of many ages, each with its own artistic fashion. The surprising thing is that a building so reared should appear as harmonious as it does. The history of the fabric begins with these transepts, set up by Walter de Gray and John Romanus in the thirteenth century. The fourteenth century witnessed the building of the nave, lady chapel and choir, and in the fifteenth the crown was put to the work by the raising of the western towers to their present height.

The interior conveys an even greater impression of magnitude.

> Enter : its grandeur overwhelms thee not.
> And why ? It is not lessened, but thy mind,
> Expanded by the genius of the spot,
> Has grown colossal.

Though one soon gets acclimatized, the first emotion which the spectator experiences is sheer amazement. The roof of the lantern is 180 feet above the flooring. Entering by the south doorway, he plunges at once into the vastness and feels himself swallowed up in the echoing spaces. The beauty of the church is perhaps more stately than intriguing. It has little variety and does not grow upon one. The colour of the stonework is sombre and the details are repeated with almost monotonous persistency. Where, however, the scale is so vast, the architect might well think that he could afford to dispense with ingenious devices for arresting attention. In the immensity of the building one forgets its conventionality. But the real glory of the minster is, of course, its glass-work. It is like " a great translucent tabernacle, merely ribbed and braced with stone ".

> Hues, which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
> Float o'er this wondrous monument.

The majority of the windows retain their original fourteenth-century glazing, which is of varying merit and design. The thirteenth-century grisaille work of the "five sisters" has recently been restored and now presents the surface of a shimmering crystalline sea. In one particular the builders lacked the courage of their convictions. They shrank at the last moment from pushing their audacity to its logical conclusion. They reared their walls, and then, appalled at the space which they had enclosed, they tamely vaulted it with wood. This was not only an artistic mistake but a structural blunder. The stone vaults were fire-proof devices. Twice over in recent times the cathedral narrowly escaped being burnt to the ground. In 1829 a maniac, Jonathan Martin, hid himself behind a tomb in the north transept and set fire to the building, with the result that the whole of the ancient woodwork perished in the flames. The choir is shut off from the nave by a solid screen of stone, which, though not artistically noteworthy, is of some historical interest. It is adorned with a row of statues of the kings of England from William I to Henry VI. Political and religious fanaticism have set its mark upon this gallery of royalties. The face of Henry IV was blackened because it displeased the Yorkist sympathies of the inhabitants, whilst the statue of Henry VI was altogether destroyed because the popular sympathy which the fate of the unfortunate monarch inspired shocked the susceptibilities of the Puritans. In its place the fawning fashion of the early seventeenth century set up the figure of "the English Solomon", which an age with less regard for "the right divine" of the Stuarts turned out of doors. In our own times a juster sense of historical appropriateness has led to the restoration of the Lancastrian king. Besides the great east window, there is nothing of exceptional interest in the choir and lady chapel, for all the stall-work is modern, but beneath the choir is the partially excavated crypt of the Norman church of Archbishop Roger, which contains a well generally supposed

to have been a pagan holy well. The monuments in the nave are few, but the tomb of Archbishop de Gray in the south transept and the brazen effigy of Archbishop Greenfield in the north transept should be remarked. In the choir-aisles and lady chapel, however, the "mitred fathers in long order" lie, and the walls are profusely adorned with "the storied urn and animated bust". Protestant bishops, "bearded like the pard", are depicted in every possible attitude of lively protestation. The mediaeval prelates sleep in more seemly obscurity in out-of-the-way corners. Archbishop Fitzherbert—the St. William of York—was buried behind the high altar in 1283, but no shrine now keeps alive his memory. An unpretentious "table tomb" at the south-east corner of the lady chapel marks the resting-place of York's uncanonized saint, Archbishop Scrope—"the imagined voice of heaven itself"—who was executed by Henry IV in 1405 and became popularly known in the north as "St. Richard". York possesses one royal tomb, that of Prince William, the infant son of Edward III, at the entrance of the north choir-aisle. The chapter-house, an exquisite octagonal chamber, stands to the north of the choir, and is approached from the south choir-aisle by a right-angled vestibule. Inscribed near its entrance is a Latin couplet which justly bears testimony to its artistic merits: "Ut rosa flos florum, sic est domus ista domorum" ("As the rose is to flowers, so to houses is ours"). Its only rival is the chapter-house of Southwell.

The cathedral yard is on the north side of the minster and commands a good view of the building. It encloses the deanery, the chapter library—a fine thirteenth-century building, once the chapel of the demolished archbishop's palace—and the fragments of an Early English arcade. Facing the green on the west is a dignified block of brick buildings with a courtyard, and to the east of the cathedral is the treasury, a very beautiful Tudor house. Whilst in the neighbourhood of the minster a glance should be taken of St. William's College, a picturesque black-and-

white structure founded in 1460 as a home for the Mass priests of the minster. It has gone through many vicissitudes since the Reformation, but has recently been restored as a Convocation house for the province. It is chiefly Jacobean in character, and is built in the form of a quadrangle. The interior contains a good staircase.

After leaving the minster yard the visitor should make his way to the grounds of the Philosophical Society, for there are gathered together all the movable antiquarian treasures of the city. The gardens were originally the precincts of the noble Benedictine abbey of St. Mary, the lovely ruins of which stand in their centre. The abbey is said to have been first founded by Earl Seward in the eleventh century, but it was rebuilt on an adjoining site by William Rufus in 1089 for Abbot Stephen. The Red King's church perished in a fire half a century later, and in the thirteenth century a new edifice was erected by Abbot Simon. It is the ruins of this building which now survive in such pathetic decay just outside the city walls. Only portions of the west front, the walls of the north aisle of the nave, one of the piers of the central tower, and the foundations of the choir remain. In the eighteenth century lime-kilns were erected for the burning of such of its stones as were not required for the repair of the castle. There are still a few

> Fallen columns in the shade
> Of ruined walls that have survived the names
> Of those that built them.

But these fragments are sufficient to show the exquisite character of the architecture. It is early Decorated in style, and this "relic of nobler days and nobler arts" when perfect must have surpassed even the minster itself in beauty. A flock of pigeons are now the only tenants of this desolated shrine. By the side of the river is a composite building of later stone and timber work, supposed to have once been the monastic hospitium. It now furnishes additional accommodation for the extensive

archæological collection housed in the museum adjoining the abbey ruins. Near the entrance of the abbey grounds are some remains of the undercroft of the hall of St. Leonard's Hospital. The endowments of this charitable institution for the infirm poor are said to have been furnished originally by Athelstan in 937 as a thank-offering for his victory at Brunanburgh, but the hospital itself was built by Stephen and restored by John Romanus in 1256. Adjoining these ruins is the famous Multangular Tower, a polygonal structure of mediaeval date, superimposed upon a base of Roman masonry. It is of particular interest as it is one of the few standing memorials of the Roman city. On leaving the grounds the visitor should turn down the path that runs along the northern bank of the river and inspect the wall that skirts the abbey precincts. It is a true fortification, and doubtless the ill-feeling which existed between the monks and the citizens rendered some sort of protection for the abbey necessary. On the river-path only the face of the water-gate and a small circular tower remain, but there is a considerable section of the wall on the west side of Marygate, and there are some other remnants of it ending in a square tower on the south side of Bootham. In Marygate are the remains of the abbey gate-house, flanked on one side by a fifteenth-century court-house and on the other by St. Olave's Church, which from early days was associated with the monastery. St. Olave's has some slight architectural interest, and in its burial-yard is the tomb of Etty the painter, a native of York. In Bootham is the Art Gallery, in front of which Etty's connexion with the city is commemorated by a statue. Turning into St. Leonard's Place the visitor will come upon the Manor House, which once formed the Abbot of St. Mary's lodging, but is now a school for the blind. Very little of the abbot's house, built in the fifteenth century by Abbot Siever, is now incorporated with the building. The present picturesque fabric was built in instalments by successive Presidents of the Council of the North, whose official

residence it became on the dissolution of the monastery. The earlier portions of it are in brick, but the stone buildings were erected by the Earl of Strafford, who placed his arms above the doorway, and this "act of presumption" was duly remembered in his indictment, for the house was not his but the "King's Mannour", and it was from this mansion that Charles I issued the proclamation of 1642 which "let slip the dogs of war". At the farther end of Bootham is Ingram's Hospital (founded in 1640), with a tower incorporating a thirteenth-century doorway.

The proximity of Bootham Bar will suggest the advisability of now perambulating the city walls, which are two and a half miles in circumference. It is the possession of these "bars" which give to the walls of York their distinctive character and special pre-eminence. There are four of them, and one or two postern gate-houses. The "walls" themselves are steep earthen embankments crowned with a platform and parapet of stone. The embankments are all earlier than the reign of John, but the masonry dates from the fourteenth century. The bars seem to have Norman archways, but the superstructures are much later. The Roman city occupied only the north angle of its mediaeval successor, and was probably not more than 53 acres in extent. A portion of its walls still lie buried beneath the later earthen embankments, and some complete sections of them have been exposed which show that the early wall of Agricola had been superseded by some later fortifications of the time of Trajan. Bootham Bar is an excellent point from which to commence the peregrination. From Bootham Bar—the smallest but neatest of the gateways—to a little beyond Monk Bar the mediaeval embankments follow strictly the line of the Roman walls. This is the pleasantest section of the circuit, for it commands a pretty but tree-screened view of the minster. Beyond Monk Bar the walls are interrupted by the intervention of the Foss and its once adjoining marshes, which rendered fortifications unneces-

sary here. The postern gate-house which terminated this section has disappeared, but at the Red Gate, a square brick tower beyond the marshes, the walls commence again, and proceed in a semicircular formation to the Fishergate postern on the west bank of the Foss. In the centre of this crescent is Walmgate Bar, which alone retains its outstanding barbican, and near the postern is the Fishergate. The tongue of land between the Ouse and the Foss is occupied by the castle, which formed an integral feature in the defences of the city. The Ouse has now to be crossed by Skeldergate Bridge. Beyond the bridge, on the east bank of the Ouse, is Baile Hill, an artificial mound once crowned by another fortification. Here the walls recommence and, forming a rectangle, rejoin the Ouse at Lendal Bridge. Some little distance before the angle is reached the pedestrian comes to Micklegate Bar, perhaps the finest of the four. The green banks on which they are mounted give to the walls a fine spaciousness which makes them a very pleasant promenade. One cannot, it is true, see the city for the houses, but the approach to Lendal Bridge affords a grand view of the grouped towers of the minster.

In the course of the circuit of the walls the visitor, before resuming his interrupted journey at Skeldergate Bridge, should turn aside to inspect the castle, for it belonged to the city's scheme of fortification. He may discard all the modern appurtenances which have attached themselves to the fortress, and concentrate his attention on Clifford's tower, which crowns the mound in the centre of the court. William I, in his harrying of the north in 1069, constructed two military works on the banks of the Ouse, Baile Hill and this mound opposite. Upon the latter, as the more important site, York Castle was subsequently built. The present fabric dates from the middle of the thirteenth century. Its shape is peculiar, for it is a blending of four semicircular towers with a rectangular fore-building forming the entrance. Over the doorway are inserted the arms of Charles I and of the Cliffords,

and within the fore-building is a small chapel. In the earlier castle, which occupied the site in 1190, occurred the terrible massacre of the Jews, when five hundred persons who had fled for refuge to it in a panic are said to have been butchered by an infuriated city mob. No permanent fortification seems to have been established on Baile Hill.

York preserves few traces of its early Roman formation, though Bootham Bar probably indicates the position of the north gate. The charm of the city, however, lies in its picturesque confusion. The irregularity of its quaint thoroughfares is a source of pleasing bewilderment to the stranger, and there are many churches, famous for their glass, and some interesting buildings hidden in obscure corners to be seen. It is not easy to frame an itinerary which will include them all. The city may, of course, be crossed from bar to bar. This, though a simple, is not a very satisfactory method of survey. A better plan is to take the city as divided into three sections by its two rivers and explore each section in turn. Beginning, then, with the northern section and taking Bootham Bar as a starting-point, the visitor should proceed past the minster up Deansgate to Goodramgate, down Goodramgate into Petergate, from Petergate through Stonegate into Coney Street, where he will find himself in the chief shopping street in the city. The "gates" are simply relics of the early Danish nomenclature. There are some fine old dwellings near Bootham Bar. Beneath the shadow of the minster is the late Tudor church of St. Michael-le-belfry, with a curious bell-cote and some good contemporary glass. Its registers contain the entry of the baptism of Guy Fawkes in 1570. In Goodramgate is an archway leading to St. William's College; and hidden behind the houses is Trinity Church, which has a very antique interior and some ancient glass. At the top of the street a dilapidated chapel marks the Bedern where the minster choristers were housed. At the corner of Goodramgate and Petergate is Christ Church, once known

as the Butchers' Church. From its south-west corner a glimpse may be obtained of the adjoining shambles, one of the quaintest nooks in the city. Petergate is narrow and old-fashioned, but it is not until the visitor turns down Stonegate that he will discover the most picturesque of all the York thoroughfares. Beneath its pavement the old Roman road is said to lie buried. At the bottom of Stonegate is St. Helen's Church, with a small octagonal tower and preserving in its dedication the name of Constantine's mother. Passing into Coney Street (once Cyninge's or King's Street) the visitor is confronted with the Mansion House—built in 1726—the official residence of the Lord Mayors, whose dignity dates from Richard II. The mayoress " remains a lady for ever and aye ". Behind the Mansion House is the Guildhall, a fine chamber built in 1449 and divided into aisles by wooden supports. Farther down the street is St. Martin's, a stately church with a projecting clock without and a good display of old glass within. At the top end of Spurriergate—the street of the spur-makers—is Market Street, once the Jubbergate or Jewry of the city, and at the bottom is St. Michael's Church, a dignified building, but now shorn of its chancel. The visitor should then cross Ousegate and proceed down Castlegate to inspect St. Mary's Church, which has a good octagonal tower and spire and an interesting interior containing some Norman arcades. In the graveyard was buried Thomas Thwing, " the last of the English martyr priests, who was hung, drawn, and quartered for treason " in 1680. At the top of Ousegate the visitor will cross the end of the city's spacious market-place, Parliament Street. Here the Duke of Northumberland was executed in 1572 as the leader of the futile Northern rebellion. At the junction of High Ousegate and the Pavement is All Hallows Church, distinguished by its octagonal lantern. The interior contains a Jacobean pulpit and a fine fifteenth-century lectern brought here from the dismantled church of St. Crux. The church door still retains its knocker. Opposite the site of

STONEGATE, YORK

St. Crux (now occupied by a parish room, containing some relics of the church wantonly destroyed in 1853) is an Elizabethan house, the birthplace of Charles I's faithful secretary, Sir T. Herbert. At the corner of Saviourgate and Hungate—where the hounds were kennelled—is St. Saviour's Church. At the north corner of Peaseholme Green, into which Saviourgate leads, is the Bluecoat School, once St. Antony's Hospital, a building of much greater interest than its appearance suggests. It contains the hall and some other features of the ancient foundation. Beyond the school is St. Cuthbert's Church, which has lost its chancel. The visitor may now return to the minster via Aldwark, in passing along which he will find up a court the old Merchant Tailors' Hall, now turned into a place of worship. If he thinks the diversion worth his while, by stepping outside Monk Bar he will see in the churchyard of St. Maurice the remnants of a Norman doorway.

To reach the Walmgate section of the city it is necessary to descend Fossgate. On the right-hand side, before crossing the bridge, there will be noticed down a narrow entry the Merchant Adventurers' Hall, one of the most interesting old buildings in the city. It originally was a hospital supported by the Guild of Mercers, but on the dissolution of the charity in 1549 it passed into the hands of the Merchants. The building consists of two parallel halls divided by a timber arcade, and beneath them is a chapel and some chambers. Walmgate, beyond Foss Bridge, is not a very attractive thoroughfare, but it contains two churches which should be seen on account of their handsome Norman doorways. St. Denis, which has been deprived of its nave, contains in addition some splendid but dingy old glass.

> The silver light so pale, so faint,
> Showed many a prophet, many a saint,

and would do so again if the windows were properly cleaned. St. Margaret's, which is up an entry, has only

its fine doorway to show. It will be noticed that Walmgate Bar has a timber addition on the city side.

The Micklegate section is of more interest. The visitor should linger as he crosses Ouse Bridge to gaze at the city's ancient waterway, once lined with quays for the unloading of merchandise. Near the bridge is St. John's Church, a modest-looking structure chiefly notable for its glass. But far more remarkable in this respect is All Saints', situated in a cramped situation at the farther end of North Street, but easily distinguished by its octagonal tower and spire. The windows,

> All diamonded with panes of quaint device
> Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,

are perhaps the best in the city, save of course those in the minster. Almost opposite St. John's, in Micklegate, is St. Martin's-cum-Gregory, with a seventeenth-century brick tower, but containing several interesting features within, notably a Roman monumental stone and some Jacobean woodwork. Holy Trinity Church, at the bottom of Micklegate, stands on the site of an alien Benedictine priory founded in 1089. The church has been both despoiled and restored, and preserves few of its monastic features except some fragments of masonry in its burial-yard. To the east of Micklegate is the district of Bishophill. As the clergy of the British church at York were represented by a bishop at the Council of Arles in 314, it has been conjectured that the Christian community had their place of worship here outside the walls of the Roman city. The name of the locality, and the two churches of St. Mary, Senior and Junior, still carry on the ecclesiastical tradition. Both churches have some structural and antiquarian interest. The Junior (the nearer to Micklegate) has a (presumably) pre-Conquest tower, and the Senior a pre-Conquest grave-slab built into its south porch.

Whilst in the neighbourhood the visitor should continue his walk under Micklegate Bar through Blossom Street as

far as Knavesmire, the Freeholders' common land, where the city races are held. Horse-racing began at York in 1590, but it was not until 1770 that the races were transferred to the present course. On the banks of the Ouse, about a mile beyond Knavesmire, is Bishopthorpe Palace, the seat of the Archbishop, originally built by Walter de Gray in the thirteenth century, but in its present form dating chiefly from the eighteenth century. Archbishop Scrope was beheaded in the neighbouring fields in 1405.

York has given several famous characters to history, and it is reported to have furnished at least one to fiction. It is said that Dickens found the original of Mr. Wilkins Micawber in a good-natured, optimistic railway official at York, though it is likewise maintained that the picture was a fancy sketch of the novelist's own father. It was, at any rate, at York that Dickens himself received one of the most delicate compliments ever paid to him. A lady rushed up to him in the street and, seizing his hand, exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Dickens, I do want to thank you for having introduced so many friends into my home".

CATHEDRAL PICTURES

The giants of old days who built the fanes
Which grace and glory to our land impart,
Threw to the crucible their sordid gains,
And left to us these legacies of art.

The mother church, a shrine for martyr meet,
Like some fair vision fills the verdant dell.
Her aisles are worn by pilgrims' halting feet,
And once re-echoed with the pilgrim's bell.

The northern city, grey with wrinkled age,
Around its stately minster closely clings.
Its girdling walls display a storied page
Writ with the deeds of prelates and of kings.

Another stately church unfolds to view,
Seated within an ancient city's pale.
Around its shrine our early freedom grew,
Its annals make a part of England's tale.

And one a fortress church is placed on high,
And on a sylvan gorge looks gravely down.
The laughing, limpid stream which hurries by
Mocks in its merriment the turret's frown.

One on a lofty ridge has long withstood
The gale, a miracle of daring grace.
Below the city lies in careless mood,
Unconscious of the genius of the place.

And one a sanctuary in the fen,
Erstwhile the cradle of heroic deeds,
Still rears itself majestical as when,
Where cornfields wave, the wild-fowl stirred the reeds.

Another, from a craggy fastness sprung
In faultless splendour like a jewel gleams,
And heavenward lifts its lofty spire among
Lush pastures and their rush-girt, vagrant streams.

And one divinely fair beneath the hills
Is wrapped in dreams beside its bubbling well,
Whose trickling stream the city's fountain fills
And laves the bishop's moated citadel.

And one below a feudal castle's walls
Stretches long aisles towards the river's brim.
On the flat fields the plaintive curlew calls,
Around the soaring spire the swallows skim.

And one there is the richly sculptured shrine
And canopy of England's simple seer:
Its climbing spires with flying clouds combine,
And find an artist in the glassy mere.

Beneath the cloistered shade of one there stands
Great Learning's many portaled shrine, which took
From thence its wisdom, and to ages hands
The thrice crowned truth and ever opened book.

Around one church a winding river glides,
A placid stream, but born of mountain rills;
It now in silence past the city slides,
But soon it wakes the echoes of the hills.

Beside a western river a sublime
But ancient temple does for guilt atone;
For o'er the victim of proud Berkley's crime
It lifts in charity a veil of stone.

A church mid'st dwellings on a low hill-side
Looks out through fretted windows o'er the lea.
A comely landmark when the swirling tide
Floats city-wards the white sail'd argosy.

Thus wrought the master masons, and the shock
Of time and circumstance shall ne'er efface
The glory of their vision, nor the mock
Of polished scoffer ever drown their praise.

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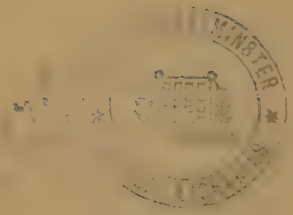

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